LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

by Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

WEBNOVEL
FICTIONAL STORIES HUB

LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

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- BOOK 11 -

-AUTHOR-
Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

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CHAPTER 1001
FIRST MOVEMENT

When the Wraith in front of him was gone, Emlyn White retracted his gaze, untied the thread on the dossier, and pulled out the documents inside.

As he read through them, Emlyn had a rough idea of Ernes Boyar's routine.

This Sanguine Viscount had a routine which was rather random—staying at home, out visiting exhibitions, partaking in wine tasting at manors in the city outskirts, shopping at department stores with female companions, or sketching female models. He was like the typical wealthy man.

However, Ernes had recently been visiting St. George Borough every other day to monitor the renovations of the furniture factory he had invested in. It was a bid to ensure that it could quickly resume work.

This way, the Sanguine Viscount's lifestyle became repetitive. The places he visited, the paths he took, and the places he had lunch were repeated every other day.

Emlyn pressed down on his temples, seriously filtering out three venues which were suitable for the operation.

The first was inside or at the entrance of the furniture factory owned by Ernes Boyar. The second was Saint Hierländ Square where he stopped along the way home for a meal and to feed birds. The third place was Backlund Bridge. Unless Ernes was willing to take a huge detour, he had to pass by this area when traveling between his home and St. George Borough.

These three spots meet the requirement of having plenty of people, making it chaotic. However, Backlund Bridge has too few entrances and exits. With the two ends locked down, one can only leave by jumping into the river, an act only chosen by idiots… Saint Hierländ Square comes under Saint Hierländ Cathedral, core to the Church of Steam in Backlund, and even the entirety of Loen. It's akin to the second Holy See. It meets Mr. Hanged Man's suggestion. It can effectively prevent conflicts from escalating, and it can interfere with any subsequent divination and investigations… Emlyn gradually had an inclination.

And once a living being had an inclination, they would unknowingly seek more reasons to affirm their choice, and Emlyn was no exception, without a doubt. The more he thought about it, the more he was convinced that Saint Hierländ Square met almost all the requirements.

First, Ernes wouldn't stay in the area for too long. He would have lunch at a restaurant with Sivellaus cuisine since he was born in Sivellaus County.

Secondly, there were several tracked carriage stops in the vicinity, making the area filled with traffic on foot. With most of them being people from the lower or middle class, accidents often happened.

Thirdly, with it as the origin, one would enter the area south of the Bridge if one didn't head to the Backlund Bridge. It would then be closeby to the Harvest Church.

Finally, at noon, the Saint Hierländ Cathedral would spew steam, turn its levers, and chime a clock. It was inevitable for everyone's attention to be attracted.

It's confirmed… Emlyn quickly made up his mind. Raising his right hand and adjusting his bow tie, his red eyes were filled with anticipation.

At this moment, he suddenly frowned, sensing that something wasn't right.

Saint Hierländ Square was just perfect for the job!

It was so suitable that almost all the conditions were met!

Will Ernes be wary against my revenge? Why would he allow himself to stay in such an environment for such long periods of time? Even if he's stupid enough to not realize it, wouldn't the earls warn him? The corners of Emlyn's mouth curled up slightly as he understood the reason.

Saint Hierländ Square was the venue the Sanguine upper echelons had designated "for him"!

Heh… Emlyn chuckled, keeping his mouth curled.

He decided to request Mr. Fool to have a gathering for the few members and also invite Mr. Hanged Man to discuss the plan in detail!

This was different from the framework that they had previously decided upon. They needed to consider every detail and consider every problem!

…

At fifteen minutes to twelve, St. George Borough, Saint Hierländ Square.

In a private room on the third story of a restaurant northwest of the square.

A figure stood in front of the window, holding a cup filled with scarlet blood-like liquid. He was leisurely looking at the fountain nearby and the crowds that came and went.

He was a lanky person, wearing a formal suit meant for banquets. His light-colored hair that was nearly silver and his bright red eyes combined together to give him a sense of coquettish handsomeness. There was a constant faint smile lining his lips.

"My lord, will it really be fine? Emlyn seems to be different from before. This can be seen from his recent hunt of the Primordial Moon believers." A

middle-aged man in a dark suit walked to the window and said with some hint of worry.

The man who had been politely addressed cast his gaze at the square where Emlyn White stood. He was listening to a violinist busking on the street as he chuckled.

"Our preparations are enough even against a demigod, much less a kid who hasn't even become a viscount.

"Besides, we don't really plan on doing anything serious. Our only goal is to identify and make confirmations. This is a lot simpler than preventing certain people from escaping."

As he spoke, the man with the light hair and bright red eyes raised his right hand slightly, rotating the ring on his left ring finger.

The ring was made of silver, and embedded in it was a strange gem with a ghostly-blue hue.

…

On a carriage driving towards Saint Hierländ Square, Ernes Boyar had his right hand over his left. He naturally rotated the ring on his ring finger that had a ghostly-blue gem embedded in it.

He casually looked out the window and saw a trackless carriage slowly drive over from afar. A paperboy slightly taller than 160 centimeters had a sling bag across his chest as he peddled his papers along the street. Quite a number of bicycles had replaced the carriages that were often seen last year. They darted through the crowds in St. George Borough.

Here, the number of workers wearing light blue or grayish-blue uniforms with hats had far exceeded the number of people in formal suits and top hats.

Ernes retracted his gaze as he chuckled. He had no fear about what would happen next. He even looked forward to it.

He believed that he had made enough preparations.

He wore Oath of Rose on his left hand. It allowed him to share what he saw, heard, and smelled with Earl Mistral from a distance away. It made sure that nothing would go wrong while ensuring that their objective was met.

In his inner pocket where his silver pocket watch was, there was a Moon Paper Figurine. These could suffer a single lethal blow or an attack that targeted his Soul Body. It ensured that he wouldn't suffer any serious injuries or death within a short span of time.

He also wore Alcohol Nemesis, a diamond brooch. It kept him brimming with energy with lucidity in his thoughts. It raised his resistance against spells that acted on the Body of Heart and Mind.

By his waist was a belt named Moonlight Sash. It could effectively reduce Sun and Lightning damage.

These mystical items were the accumulation of Ernes's wealth or were bestowed by Earl Mistral. It made sure that Ernes was a "target" that could hardly be quickly finished off or controlled.

With the Sanguine Viscount's natural resistance against Nightmare-type influences, Ernes was nearly without weakness. Even against a demigod, he could put up a fight as long as the latter didn't reveal their Mythical Creature form.

The only problem is that the negative effects of all these mystical items are quite excessive… Ernes's facial muscles twitched, but he quickly composed himself.

The Oath of Rose would make his thoughts appear in Earl Mistral's mind from time to time. And if he kept wearing it for a week without removing it,

the pair who had the matching rings might very well end up in love, regardless of gender or race.

Moon Paper Figurine was an expendable item. It had nearly zero side effects apart from making the body slightly cold.

The Alcohol Nemesis brooch's problem was that it would deal continuous damage to one's liver and brain. If it was worn for excessively long periods of time, it might result in one losing one's thoughts and logical reasoning. Therefore, one had to take it off for fifteen minutes after every half an hour of equipping it.

Once Moonlight Sash was worn, it made all senses much sharper, making it easy for one to see and hear things one shouldn't see or hear. At the same time, the wearer would feel itchy at intermittent intervals.

Let's hope they don't cower in fear and that this doesn't drag on… Ernes Boyar checked on his condition once again, casting his gaze of anticipation at the Saint Hierländ Square's entrance nearby.

…

On the other end of Saint Hierländ Square, Emlyn White, who was taking in the sights of the buskers on the streets, suddenly looked up at a bird that flew over.

Following that, he raised his hand to press down on his top hat. Bowing his head slightly, he briskly walked to the middle of the square, approaching the fountain.

In this process, Emlyn's figure kept moving as he mixed into the crowd.

However, this failed to avoid Earl Mistral's tracking.

This Sanguine Earl with silver hair rotated the ghostly-blue gem ring on his left ring finger and coldly said, "Take note."

…

At the entrance of Saint Hierländ Square, Ernes Boyar grew increasingly pumped. He knew that the operation was about to come—finally.

Emlyn still chose Saint Hierländ Square after all… Ernes cast his gaze out the window once more, warily watching the pedestrians on the street, the trackless public carriages that were about to pass him, the ordinary paperboy who was peddling his papers, and the elegant windows of the surrounding houses and shops.

He didn't believe that Emlyn's potential partners were hiding in there, because there were even more, better spots in Saint Hierländ Square that made it conducive to take action. However, he still kept up the required level of wariness.

Suddenly, his body lunged forward slightly as he nearly got out of his seat.

The carriage he was on had stopped without any warning!

Right on the heels of that, the horses that pulled the carriage seemed to be in a nightmare as they raised their front hooves, struggling wildly, flipping the carriage to the ground.

During this process, Ernes Boyar actually had ample space, time, and strength to help the carriage driver control the berserk horse. However, he didn't do so, because he saw a transparent wolf-shaped specter jump over from outside the window. It had thrown a rose within its body.

A rose!

Ernes Boyar's eyes widened as the carriage toppled.

He hurriedly jumped to the side and out the carriage as he made an illusory and incorporeal black chain extend out of the void. It wrapped around the wolf-shape specter!

With a soft poof, the wolf-shaped specter dissipated without a struggle.

And when Ernes Boyar found his footing, he stood there motionless, his eyes turbid.

He had already been pulled into a deep sleep.

In a trackless public carriage that passed him by, a black-haired, green-eyed young man wore a thin trench coat. His back was facing the middle of the street as he focused on reading a notebook with a green-bronze hardcover.

Around him, the other passengers were either reading the papers or chatting. Some were looking out only to see the berserk horse quickly recover.

With a whoosh, the black-haired, green-eyed man flipped the page of the notebook.

The trackless carriage continued forward and gradually distanced itself.

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CHAPTER 1002
SECOND MOVEMENT

Saint Hierländ Square, in the northwestern corner, at the third story of a restaurant.

When the wolf specter with the rose appeared in front of Ernes Boyar, the silver-haired, scarlet-eyed Mistral retracted his gaze from Ernes Boyar. Darkness suffused from behind him as countless tiny bats flew within.

Bribe… Just as this Sanguine Earl silently muttered this single word, he "saw" the toppled carriage, "heard" the neighing of the horse, and "smelled" all kinds of smells. However, he wasn't able to instantly find the origin of the disturbance and accident.

At this moment, his "vision" darkened as his "eyes" seemed to lose the ability to take in light. The din in his "ears" also halted!

Earl Mistral chortled inwardly as he immediately fused with the bats behind him, re-materializing beside Ernes Boyar.

Suddenly, in his black "vision," a point of light appeared.

This point of light rapidly expanded as it grew brighter and brighter. A golden figure with twelve pairs of pitch-black wings walked out of it!

The pairs of wings spread out, blanketing Mistral's "vision," causing light and darkness to mix. This created mysterious and complicated symbols that didn't differentiate themselves within the golden figure. It was both holy and corrupted, both light and dark.

Angel! Mistral's pupils widened slightly as he couldn't help but take a step back, terminating his previous thoughts.

…

In confusion, Ernes Boyar rapidly snapped awake when he saw a pair of limpid eyes that resembled crystalline gems or a lake. He felt a copy of the newspapers being stuffed into his hand.

In those emerald-green eyes were ripples. Deep within the emanating ripples were twirls of a vortex that seemed to suck in the soul of anyone who lay their eyes on them.

Ernes Boyar instantly became engrossed in it as he couldn't move his eyes away.

Then, he heard a gentle and ethereal female voice in his ears:

"Take this newspaper and follow Emlyn White…

"Take this newspaper and follow Emlyn White…”

This voice was layered as it resounded within Ernes Boyar's ears. It drilled into his brain, sinking deep into his heart.

Ernes Boyar nodded in a daze, sensing that there was more, but he couldn't hear it clearly.

The paperboy with a sling bag diagonally across his shoulders swiftly turned around and agilely passed through the bicycles, mixing into the crowd that came and went.

This "boy" had a pretty face as "his" messy hair drooped down and hid "his" brows. As "he" walked, "he" took off a black fishnet glove that "he" had worn at some point in time, stuffing it into "his" sling bag filled with newspapers.

As the wind blew, "his" clothes shrank as a spot on "his" exposed arm protruded out.

A few seconds later, Ernes Boyar suddenly jumped back from where he stood, doing so as though he had been trying to dodge something.

No good! I was influenced by a Nightmare's ability! Just as he found his footing, his pupils dilated as he looked around his surroundings in a state of high alert, prepared for any impending attacks.

Although Ernes Boyar was perplexed about how easily he was pulled into a dream, he knew that it wasn't time to consider the details. What followed next was key. He couldn't afford to be distracted.

Ring!

A few bicycles passed him as they used their bells to warn the gentleman in the middle of the road to make way.

Ernes Boyar narrowed his eyes as he glared at him, his muscles under his clothes ready to deliver their might.

These few bicycles circled around him as the pedestrians came and went, some slowing down their footsteps and pointing their fingers.

Gong! Gong! Gong!

Twelve gongs were heard as the white steam spewed out from the chimneys of Saint Hierländ Cathedral. The holy hymns of praise resounded as the gears and levers got to work.

On the square, everyone stopped in their footsteps. At that holy moment, they either closed their eyes in prayer or were listening silently, regardless of whether they were believers of the God of Steam and Machinery or not. Only the pigeons that were being fed flew up and soared into the sky.

…

Gong! Gong! Gong!

As the gongs sounded, no one moved. Even Earl Mistral, who was inside a private room at the restaurant, stood there motionless with a heavy expression.

His "vision" had already recovered, but all he saw was workers wearing grayish-blue or light-blue clothes and bicycles of the same make. Apart from that, he discovered nothing. Furthermore, Ernes Boyar hadn't been injured at all.

Of course, he had guessed that the paperboy was problematic from the newspaper in the Sanguine Viscount's hand. However, he didn't attempt to carry out a pursuit.

Clearly, the power that had borrowed the level of an angel didn't belong to a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder. This also meant that Emlyn White's faction had at least a demigod hidden in the vicinity. Mistral believed that once he took action, he was bound to be stopped or even incur retaliation.

In a situation of being easily detected while not knowing where his opponents were hiding, Mistral believed that it spelled trouble. Carrying out a pursuit in such cases only exacerbated the matter.

Furthermore, to the Sanguine, this was only a test. If the faction backing Emlyn had mobilized a demigod, they could detain that powerhouse thanks to Ernes Boyar's protective measures. And through Oath of Rose, Mistral could confirm the attacker's identity. They had never thought of escalating the matter into an intense conflict. In their plans, it only involved Earl Mistral stopping the other party to prevent Ernes Boyar from suffering any harm.

In the present situation, they had lost the initiative. To forcefully carry out a pursuit might highly likely result in a demigods' battle. And in Backlund,

around Saint Hierländ Cathedral, this was equivalent to suicide.

Besides, to Mistral, since the other demigod hadn't personally taken action and had only provided auxiliary help, to personally take action and make a pursuit would be a loss of decorum—and an insult to his reputation as a Sanguine Earl.

Humph! I want to see what happens next! Mistral's facial muscles twitched as he rotated the ghostly-blue ring on his left hand once more.

…

After the twelve gongs, Emlyn started walking again. He circled past the fountain and arrived at the other end of Saint Hierländ Square amidst the landing pigeons.

He then saw Ernes Boyar, who had his back hunched slightly, afraid to even move half a step. He saw the toppled carriage, the horse that was flicking its tail, and the carriage driver who wore a look of pain.

Emlyn walked over, took out a wallet, and pulled out 100 pounds. He handed it to the carriage driver and said, "This is your compensation."

"Ah?" The carriage driver wore a blank but pleasantly surprised look.

The rental carriage wasn't his. He was only an ordinary employee. After the carriage was damaged because of the horse being startled, he experienced a brief moment of feeling the pinch. Following that, it was anxiousness and despair that ruled over his mind.

Based on the so-called contract and other similar accidents he had seen over the years, he was responsible for all of this. This meant compensation from him and, with his income and family situation, meant bankruptcy!

During that short moment, all kinds of thoughts had surfaced in the carriage driver's mind. They were mainly of three types. One was to scare the frozen

gentleman and get him to pay compensation. This prevented his family from falling apart, with his children having to slave away at the factories at a young age. Another option was to immediately bring the horse to a gangster and sell it. Then, he would return home and leave Backlund with his wife and children. The last option was to arrange for his family to move from the place they rented. He would then plead with the owner of the carriage, hoping that he could repay it in installments. If the person wasn't agreeable, he would rather be thrown into jail than reimburse him a single penny.

Now, having 100 pounds suddenly hit him left his mind groggy. He was at a loss for words.

100 pounds was enough to buy a brand new rental carriage and even more!

Emlyn ignored the carriage driver and looked at Ernes.

"Everything's fine now."

Aren't you the biggest problem? How can it be fine with you here? Ernes lampooned as he rotated the ring with the ghostly-blue gem on his left hand.

For some unknown reason, he felt that he should believe Emlyn White and even approach him.

Emlyn shot a glance, suddenly turned around, and walked briskly into an alley.

Ernes subconsciously opened up his stride and followed closely behind. He kept holding onto the newspaper in hand.

The two Sanguine moved at extremely fast speeds, with one running and the other chasing. However, they didn't dare reveal anything extraordinary.

When Earl Mistral sensed that the two Sanguine were beyond the reach of his spirituality, he used the connection between the paired Oath of Rose

rings to follow behind unhurriedly.

Emlyn occasionally made detours, taking shortcuts and occasionally returning to spots they had been before. It made it difficult to guess where his destination was. As for Ernes, he was like a bull having seen a red cloth. He refused to give up as he followed closely behind.

Unknowingly, the two Sanguine arrived at Rose Street which was south of the Bridge.

At this moment, Emlyn suddenly sped up. He wasn't afraid that others saw him producing after-images as he dashed right into the Harvest Church.

Ernes did the same.

Not good! From afar, Earl Mistral was just about to descend upon them to stop the subsequent developments when Ernes's figure vanished inside the Harvest Church's entrance.

Kacha!

A tile at Mistral's foot instantly shattered.

After entering the cathedral, Ernes came to a realization. He then saw a figure wearing a brown priest robe stand up at the front of all the rows of pews. He appeared like a mountain.

At the same time, the entire cathedral turned heavy as if it was a jail. It seemed to fuse with the land itself.

Ernes's mind buzzed immediately as another voice sounded in his mind:

"After you awaken from the first hypnosis, throw all the items on you to Emlyn White."

Amidst shuffling sounds, Ernes took off his sash, threw out the brooch, and slammed the various items towards Emlyn White. This included his silver pocket watch and a wallet filled with cash.

Pa!

The newspaper in his hand fell to the ground, throwing out a paper card that was stuffed within.

On the paper card was the goddess of justice sitting on a chair and holding a sword and scale.

It was the tarot card—Justice.

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CHAPTER 1003
RITORNELLO

After throwing everything other than his clothes, Ernes Boyar was stunned for a moment before he snapped to his senses.

What am I doing? What did I do? This Sanguine Viscount finally recalled the matters he had deliberately forgotten—those pair of emerald-green, limpid eyes.

A psychological cue, no—hypnosis… Ernes Boyar looked around in anger and irresistible horror, instinctively taking in the situation he was in.

His gaze then landed on the mountain-like figure. He saw Father Utravsky with his thin and sparse brows.

Instantly, Ernes Boyar had all sorts of thoughts run through his mind and collide with one another. He quickly came up with one intense thought.

He didn't put up any resistance, and he immediately said, "I'll come here to do a month of volunteer work!"

Emlyn's predicament had long been spread amongst the Sanguine in Backlund. Ernes Boyar was well aware of Father Utravsky and knew that, even if he were to put up a fight, it was difficult for him to escape the fate of doing volunteer work. He might as well surrender and choose conditions that were more beneficial to him.

At the very least, I shouldn't have any cues planted in my mind and end up converting my faith to Earth Mother… This thought flashed through Ernes's mind. He discovered a lantern in Utravsky's hand, and inside it was a

strange candle that seemed to be covered in human skin with protruding lumps.

Under the candlelight's faint illumination, Ernes's pupils widened again. He only had one thought on his mind remaining as it kept resonating:

Another psychological cue…

At that moment, he felt the gloominess thicken in his heart.

"Alright," Utravsky nodded and agreed to Ernes Boyar's request.

Emlyn held back his smugness and pleased smile. He then looked at the items he had caught, looking like a farmer who had just reaped a bountiful harvest.

…

In a private room on the third story of a restaurant northwest of the square, the lights darkened as a huge shadow appeared.

Tiny bats flew out of the darkness and quickly clumped together.

Smoke rose up as the silver-haired, scarlet-eyed Earl Mistral appeared at the spot where the bats had appeared. Everything around him had been restored to normal.

His servant, a middle-aged man in a dark formal suit immediately stepped forward and asked with a bow, "My lord, are you having your meal now?"

He couldn't tell if things had happened smoothly, or if something had gone wrong, much less about the success of the outcome from the earl's face. However, he didn't dare inquire.

Mistral nodded and said, "Yes."

He walked to the table with a composed look, took off the ring with the ghostly-blue gem, and sat down without showing a chink in his disposition. It was as though he had headed out to feed the pigeons.

…

This rich smell is rather unique, but it's not bad… In the private room neighboring Earl Mistral, Klein was wearing a very ordinary face as he commented on the Sivellaus cuisine delicacy—lamb tripe.

This punishment operation was an attempt by the few members of the Tarot Club—one that didn't need The World or Mr. Fool's interference—but considering how Miss Justice and The Moon Emlyn had zero experience in such matters and lacked experience in other matters, he had come to the area incognito as a final safeguard.

He had previously used his marionette to pray to The Fool while he entered the attached bathroom of his private room to head above the gray fog. Using the corresponding point of light, he had taken in the entire square and its surroundings.

He kept holding the Sea God Scepter the entire time, prepared to deliver a lightning strike to prevent any problems once he discovered anything amiss.

However, he ultimately didn't do a thing. Everything happened more smoothly than he imagined.

There was no need for him to consider the experienced The Star Leonard, but Miss Justice, who was participating in such matters for the first time, had exceeded his expectations. She wasn't nervous at all, not showing any signs of panic!

Indeed. A Sequence 6 of the Spectator pathway is far greater than Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders of the other pathways when it comes to controlling emotions. Even if she felt uneasy, she would've resolved it with

her Beyonder powers before the operation… Klein nodded indiscernibly as he continued sampling the other delicacies.

Outside the window, on Saint Hierländ Square, it became filled with lively music, an eclectic mix of the flute, violin, accordion, and seven-string guitar.

…

A rental carriage was slowly circling around the perimeter of Saint Hierländ Square.

Leonard Mitchell, who was prepared to return to the north bank of the Backlund Bridge, took one look at the pigeons in the middle of the square before asking with a suppressed voice, "Old Man, what's your take regarding the outcome of this operation?"

After he pulled Ernes Boyar into a dream, he flipped Leymano's Travels and activated Angel's Embrace. He then left the scene on carriage, unsure of the subsequent developments.

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast snapped back, *"In the Fourth Epoch, there's such a saying—believe in the might of deities."*

This means that this matter has received the tacit approval of Mr. Fool, so it's bound to succeed? However, Old Man doesn't know much about the Tarot Club. Mr. Fool is a witness most of the time, so there's no so-called tacit approval… Leonard mumbled inwardly before diverting the topic:

"Why doesn't this saying feel complete?"

He had never informed Pallez Zoroast of the exact situation of the Tarot Club. All he did was give mention of the general situation of the Tarot Club and inform "Him" of the matters that had been approved by Mr. Fool.

Pallez chuckled and said, *"Indeed. There's also a second half of the saying: Do not trust 'Their' benevolence."*

Believe in the might of deities, but do not trust "Their" benevolence… Leonard repeated in silence as he looked down at the notebook with a bronze hardcover.

He then muttered wistfully, "This is really akin to a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. Furthermore, resolving its negative effects is relatively simple."

Before this operation, consideration was given to the fact that Beyonders of the pathway involving the Moon domain, as well as the darkness, had relatively stronger resistance against Nightmare-related effects. Leonard had originally planned on borrowing Creeping Hunger from The World Klein Moretti. However, after some subsequent discussion, Miss Magician mentioned the traits of Leymano's Travels, giving him a better option.

Hence, Klein, who was originally responsible for Angel's Embrace, lent him Creeping Hunger for three hours. Various useful Beyonder powers were recorded, such as Bribe—Weaken.

"This is something from the Abraham family," Pallez Zoroast said with a sigh.

Leonard had long known of this as he nodded indiscernibly. He then asked, "Old Man, do you have the means of weakening or controlling the negative effects of the mystical item I previously mentioned?"

"You call that a mystical item? That's something that requires sealing!" Pallez first reprimanded Leonard. Then, he said, "*Didn't you say that it has a living characteristic? That makes it much easier to resolve."*

Leonard felt relieved as he cast his gaze out the window again, taking in the sight of Saint Hierländ Cathedral, which had parts resembling factories.

…

In Phelps Street, North Borough, in the vicinity of Saint Samuel Cathedral, at the entrance of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

After changing her clothes, Audrey got off a carriage like an ordinary girl.

She had already gotten rid of her paperboy attire at a hotel room that had been prepared ahead of time. And that room was reserved by someone under Emlyn's instructions. It had nothing to do with her.

At this moment, there were people coming and going at the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation's entrance, but Audrey walked over without any hesitation.

No one looked at her, as though she lived in another world.

Audrey briskly walked into the foyer, went up to the second story, and headed for the director's office. And everyone who she walked past seemed to join her in playing a game, pretending as though they hadn't seen her. They weren't puzzled about why this unfamiliar girl was inside.

Audrey was just about to enter the office when she suddenly heard a familiar voice inside:

"Miss Audrey, this is the amount of donations we have gathered this week…”

Audrey couldn't help but curl the ends of her lips as she gently nudged the ajar door and walked in.

Inside the office, a staff member was holding a stack of documents, showing it to the person behind the desk.

Sitting behind the desk was a golden retriever with a pair of gold-rimmed glasses hanging by her neck.

It sat at the director's seat, casually flipping through the documents, and said, "That wouldn't be an issue."

The staff member then took back the document and smiled at the golden retriever.

"Then, I'll take my leave, Miss Audrey."

Behind her, Audrey held back her laughter as she walked to the sofa. She silently watched the staff member leave without interrupting the golden retriever from reading the other documents.

Susie seriously read the different documents, afraid that something wrong would happen to her acting; thus, affecting Audrey's matters.

After a while, she suddenly looked around in puzzlement.

"Audrey, are you back?"

"How did you notice?" Audrey stood up from the sofa and appeared within Susie's sights.

For this operation, she had specially spoken to Susie. She got the latter to replace her at work in the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. Then, with the golden retriever in tow, she hypnotized all the staff members who would interact with her that day, making them treat Susie as Audrey.

As for any possible visitors, she told her staff that there would only be guests in the afternoon.

And the signal to snap out of the hypnosis was the cathedral bells at two in the afternoon.

Susie jumped off the chair after seeing Audrey, saying in exasperation, "It's almost two."

That's right… Audrey inwardly made a silly face as she rushed into the small lounge and changed into her clothes. She then used Lie's Flame Controlling powers to burn her previous disguise.

After returning to her office and sitting at her seat, she felt completely relaxed. She clasped her hands together and lightly pursed her lips.

To be frank, she had always been nervous. However, she had successfully cast Placate on herself before the operation, preventing any slip-ups.

It's quite interesting now that I reminisce over it. We even discussed how we would compensate those who were affected… Audrey, well done! A smile beamed on the blonde, green-eyed beauty as it grew brighter.

After this operation, she realized that her Hypnotist potion had digested by a significant amount. Furthermore, she had also confirmed one thing: The mystical item, Hand of Horror, which came with Bribe—Charm worked perfectly with Hypnosis!

Yes, I also learned that Mr. Moon's name is Emlyn White… He didn't bother hiding the matter, because he had to tell me. Otherwise, we wouldn't have achieved our goals… Yes, yes. Perhaps just giving the name of the cathedral was enough, but that will still expose his identity… I'm still feeling some anxiety. I was too stiff when hypnotizing. I actually used words that were too direct during the first level of hypnosis… Audrey cast Placate on her slightly agitated feelings as she reviewed the entire operation, hoping that she could draw from the experience and lessons of today.

Gong! Gong!

Saint Samuel Cathedral's bells chimed, indicating that it was two in the afternoon.

Many staff who were inside 22 Phelps Street at the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation had their bodies tremble after hearing it. Following that, they continued with their work as though nothing had happened.

…

Gong! Gong!

Amidst the cathedral's bells, Klein, who had transformed back into Dwayne Dantès, once again walked to 160 Böklund Street's balcony and took in the situation of Macht's house.

At this moment, a carriage passed by his residence's entrance and drove to the end of the street.

Suddenly, Klein felt his perception trigger as a scene surfaced in his mind.

A gray rat was leaning against the carriage's window, leisurely watching the street scenery.

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CHAPTER 1004
THIRD MOVEMENT

Gray rat… Klein's eyelids twitched as he didn't hesitate to turn back into his half-open room, leave the balcony, and enter the master bedroom. He then entered the bathroom.

He moved at an adequate pace, doing so as though he had been repeating this entire process like a daily routine.

Locking the bathroom's door, Klein took four steps counterclockwise and passed through the gray fog filled with ravings and roars, finally taking his seat on the high-back chair of The Fool.

And before this, he made his valet, Enuni, who was standing by the corridor, softly pray to Sea God Kalvetua.

Using the corresponding point of light, he beckoned for the Sea God Scepter and began expanding his vision. He then locked onto the carriage that was driving towards Macht's residence—39 Böklund Street.

And this time, the person leaning against the glass window and leisurely taking in the scenery was no longer a gray rat but a young man wearing a silk top hat and black trench coat.

He had black hair and black eyes. His face was thin with a broad forehead. He wore a crystal monocle and had a faint smile on his lips. He was none other than the Blasphemer, the Angel of Time, son of the Creator—Amon!

Although Klein was already mentally prepared, his anxiety made his entire body feel chilly.

Amon had clearly appeared in "His" original form, but after stealing the rat demigod's destiny, "He" appeared as a gray rat in everyone's eyes without incurring any suspicion.

He and his brother, Angel of Imagination Adam, had certain powers which were similar. It left terror in the mind of others the more they thought about it, but it was intrinsically different!

If not for the gray fog and not for my deeper control of this place, I wouldn't have discovered it either… Klein felt a mix of joy and alarm as he expanded his vision to seek out Amon's avatars.

Compared to the grafting of destiny, the signs of Parasitizing was a lot clearer.

However, Klein didn't notice anything this time.

Be it the other passengers in the carriage, the horses that towed the carriage, or the surrounding trees and air, there wasn't any sign of Parasitizing!

This is different from what Leonard's grandpa said… Shouldn't the appearance of one Amon mean the accompaniment of many more Amons? "He" is clearly aware that "He" was discovered by a Bizarro Sorcerer of the Church of Evernight, and "He" suspects that Böklund Street is under surveillance. Therefore, "He" only sent a single avatar to investigate the situation? Klein frowned as he came up with theories. He was a little unsure of how to handle the current development.

Of course, he recalled Pallez Zoroast mentioning that as long as one avatar was resolved, "He" could eliminate all the Amons in Böklund Street. And now, there was only one Amon in Böklund Street, a perfect time to take action!

I'll first hear what the expert's opinion is… Klein immediately conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow's figure at the other end of the long bronze table and made him reverently and piously pray.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please inform Leonard Mitchell that Amon has appeared at 39 Böklund Street, but there's only one…”

While Gehrman Sparrow made the prayer, Klein didn't stop monitoring the carriage. He saw Hazel in a light-colored dress alight and enter her foyer.

Amon, who was wearing a monocle and black trench coat, walked behind her with complete composure. Despite not having any concealment, the servants didn't notice him at all. It was as though there was only air or some inconspicuous creature behind Miss Hazel.

Occasionally, the female servants would look at the ground and jump in fright. Just as they were about to scream, they would forget what they were about to do after their mouths opened.

Amon passed through the foyer and walked up the stairs. Pinching the crystal monocle, Amon stuffed "His" hands into "His" pockets.

Ringed transparent worms began squirming out of "His" body as they crawled in every direction before vanishing.

This left Klein's scalp tingling. He recalled Pallez Zoroast's description of Amon's Parasitizing power: a plague-like infection!

…

Hazel had been in an excellent mood recently. This was because her teacher hadn't truly gone mad. Everything that happened previously was only a test, and she had passed it with flying colors.

This made her gain plenty of knowledge about the supernatural world. She learned the essence of the potions and grasped the acting method. She also gained the opportunity to advance to Cryptologist.

She was currently a Sequence 7 Beyonder!

So the world actually has such a magical side to it… I wonder when I can become a demigod and shake off my mortal coils… Hazel glanced at the hanging wall clock and rubbed her sunken tummy. She decided to get her mother to bring forward the high tea session today. After all, there weren't any guests.

At noon, she had used the excuse of heading out for a meal to bring her teacher back. She also took the opportunity to act and hadn't had anything to eat.

Upon thinking that, she glanced at her teacher who was sprawled on a leather cushion on the sofa. The gray rat had raised its front paw and pressed on its right eye.

"Do you need any food?" Hazel asked reverently.

The rat lowered its front paw and answered unhurriedly, "There's no need."

"Alright, Teacher." Hazel turned around and walked forward, opening the door to her bedroom.

Her lady's maid was standing along the corridor, leisurely looking at the balcony at the end of the corridor as though she was admiring the afternoon sky.

Hazel indiscernibly frowned and said, "Guard this place. Don't let anyone in."

The lady's maid shot one glance at her and smiled.

"Yes, Miss."

Only then did Hazel leave her bedroom and head for the activity room on the second story. She found her mother, Ma'am Riana.

This lady with the same black-green hair received a pair of gem-embedded glasses with a gold chain hanging from it from her lady's maid. It was more an accessory than an eyesight-correction tool.

"Don't tell me that you don't like it?" Hazel asked in puzzlement.

The corners of Ma'am Riana's mouth curled slightly.

"I like it now."

As she said that, she wore the glasses.

As Hazel was just about to say something, she heard footsteps approaching.

She turned her head to find her father, Member of Parliament Macht, coming home early.

"Father, didn't you say that you'd be at the Military Veterans Mess?" Hazel asked in passing.

"There wasn't anyone there today." Macht raised his right hand and pinched the two sides of his eyes.

Hazel thought nothing of it as she nodded.

"Perfect, we haven't had high tea together in a long time."

"That's right." Member of Parliament Macht and Ma'am Riana laughed at the same time as a faint smile appeared on their lips.

…

At 7 Pinster Street, Leonard, who had just returned from Saint Hierländ Square, threw himself onto the sofa as he lifted his feet onto the coffee table.

Having not received any "information," he believed that the punishment operation had come to a perfect end, allowing him to look forward to the spoils of war.

"Old Man, didn't you say that the Sanguine Viscount had many mystical items on him? Can you tell me what they are?" Leonard softly asked in puzzlement.

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast harrumphed.

"Items of that level aren't worth my notice."

Leonard was just about to press further when his vision suddenly blurred. He saw the boundless grayish-white fog and Gehrman Sparrow's blurry figure, as well as his prayer.

“…Amon has appeared at 39 Böklund Street, but there's only one…”

Amon has appeared? That quickly? Leonard, who had already relaxed, retracted his feet immediately and sat straight up. He became more anxious than before the punishment operation began.

He hurriedly informed Pallez Zoroast of Klein's words and asked, “…Old Man, what do we do now? Begin the operation? But there's only one Amon avatar!"

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for two seconds before saying, *"If there's only one Amon, it implies that 'He' has other motives, but none of that matters.*

"In the Fourth Epoch, there's a saying—there's no point crying over spilled milk. Since it has begun, we can't falter. If we delay this any further, Amon will attempt to influence the entire street. When that happens, 'He' will definitely discover Dwayne Dantès's abnormality."

…

Klein returned to the real world and walked out of the bathroom.

He had already made the corresponding preparations. He had Creeping Hunger on his left hand and an emblem carved from obsidian in his right.

Then, he made Enuni snap his fingers and use Flaming Jump to enter 39 Böklund Street—Member of Parliament Macht's house—with the appearance of Gehrman Sparrow.

Control of the Spirit Body Threads was instantly transferred to Klein, but this only seemed to sink into the vast ocean without any reaction.

He had lost control of his marionette!

This… Klein's eyelid twitched as he heard the door to the master bedroom creak open.

It was Enuni.

This youth with Loen and Balam blood in him had pushed open the door and walked in, completely outside of Klein's control.

He then took out a crystal monocle from his pocket and rubbed it with his sleeve. Then, he leisurely wore it on his right eye.

He then looked at Dwayne Dantès, the corners of his mouth curling up.

"Found you."

The mood in the bedroom froze as Enuni, who was pinching on the monocle, continued, "Flora Jacob's destiny was filled with too many abnormalities, and they mainly came from this street. This piqued my interest, and I spent some time to distinguish and seek out the source. It took me so many days to find you.

"I'm no stranger to this mirror, and I can control it, but I've never seen it ingratiate itself so much towards one person. This really is an interesting matter. Perhaps, I should steal your destiny and see why that is the case? Ah, right. You likely do not know of its origins. It's in no way simple…"

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CHAPTER 1005
FOURTH MOVEMENT

Wearing a monocle, Amon, who wore the appearance of Enuni, didn't seem like an infiltrator or assailant. Instead, "He" appeared like a visitor as "He" eagerly mentioned all the preparations "He" had done, as well as Arrodes's origins.

"He" paused before "He" could finish "His" sentence. Dwayne Dantès opposite "Him" had turned into a dirty gray rat.

The rat raised its right claw, pressing at its eye.

At the same time, in the garden of 160 Böklund Street, with his thin and cut, black-haired, brown-eyed face, Gehrman Sparrow appeared in the middle of a bunch of roses.

Back when Amon was saying something highly enticing, "He" had secretly split off a Worm of Time in an attempt to invade Klein's body in order to Parasitize him. However, Klein had been on high alert the entire time. He detected this attempt via the changes in his Spirit Body Threads, so he rapidly created a marionette at the critical moment and swapped locations!

Silently, Amon, who looked like a mixed-blood youth, appeared in front of Klein.

Behind "Him," a twelve-ringed transparent worm fell from the third story and returned to "His" body.

And at that instant, the earthworms in the garden's soil, the insects in the woods, the rats in the shadows all crawled out, either swarming towards

Gehrman Sparrow and Amon or were fleeing from this region.

The main reason why Klein had patiently listened to Amon was to use that time to create marionettes!

To a Bizarro Sorcerer, they were only complete with their marionettes!

Amon still wasn't in a rush to take action. "He" pinched the monocle embedded deep in "His" eye socket and looked around, saying with a smile, "Your actions often expose your problems. To a master of deceit, everything that you did was enough for me to detect your weakness.

"In such a tense and dangerous situation, you actually chose to convert rats, insects, birds, and earthworms into being your marionettes without considering your servants. What does this tell me? It says that you have outstanding moral standards. You still view yourself as human and are unwilling to harm them.

"Upon grasping this point, even if my avatar is inferior to you, it's still easy to break you down. You wouldn't even be capable of dying even if you wish for it.

"Ah, right. You can stop your attempts at secretly controlling my Spirit Body Threads. This is because you're controlling the Spirit Body Threads I stole. They belong to your butler, your maid, and your coachman. If this continues, I'm afraid you will feel a deep sense of guilt."

Even Spirit Body Threads can be stolen? No, it's more like grafting…
Klein's expression froze slightly as he terminated his control of Amon's Spirit Body Threads.

He had been patient, allowing Amon to drone on with his drivel, mainly doing so because he was secretly trying to turn Amon's avatar into his marionette.

To a Bizarro Sorcerer, battles like this, where he stalled for time and exerted his influence in secret, should've been something he was best at and something he enjoyed the most. Unfortunately, he had encountered Blasphemer Amon, the current pinnacle existence of the Marauder pathway. Even if he was only facing an avatar, he could do nothing about "Him."

Klein actually suspected that Amon's words were a ruse, but he wasn't able to see through it. He didn't dare take the risk.

During such times, he needed the help of a Spectator!

"For you to say so much, I doubt it's solely to think of the means to Parasitize me, right? You should know that, before severely injuring me, it's very difficult to Parasitize a Bizarro Sorcerer who can see Spirit Body Threads," Klein calmly said as he wore Gehrman Sparrow's face.

Amon immediately chortled.

"You've finally noticed it."

"You're trying to steal my destiny?" Klein swapped locations with a marionette once again, constantly making his actual body appear in different corners of the garden.

"No." Amon shook "His" head, keeping "His" hands in "His" pockets while leisurely saying with a smile, "If a magic mirror like Arrodes is willing to listen to your instructions and deliberately ingratiate itself towards you, it means that you aren't as simple as I imagined. I'm not a Beyonder of the Tyrant pathway, so I wouldn't be so rash as to directly steal your destiny. Heh heh, I suddenly have a feeling that directly replacing you would result in something I don't wish to see happening."

"How did you know Arrodes is ingratiating itself? Flora Jacob's destiny shouldn't have something like that." Klein appeared on a tree.

His different marionettes continued changing their locations.

Amon pulled out one hand and pinched "His" chin and said, "Didn't I say why? I spent time to gather information and seek out the source. Oh, I went to the Church of Steam and had a chat with Arrodes. It wasn't too frank, and it was willing to be tortured by me rather than reveal your true origins. Unfortunately, that was inside the Church of Steam; otherwise, I would've directly Parasitized it and learn of everything."

Even living Sealed Artifacts can be Parasitized? If Arrodes strictly abided by the rules, based on its answers in the past, "He" isn't too sure of my actual situation and only has certain guesses… Klein's eyes widened. Just as he was about to say something, he heard Amon laugh and say, "You really don't seem to be in a rush. What are you waiting for?

"Do you not know that my pathway's Sequence 2's name is Trojan Horse of Destiny? Although I'm only an ordinary avatar, I do have some powers that I can use, such as tinkering with your destiny, making certain errors appear for a certain period of time. For instance, no one will notice it no matter how much you cry for help.

"Heh heh, that also means that, even if you were to trigger the Evernight Emblem in your hand, you will only be able to get the effects of Concealment, and you will not be able to transmit your intentions of seeking help, regardless of your prior agreements. Also, even if you were to shout for help or create an explosion, the pedestrians and servants in the room wouldn't be able to hear a thing.

"This is the reason why I was talking so much. For an ordinary avatar, certain matters take time.

"Alright, it's your turn to answer my question."

Klein didn't answer as he kept switching positions with his marionettes. However, Amon kept appearing in front of him as they continued their "conversation."

At this moment, he made one of his marionettes ask, "Since you've already completed the controlling of destiny, why aren't you taking action?

"You also seem to be waiting…”

Before this Gehrman Sparrow who was a thin "paper figurine" could finish his sentence, there was a strong gust of wind from afar.

Leonard, in a black trench coat and a black silver-inlaid cane in hand, flew to Böklund Street!

Klein, who had appeared to Amon's side, immediately said, "This is what I've been waiting for!"

As he said that, he triggered the Evernight Emblem that he had been clasping tightly.

Simultaneously, he snapped his left hand's fingers, igniting the tallest tree in the garden, making its scarlet flames soar into the sky.

And this huge, obvious bonfire, that would've been noticeable at a glance from across the street, was noticed by no one, be it the maids wiping the windows on the first story or the pedestrians strolling beneath the Intis parasol trees. Even in midair, Leonard Mitchell ignored this scene, rushing for 39 Böklund Street at high speeds.

And at this moment, Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice sounded in this Red Gloves's mind:

"Turn back. Head to Unit 160."

"…”

Although Leonard was puzzled, his experienced self didn't ask why when it came to supernatural matters. He immediately swung the direction Word of the Sea pointed and changed directions.

In the garden of 160 Böklund Street, Amon raised "His" head as "He" pressed the crystal monocle on "His" right hand, chuckling.

"This is also what I've been waiting for."

"He" ignored Gehrman Sparrow as his smile grew obvious. He continued speaking in irresistible delight, "To be able to discover the abnormalities of fate in this region…

"It's 'Him,' Pallez!"

As "He" spoke, this Blasphemer changed "His" actions and adjusted "His" monocle.

At this moment, a strange gloom fell over the entire street. It was as though the entire place had been separated from reality, turning into a secret.

In the activity room of 39 Böklund Street, Hazel looked out the window and muttered in puzzlement, "Is it about to rain?"

This wasn't anything important, so she retracted her gaze and reached out her hand onto the three-layered tray for high tea.

Then, she saw her father, Member of Parliament Macht, strangely open his right palm.

Glimmers of light condensed out of thin air, forming into a crystal monocle in his palm.

Macht then wore this monocle on his right eye.

This… Hazel had already sensed something amiss as she frantically looked at the others in the room.

Her mother, Ma'am Riana, took off the accessory on her nose and wore a monocle that she had taken out of somewhere. The servants standing beside

her all took out a similar monocle and wore it on their right eye.

Thud!

Hazel stood up instinctively as she retreated repeatedly, toppling the chair over in the process.

This sound alarmed everyone in the room. Macht, Riana, and the servants turned their heads to look at Hazel.

Bit by bit, a smile suffused the corners of their lips.

"Ah!"

Hazel broke down as she let out a shrill scream.

This scream passed through the house and through the garden, drawing the attention of the pedestrians on the streets. At this point, Amon had already lowered "His" right hand from his monocle. Looking at the figure in midair, "He" said with a smile, "Pallez, it's already 1350 of the Fifth Epoch. The technique of relying on the gathering of avatars to raise one's level is already outdated."

Behind "Him," Klein didn't waste any time as he reached into his pocket as though he was drawing a gun while he made Creeping Hunger turn transparent. A transparent book condensed in front of him.

However, Amon simply raised his hand and the glove vanished.

However, along with the human-skinned glove's disappearance, Gehrman Sparrow also did.

Pa!

Landing in Amon's palm wasn't a glove but a rat, a rat that had died after becoming a marionette.

On the other side of Amon, Klein, who wasn't wearing a hat but was wearing a shirt and vest, appeared. He then threw out the item he had previously taken out, and he threw it at his target.

It was a paper crane.

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CHAPTER 1006
FINALE AND ENDING

It was an ordinary paper crane, bursting into scarlet red flames just as it flew out, scattering ashes in the process.

Amon, who had been looking up into the sky, suddenly turned "His" head and looked at the paper crane who was a vessel of flames. "He" then raised His" palm again.

A cold glint had lit up in the eye beneath the monocle.

Suddenly, the flames on the paper crane's surface vanished. Klein and his ability to swap locations with his marionette vanished. Likewise for Flame Controlling, Flaming Jump, and Air Cannon!

In that instant, he had six Beyonder powers stolen—four of which were rather important ones!

If Amon was able to make a few more thefts, then Klein might've even turned into an ordinary person.

This was "Theft" at the angel level!

Amidst the extinguishing flames, the paper crane slowly floated.

…

Backlund, Dr. Aaron's house, in a black pram.

Wrapped in silver silk, Will Auceptin rubbed his mouth and eyes, grumbling, "Life is just so hard…”

Before "He" finished "His" sentence, "He" took out what looked like a cane from somewhere. It was embedded with clear gems.

Pure bright light lit up, illuminating the calendar in the room clearly.

Today was Tuesday[1].

…

160 Böklund Street, inside Dwayne Dantès's garden.

The paper crane which was already charred and incomplete suddenly froze in midair. Complicated chrome-colored symbols appeared out of it, instantly taking on the form of a huge, illusory, scaleless snake.

The dense patterns and symbols on the surface of the gigantic silver snake formed a wheel that was connected to each other. Around each wheel were different symbols.

With a sweep of the cold, bright red eyes, this giant serpent soared into the sky and stayed above Böklund Street. It curled its body and bit its own tail.

Its shadow blanketed the entire street like a mysterious and ludicrous wheel.

Suddenly, Macht, Riana, and several servants in 39 Böklund Street's activity room wiped the smiles from their faces. They raised their hands in unison, taking off the monocle on their faces, allowing the monocles to turn incorporeal in their hands before transforming into beams of light.

Immediately following that, they wore their eye accessories once again and pinched their eye sockets, either leisurely looking out the window or returning to their former state.

Hazel sat on the ground watching this scene. As she shook her head, feeling the world crumbling around her, she used her hands to hold her body up while rapidly retreating.

The cold glimmer in Winner Enuni's eyes vanished. The crystalline monocle was left cooked, and he no longer wore that supercilious look.

In addition, something in his body seemed to be extracted as a clear, thick, but transparent and mysterious Worm of Time took form above his head.

And amidst Concealment, this Worm of Time quickly transformed into a figure with black hair, black eyes, a broad forehead, and a thin face.

This wasn't time reversing itself on Böklund Street, because Klein and Leonard didn't suffer any of its effects. It was Amon having "His" condition return to a few minutes prior to this!

Snake of Fate. Reboot!

Although Will Auceptin had predicted that there would be some changes in Fate, things had happened slightly later. However, "His" influence that descended from afar came in such a timely fashion.

In order to gain this Snake of Fate's help, Klein had not only fed "Him" five different flavors of ice-cream, but he had also agreed to further compensation. The outcome of their negotiation was that Klein had to think of the means to create at least two items that could allow Will Auceptin to briefly regain some of "His" strength while in "His" weakened state!

When Amon suffered this unexpected blow, Klein didn't hesitate and drew Death Knell. He cocked it, gently pushed the cylinder, and aimed it at his enemy.

Bang!

He staidly and decisively pulled Death Knell's trigger, shooting out the Control Spirit Bullet he had long prepared.

A black stream of light flashed out, striking the illusory Amon figure with the sharp bonnet and classic black robe—the Worm of Time. This was even thicker and clearer than all the Worms of Time Klein had previously seen before!

The light scattered as Amon's figure quivered in midair and froze without being able to wear any expression.

And at this moment, Leonard, who had already arrived overhead, followed Old Man's instructions. Standing on Word of the Sea, he floated in midair, slightly spread out his arms, and relaxed his Spirit Body.

Both his green eyes immediately reflected a slightly gloomy, twelve-ringed transparent Worm of Time in each one of them.

These two Worms of Time had their heads and tails connected together, forming a similar loop.

As the loop slowly spun, they projected a huge ancient mottled illusion behind Leonard.

This illusion looked like the surface of a wall clock carved from stone. There were twelve segments, each segment was either grayish-white or bluish-black. They were clearly demarcated from each other, and the symbols were all different. With just one look, Klein had the feeling that life was speeding past him.

Gong!

A bell gong that seemed to travel across time from ancient history resounded through the spacious secret world.

Everything before Klein seemed to slow down, including the Amon figure above Enuni.

An indescribable invisible surge appeared, sweeping around that Amon figure before hurling it towards that huge, illusory stone-carved wall clock.

What was actually a Worm of Time—Amon's avatar with a monocle—suddenly extended a hand, aiming it at Gehrman Sparrow.

Suddenly, Klein saw the skin on the back of his hand rapidly dry up as they wrinkled up, producing unobvious aged spots.

The speed at which Amon's illusory figure was being pulled away slowed down, but the process couldn't be interrupted. Finally, it contracted into the form of a ringed worm and was thrown towards the illusory, ancient stone-carved wall clock behind Leonard.

Gong!

Another bell gong sounded as the grayish-white and bluish-black clock's surface had an additional mottled hand.

This hand quickly rotated a few segments, speeding up the sound of the gongs.

Inside 39 and 160 Böklund Street, all kinds of resplendent glimmers of light flew out, pulled and attracted by that ancient, illusory, stone-carved wall clock.

Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence!

"He" had used the connection between the avatars and "His" higher level to strengthen the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence!

Gong!

Several streams of light from different spots in Backlund flew over.

After everything calmed down, Klein's current appearance appeared in his mind.

He had more white hair than black. His forehead and the corners of his mouth and eyes were covered with obvious wrinkles. His skin had sagged with several aged spots. He looked like an elderly gentleman, ready to pass away at any moment.

At this moment, the clock's gonging sounded again.

The grayish-white hand on the ancient, illusory stone-carved wall clock began spinning counterclockwise!

One tick. Two ticks. Three ticks. Klein saw his skin rapidly recover its luster as the spots faded and vanished.

In just seconds, he recovered his original appearance. Life had seemed to begin flowing in him again.

Powers at the angel level are almost godlike… I only suffered some repercussions of it, and I nearly died of old age… I wonder if I can revive under such conditions… Klein observed his condition and hurriedly look up and said to Leonard Mitchell, "How should the people Parasitized by Amon be rescued?"

At this moment, the ancient, illusory clock behind Leonard rapidly faded away, turning into glimmers of light that drilled back into his body.

Leonard cocked his head slightly as though he was listening to something. After a while, he said, "The Beyonder characteristics of the Worms of Time in them have been sucked out. The remaining parts have either been absorbed or have some remnants left behind. However, it wouldn't result in having an excessive influence on them. Uh, Old Man said that it won't be excessive, but it might be from the viewpoint of an angel. In short, they can

pray to the deities they believe in and see if they can obtain a complete purification. However, without them explaining what exactly happened, the deities might not give a response. If you're afraid of any remnant effects, you can consider guiding them to pray to… uh, that existence. All the items that come from that will be yours."

Perhaps having personally "experienced" a battle at the angel level, and having seen the Snake of Fate's spectral form, Leonard's agitation and trembling could hardly be suppressed in an instant.

The people on this street are basically the believers of the Goddess, so how can I get them to pray to The Fool? I don't wish to be thrown into the foggy town… Uh, the Goddess is very aware of this matter. They will likely receive a response if they were to pray to "Her." Then, I can get Her Eminence Arianna to return the Worms of Time that they cough out to me… Uh, I can give "Her" some… As Klein's thoughts raced, he secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

He then asked in passing, "Will there be any side effects after a complete purification?"

Although he had some experience from Little Sun, this youth of the City of Silver wasn't an ordinary person.

After listening for a moment, Leonard said, "A little. As it's a deeper level of Parasitizing, even if ordinary people were to experience a full recovery, there will be some level of influence left on them, such as them liking to wear monocles."

“…Alright. Head back first. Leave the rest to me." Klein nodded and was glad that the parties involved in this battle weren't the kinds with obvious destructive might. Otherwise, it might not only be Böklund Street, but all of North Borough might not be left intact.

…

In Pritz Harbor, a black-haired, black-eyed, thin-faced young man wearing a monocle rode on a bicycle as he leisurely returned home.

He wore an obvious smile as he opened the letterbox and took out the newspapers and letters inside.

After entering the house, the young man pinched the monocle on his right eye while tearing open the letters, reading their contents as he walked. This continued until he found a letter without any name on it.

"If all connection to 'us' in Backlund is lost, it means that Pallez Zoroast might very well be hidden in the vicinity of North Borough's Böklund Street.

"Don't ask us why we're taking such risks. Life often requires some excitement, joy, and anticipation."

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CHAPTER 1007
DEALING WITH THE AFTERMATH

On 160 Böklund Street, after watching Leonard fly out of the world of Concealment with the Word of the Sea in one hand, Klein turned his attention back onto his surroundings.

He first observed Winner Enuni. He originally imagined that he couldn't use the marionette that had been Parasitized by Amon, but to his surprise, he realized that he could control his Spirit Body Threads again!

This… Klein was first stunned before he came to a realization.

When Snake of Fate Will Auceptin used Reboot to reverse Amon's condition in time, it also made the things "He" Parasitize experience similar changes. Hence, Enuni had turned back into his marionette!

As expected of the strongest power of a Monster pathway's Sequence 1… Klein heaved a sigh of relief before allowing his figure to fade away from where he stood.

He "Teleported" back to his master bedroom, leaving a bunch of marionettes around to defend against any accidents.

Right on the heels of that, Klein entered the bathroom and headed above the gray fog. He used Enuni's prayer light and began observing the entire street with the Sea God Scepter in hand.

Without a doubt, his focus was on his residence and Unit 39. He found Butler Walter, Housekeeper Taneja, Member of Parliament Macht, Ma'am Riana, and many servants having remnant signs of being Parasitized. They appeared somewhat in a daze.

As for Hazel, she was on the brink of total collapse. Her hands were on the ground, having pushed herself backwards into the corner. Her back was leaning close to the wall as she huddled into a ball, trembling.

Macht and company had noticed something wrong with her. They surrounded her in concern, hoping to know why.

However, Hazel would scream loudly whenever they attempted to approach her. She would resist violently, so all they could do was stand meters away, wearing a panicked and helpless look.

During this process, they would, from time to time, nudge their glasses or pinch their eye sockets. This only served to leave Hazel even more horrified. She appeared to be on the brink of losing control.

Klein felt horrified when he saw this scene above the gray fog. He imagined a scene:

Daddy Amon, Mommy Amon, Maid Amon, Footman Amon were circling around Hazel, trying to soothe her nerves but were helpless. They wore the same expression and the same monocle with different clothes.

Even if Hazel were to hold out and not lose control, she would definitely develop mental problems. At the very least, she would be in a half-crazy state… Klein's thoughts raced as he lowered the Sea God Scepter and returned to the real world.

Böklund Street and the several streets remained enshrouded in darkness. It exuded a serene, tranquil, and profound feeling.

This was a world that had already turned into a "secret."

Klein took down a hat, wore it on his head, and "Teleported" to a director's office in 22 Phelps Street—Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

Audrey had already changed into a light-green dress and was daydreaming with a fountain pen in hand, reminiscing over every detail of the punishment operation in the afternoon. Susie, on the other hand, had gone out for a stroll.

Suddenly, this noble lady sensed something and looked up.

A black-haired, brown-eyed, thin-faced figure with cut facial features was rapidly reflected in her emerald, limpid eyes.

This figure wore a white shirt, black vest, black trousers, and black leather boots. He had a cold expression, his body was bent slightly as he held one hand over his top hat.

Audrey was first taken aback before she recalled who this person was.

Gehrman Sparrow!

Although she had never met him before, she had already seen his extremely lifelike picture on the papers and wanted posters.

Klein realized that he hadn't changed back to Dwayne Dantès based on Miss Justice's reaction. However, he wasn't too mindful of that. He released his hand from his top hat and straightened his body. He said with a nod, "There's something that requires your help."

His disguise had also been stolen by Amon. But after a Reboot, it was returned to him. He just didn't have the time to change back into Dwayne Dantès.

Mr. World, who's already a demigod, needs my help? He's in need of therapy because of some mental problem? No, it doesn't seem to be the

case… Audrey pursed her lips as she put down her fountain pen in anticipation and curiosity. She stood up and gave a serious reply:

"No problem."

Klein didn't waste any time and walked over. Grabbing her by the arm, their figures faded away as they vanished from the spot.

Instantaneously, they appeared outside the activity room at 39 Böklund Street.

This is "Teleportation? Audrey's eyes turned slightly as she instinctively wanted to ask something. However, when she felt the heavy atmosphere and the screams, her face immediately wore a solemn look.

"There's a patient?" she asked without much doubt.

It's really easy to talk to a Spectator. There's no need for much explanation… Klein tersely acknowledged and said, "Yes, she encountered a supernatural incident and suffered a terrible fright. She's on the brink of losing control.

"Do you have the means to not be seen by the people inside?"

There was no need for him to say his last sentence, as a large-scale illusion was enough to resolve the problem. Furthermore, after receiving the blessings of Concealment, ordinary people likely didn't retain much of their corresponding memories. However, after witnessing Adam's powers of invisibility, Klein was rather curious if Miss Justice had such skills at Sequence 6.

Mr. World is feeling curious… That's really rare… He doesn't seem to be wearing a thick mask and has changed to a thinner one. He's a really good patient who heeds medical advice… Audrey's chin moved slightly as she nodded.

"Yes."

As she spoke, she glanced at Gehrman Sparrow who reached out for the handle and pushed open the door after receiving her response.

Member of Parliament Macht and Ma'am Riana completely ignored this beautiful girl as they discussed in a panic about hiring a doctor. As for Hazel, she remained curled in a corner, trembling vigorously like an abandoned baby animal.

"Miss Hazel…" As a senior Spectator, Audrey didn't have the problem of forgetting others.

She observed Hazel's condition and frowned slightly. She turned her head and said to Gehrman Sparrow, "Uh, Mr. Sparrow, can you briefly explain what she encountered?

"Only with sufficient knowledge can I quickly resolve the problem."

Klein was already prepared as he quickly and succinctly explained, "She's a Beyonder of the Marauder pathway, a student of a demigod who had nefarious thoughts. Her teacher attracted Blasphemer Amon's avatar and ended up getting herself killed, her destiny and identity were stolen.

"As such, Amon infiltrated her family, Parasitizing her parents and servants. Just now, while we were eliminating Amon's avatars, she realized that her parents and servants had all turned into Amon. Uh, she didn't know that 'that' was Amon, but she understood that it was a strange existence.

"If you have anything you wish to understand at a deeper level, things which do not involve the psychological treatment, you can always ask during the next gathering."

Blasphemer Amon? Mr. World and company have eliminated Amon's avatar again, no—avatars? Audrey was somewhat shocked as she instinctively

glanced at Macht and company. She couldn't imagine that they had once been Parasitized by Amon and had turned into "Him."

To have everyone Parasitized… Audrey recalled Mr. World's words and felt more afraid the more she thought about it. She felt her entire body turn cold as she couldn't help but think of herself if she were in Hazel's shoes.

This left her somewhat stifled as she subconsciously cast Placate on herself.

"Is the supernatural world always this cruel and terrifying, or is it just occasionally?" After calming down, Audrey muttered softly.

She didn't wait for The World Gehrman Sparrow's reply, because from what she had seen at the Tarot Gathering, she knew the answer very well: *Always!*

Looking back at Hazel, Audrey walked over, filled with pity. She crouched down and first used Placate.

Hazel looked up blankly and saw a perfect, flawless face, as well as that pair of emerald-like eyes.

At that instant, she seemed to return to the ball of that previous night, having witnessed this lady "descend" like an angel.

She instantly calmed down. She saw ripples rise up in that pair of limpid, green eyes. They were serene, calm, and deep.

"There's no need to be afraid. Calm down. Everything is already over…" Audrey used Hypnosis to directly communicate with Hazel's Body of Heart and Mind. She heard hysterical screams and the horror that was taller than mountains and deeper than the ocean.

Taking into account Hazel's condition and encounter, she quickly came up with a plan for treatment. She directly Hypnotized Hazel and made her forget today's encounter and the existence of her teacher. She was only

capable of vaguely remembering her identity as a Beyonder and other general knowledge.

Hazel gradually calmed down before she slowly fell asleep.

"After you awaken, that terrifying experience will no longer exist, and I was never here." Audrey used a gentle voice to complete the last step of the Hypnosis.

Following that, she slowly got up and observed Hazel for a few seconds.

She pursed her lips and whispered without turning her head, "I made her temporarily forget the corresponding memories, but that memory remains. It's just hidden deep down. In future gatherings, I'll continue treating her, guiding her to slowly remember and accept this memory. Only then can her mental problem be completely resolved. Otherwise, perhaps a familiar action or sentence will jolt her awake. She will then break down once again, and perhaps it will result in a direct loss of control."

Miss Justice is becoming more and more professional… Klein sighed as he asked cautiously, "Then you will have to Hypnotize all the people who were Parasitized. They are not to show any hobbies that don't originally belong to them, like the wearing of monocles.

"Also, let them pray to the Evernight Goddess after fifteen minutes to obtain complete cleansing and purification."

Audrey nodded with abnormal seriousness.

"No problem."

Klein immediately stood to the side, watching this noble lady "cue" everyone who had been Parasitized in this house with the greatest feelings of pity.

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CHAPTER 1008
SPLITTING

Minutes later, Klein—with the face of Gehrman Sparrow—walked out of 39 Böklund Street with Miss Justice Audrey and headed for places where the other Parasite victims were.

After a few silent steps, Klein suddenly looked ahead and said, "It's not rare to see such matters happen among unaffiliated Beyonders. Without any suitable guidance, it often implies that they're constantly dancing at the edge of a cliff with the possibility of falling at any time."

Audrey tersely acknowledged and said after a few seconds, "I know. Compared to before, I'm not as… not as…”

She deliberated for a moment before breaking into a grimacing smile, as though she had found a suitable adjective she required to mock herself.

"Naive."

Phew… She then exhaled without hiding it as she looked ahead. "If I had known that the mysterious world was so cruel and terrifying last June, I might not have raised the request of becoming a Beyonder."

Klein turned his head slightly and took a look at the noble lady's face. He asked in a seemingly casual manner, "If I were to give you the chance now to completely leave the mysterious world, would you accept it?"

Audrey was taken aback as she slowly pursed her lips and said, "No…”

After giving such a response, she seemed to relax a little as she smiled and continued, "Under the premise of knowing how cruel and terrifying the mysterious world is, the me from last June would've given up being a Beyonder. But the me of this year wouldn't.

"This might be the price of growing up."

"I understand what you're getting at." Klein continued forward at the same pace as he said, "After those victims are completely purified, a number of them will spit out Worms of Time. They can be used to create Fate Siphon charms. It's a demigod-level item that can switch the fate between two parties for a short period of time. When the time comes, I'll give you one as payment for today's treatment."

Audrey was about to decline it before she fell silent again. She then nodded gently and said, "Okay."

Just as she said that, she suddenly paused. She turned her head to glance at Gehrman Sparrow and smilingly said with a mixed expression, "I know why you just asked me that question."

Klein chuckled without giving a direct answer.

Audrey retracted her gaze and immediately felt a lot better. She asked as though they were having a chat, "I participated in the punishment operation at noon, and I dealt with the Amon aftermath in the afternoon. Today is really a 'Tarot Day'…"

Her words were a double entendre as she said with utmost wistfulness.

From her point of view, noon was a cooperative operation that involved five members—The Moon, The Star, Judgment, Justice, and The Magician—with different levels of involvement. In the afternoon, the Tarot Club's The World and Justice had involved themselves in the elimination of Amon's avatars in different ways. This was indeed a day to remember, and in a sense, it could be considered a "Tarot Day."

Klein nodded in agreement at Miss Justice's words, but he didn't tell her that The Star Leonard had also been involved in the afternoon operation. Furthermore, he was the main force in the operation.

"Amon's avatar must've been difficult to deal with, right?" Audrey finally found an opportunity to raise the question.

She stared at Gehrman Sparrow, making no attempt to hide the curiosity in her green eyes.

Klein smiled.

"If I had done it alone, you wouldn't be seeing Gehrman Sparrow, but Amon here instead."

"Having your destiny and identity stolen?" Audrey asked in enlightenment.

Klein tersely acknowledged.

"We'll discuss the specifics in the future. In short, to eliminate all of the Amon avatars in Backlund this time, we had mobilized angels.

"If you were to encounter Amon's avatars in the future, never believe that you have the means to handle 'Him' alone. Immediately find an opportunity to seek help. Yes, 'His' trait is the wearing of a monocle. He enjoys pulling off harrowing pranks…"

Angels were mobilized… I wonder if it was that Death Consul or the angel from the Fate domain, or… Audrey looked up at the sky and saw the clouds frozen in midair. They appeared like props under the dark background.

Like an attentive student listening to a teacher, she seriously nodded and said, "I will keep that in mind."

The two continued walking, occasionally silent, occasionally breaking out into a conversation until they entered 160 Böklund Street.

After a few minutes, inside the activity room of Hazel's house.

Macht and company suddenly had the strong urge to sit in their seats, raise their hands, and place their clasped hands before their mouth. They then began to piously pray and chant the Evernight Goddess's honorific name.

After an unknown period of time, they coughed in unison until their tears and snot flowed out.

Cough! Cough! Cough!

Without realizing it, they separately coughed out worms with twelve translucent rings.

The moment these worms fell to the ground, they vanished without garnering any notice.

Similar things happened in other places of Böklund Street, but everything was quickly restored to normal. And the darkness had faded away at some point in time as the clouds began churning again from the sweeping winds.

Amidst her parents' coughing, Hazel slowly regained consciousness. She was puzzled as to how she fell asleep on the sofa during high tea.

She felt that she should've been in an excellent mood, but she just couldn't bring herself to smile. She felt as though there was a feeling of indescribable sadness and pain bearing over her heart.

Upon seeing her parents' concerned gaze landing on her, not only wasn't she touched, she even felt a little fearful. She trembled like an introvert who wasn't accustomed to making contact with others.

Hazel knew that this wasn't her personality, but she couldn't control herself.

However, she didn't find it weird or puzzling as she continued enjoying the high tea pastries.

Macht and Riana felt the same. They had a nagging feeling that there was something hazy about their memories, but they just couldn't recall what.

…

160 Böklund Street. In the master bedroom which had its curtains drawn.

A figure suddenly outlined itself across the coffee table. It was the barefooted Arianna—leader of the ascetics, matron of the Evernight Cloister, head of the thirteen archbishops of the Church of Evernight. She was wearing a spartan robe with tree bark as her belt.

In the lady's eyes, the gray sideburned Dwayne Dantès was about to leave the sofa. On the coffee table in front of him were nine transparent ringed worms.

"Good afternoon, Ma'am Arianna," Klein said with a solemn bow. "Thanks to your help, Amon's avatars in Backlund have all been eliminated. You can choose a portion of these spoils of war."

He had previously prepared a marionette beside every person who had been Parasitized, and he used an Illusion to bring these Worms of Time back.

After hearing him, Arianna tapped her chest four times in a clockwise fashion and replied in a pious manner, "Praise the Lady."

"She" didn't decline the offer or stand on ceremony. She reached out her right hand, and two Worms of Time flew up and landed in her palm.

"Amon must have certain guesses about this. You still have to be careful in the future," Arianna said simply before her figure vanished inch by inch as though she had been erased.

Watching this archbishop leave, Klein sat down and picked up a pen and paper, writing to Leonard Mitchell.

He wanted to ask what other effects the Worms of Time had other than creating Fate Siphon charms!

He believed that he couldn't turn all the remaining Worms of Time into Fate Siphon charms, as it would be too monotonous. It made it easy to be countered, and it prevented him from handling different situations. Therefore, he had to consider other possible uses.

With the Worm of Time as a vessel, he could use the powers stirred from other symbols, patterns, and labels that differed from The Fool. This would likely result in different effects from the Fate Siphon charm. And this was something Pallez Zoroast was an expert at.

After writing his letter, Klein took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew at it.

Reinette walked out of the void with the four blonde, red-eyed head in hand. The eight eyes paused before looking at the remaining seven Worms of Time on the coffee table.

Miss Messenger looked at it for three full seconds before retracting "Her" gaze. She then bit on the letter and gold coin which Klein handed over.

"Still 7 Pinster Street," Klein succinctly said.

Reinette Tinekerr's remaining three heads replied, "In the future…" "You…" "Can seek…" "My help…" "In such…" "Matters…"

"The payment…" "Will be the…" "Spoils of war…"

Klein was taken aback as he said, "Alright."

After Miss Messenger returned to the spirit world and vanished from his room, he frowned and muttered, *Since she can recognize the Worms of Time, it means that she knows that this battle might have escalated to the level of angels…*

She wasn't afraid at all…

Miss Messenger is stronger than I imagined?

…

7 Pinster Street. Leonard received Klein's letter from Reinette Tinekerr's mouth.

He still felt a hint of excitement as he eagerly unfolded the letter and read it.

After the messenger left, he immediately asked with a suppressed voice, "Old Man, there should be other ways to create charms, right?"

Just now, Pallez Zoroast had given him two Worms of Time from Amon as today's reward for the risk he took.

In Leonard's mind, the slightly-aged voice replied with a smiling tone, *"Of course, once I sleep for a while and digest what we received this time, I'll teach you. It wouldn't take too long. Also, do not go to Böklund Street any time soon."*

"Why?" Leonard asked in surprise.

Pallez Zoroast chuckled and said, *"All of Amon's avatars in Backlund have been eliminated, and it is in no way a trivial matter. The number of people who can do that is just a handful. So, do you think 'He' will have some guesses?"*

This… Leonard's nerves tensed up again.

Pallez continued, *"However, there's no need to be too worried. 'His' true body wouldn't be able to enter Backlund, and having recovered quite significantly, I don't have to be too worried about 'His' avatars. In addition, I've found a piece of information from Flora Jacob from 'His' memory fragments. Somewhere in Backlund hides the treasure of the Jacob family.*

"We shall wait until the end of the year for the gathering. There, we will seek out and cooperate with the other descendants of the Jacob family to excavate that treasure trove to share the items inside. When that happens, even if Amon gathers a large number of avatars, raising it to almost the level of a Sequence 1, there's no way he can truly defeat me. Heh heh, to ensure balance, Dwayne Dantès can also be involved in it."

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CHAPTER 1009 PAYMENT IS ALWAYS EXACTED FOR WHAT'S BESTOWED

Leonard immediately felt very relieved when he heard Old Man Pallez.

He cast his attention back to the angel-level battle that happened in the afternoon and asked rather curiously, "Which pathway's angel does that giant serpent phantom belong to?"

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a moment before saying with a sigh, *"Snake of Fate. The councilor of the Life School of Thought. A Sequence 1 angel.*

"I never expected 'Him' to join them…"

Councilor of the Life School of Thought? "He" has also become a Blessed of Mr. Fool? The corresponding card is the Wheel of Fortune? Leonard's eyes widened as he realized that Mr. Fool's faction seemed comparable to the seven orthodox Churches. It was truly unfathomable.

Death Consul… Snake of Fate… Incomplete messenger… There are three angels under Mr. Fool… It's no wonder Klein was able to become a demigod so quickly… Just how long has it been and I've already been embroiled in a battle at the angel level. It's really unimaginable how things will develop in the future… Leonard held the letter and sat on the sofa. He felt another sense of urgency towards digesting his Soul Assurer potion and advancing to Spirit Warlock.

He had been busy placating the souls in the Backlund region recently, but due to the numerous missions, he was still far from completing them. He couldn't find an excuse or opportunity to visit Tingen City to steal the powers from that drop of the Eternal Blazing Sun's blood. Furthermore, the arrival of Amon's avatars had been quicker than he had expected.

…

South of the Bridge, Rose Street, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White, who had changed into a brown priest robe, stood in front of a long table with candle stands. He watched Ernes Boyar working hard at wiping the altar before he raised his right hand and casually pointed.

"To the side. Left side. That spot's dirty."

Ernes Boyar, who also wore the clergyman attire of the Earth Mother, shot an angry look at Emlyn, but he still listened to his instructions and re-wiped the area he hadn't wiped seriously.

"I know you're very mad. It's how I felt when I learned that you deliberately hid key information from the ancient castle intel you sold me," Emlyn said with a smile, completely unfazed by his glare. "Also, I forgot to inform you. I'm also a viscount. It happened last week."

Sanguine Viscounts corresponded to the Moon pathway's Sequence 5 Scarlet Scholar. The advancement ritual required the illumination of the full moon. Apart from that, one had to gather different metals, gems, and Beyonder creature blood that represented the different moon phases. It was rather complicated.

However, Emlyn had long obtained the promise from the Sanguine upper echelons that a free advancement ritual would be held for him. He could advance easily once the full moon came.

As for the digestion of Potions Professor, he had completed digesting it without putting too much effort into it. This was because he often taught commoners who were willing to learn at the Harvest Church to learn about herbs and medicine, and even combinations of some special potions. And apart from usually collecting dolls, researching history, and doing volunteer work at the cathedral, he loved thinking about the different potions and considering how they could be used in different battle situations.

“…You're a viscount?" Ernes Boyar abruptly stood up straight as he wore a flabbergasted look.

Among the Sanguine, as they were all long-lived, they had quite a huge population. The number of Beyonder characteristics was limited, so advancing was a very difficult endeavor. One had to be in a long line before they had the opportunity to advance. However, Emlyn White had only been a Baron for half a year!

Ernes remembered that it took him sixty years to go from Baron to Viscount. This was because his father had suffered an attack from Artificial Vampires. His passing left him the inheritance.

"Of course." Emlyn's smug smile grew obvious, but he remained restrained. "I obtained a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristics from Artificial Vampires."

Ernes Boyar looked at Emlyn, momentarily at a loss for words. He felt that he had suffered a heavier blow than needing to do volunteer work at the Harvest Church.

"Your expression is rather interesting." Emlyn tsked and said, "Perhaps one day, you'll have to address me as lord when I become an Earl."

"Preposterous! What arrogance!" Ernes blurted.

I'm already very humble. I didn't mention I would become a Duke or even a Princeps… How am I to be the Sanguine's messiah without being an angel?

Besides, in our Tarot Club, Mr. World has already advanced to become a demigod. Ma'am Hermit won't take much longer. This will definitely be a club filled with demigods… Emlyn chortled without arguing with Ernes like he usually would. He took on an attitude that whatever Ernes said was beneath him.

Of course, he also understood that the advantage the Sanguine had after the Scarlet Scholar stage no longer existed. Becoming an Earl was in no way easier than an Artificial Vampire advancing to Shaman King.

The digestion of the Scarlet Scholar potion is still relatively simple. All one needs to do is sincerely like the moon, worship the moon, and study the moon. This is what most Sanguine do usually… However, the corresponding ritual is in the hands of the demigods. Without their approval, even if I were to obtain a Shaman King Beyonder characteristic from The Sun, I won't be able to become an Earl… Emlyn might be arrogant, but he knew very clearly what was required of him subsequently.

There were two core powers of Scarlet Scholar. First, it was to create an environment that was advantageous to them. When the enemy wasn't good at spirituality or things related to the spirit world, they could create the effects of the full moon. On the contrary, they would also make the moon vanish if necessary. Second, it was to gain an instantaneous blink and a spectral form state under a certain area of the moon's illumination. Even if they were smashed to bits by an enemy, they could still reform themselves under the moonlight.

And the strength of these powers was derived from one's comprehension and research of the moon domain as Scarlet Scholars.

As for the strengthening of darkness-related spells, the enhancements of potion effects, and the resistance towards Nightmare-like influences, they were just supplementary.

Ernes was enraged by Emlyn's attitude. Just as he was about to speak again, he saw the mountainlike half-giant, Utravsky, walk out from behind the

cathedral.

He hurriedly bent his back and bowed his head as he continued cleaning the altar.

Emlyn White also picked up his cloth and the candle stand, wiping its surface with great proficiency.

In the silent atmosphere, he thought of something: If he were to leave the Harvest Church now, would the upper echelons of the Sanguine force him to hand over the mystical items and supernatural props he obtained from Ernes.

This… I really have no reason to reject their request, because some of the items don't belong to Ernes in the first place… Emlyn thought about it seriously and decided to return to the room later. He would set up a ritual and sacrifice the spoils of war he received to Mr. Fool. When the time came, he could split it with the other members like The Star and Justice.

Uh, Oath of Rose cannot be sacrificed. It's only one part of the pair. Whoever obtains it will be discovered and identified by the wielder of the other ring… I'll just treat it as a spoil of war. I'll hand it over to Marquis Nibbs tonight. I should be able to exchange it for some rewards… As for the rest, I won't participate in the splitting… Emlyn very quickly came up with a plan.

As for whether the Sanguine upper echelons would bear a grudge over this, he wasn't too worried. This was because he would also mention in passing about the cooperation that the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction had requested while handing over the Oath of Rose.

This matter had happened last week. He had planned on informing the Sanguine upper echelon, but in the few mini-gatherings, The Hanged Man had advised him to do so after the punishment operation. It would accentuate his importance and mitigate any anger or resentment.

Striking with a stick, and offering a carrot? At that moment in time, Emlyn suddenly had a deeper understanding of the suggestion.

…

160 Böklund Street. Inside Dwayne Dantès's bedroom.

The spoils of war received are pretty good. A diamond brooch that can raise one's energy and maintain lucidity while resisting spells that act on the Body of Heart and Mind. A paper figurine that can prevent any fatal damage and Psychic Piercing. A belt that can produce Sun and Lightning damage. A wallet that contains more than 300 pounds… After receiving the sacrifice and returning to the real world, Klein silently sighed as he sat in front of his study desk. He then took out a transparent maggot.

Upon seeing this maggot, he felt his head ache, recalling the pain of having his Soul Body fracture.

This was a Worm of Spirit that he had fractured from himself. It was to be made into the payment given to Snake of Fate Will Auceptin.

He already had an idea on how to replicate the item which could briefly allow someone to restore their strength. It was to use the Worm of Spirit as a vessel and copy the complete symbol from before to garner a response from the mysterious space above the gray fog.

For this, the outcome of his divination was that it would be rather successful.

That item's true essence is actually one of the powers of the Seer pathway's Sequence 3, Scholar of Yore. To borrow a portion of one's power from one's past self… Responding with The Fool's identity would definitely work…

The only problem is that the corresponding dimensionality, mystery, complexity, and danger of the symbols cannot be directly engraved on

different metal plates… According to Will Auceptin, I have to use Cogitation and draw on my spirituality to draw it on the Worm of Spirit…

If it succeeds, I'll make myself one. I'll look at myself from the past and see if it will be Klein Moretti's childhood or myself hanging in the cocoon above the door of light… If it's the latter, it's best if I can confirm how long I've been hanging… Klein entered a Cogitation state while in thought. Then, he kept constructing symbols with his mind, allowing his spirituality to repeat this process outside as it penetrated the Worm of Spirit.

This was a complicated and difficult task. If he wasn't careful, it might lead to failure.

As the invisible symbols fell and augmented the Worm of Spirit, Klein suddenly trembled. The Worm of Spirit ignited by itself and turned to ashes.

Looking at his empty palm, Klein felt a headache. After a long period of silence, he silently muttered, *Life sure is difficult…*

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CHAPTER 1010
CONSULTANT FEE

After rubbing his forehead, Klein was just about to split another Worm of Spirit when he suddenly saw Reinette in her dark, complicated-looking dress walk out of the void and stand beside the desk.

In the mouth of one of Miss Messenger's heads was a neatly folded letter.

"Who's it from?" Klein asked in passing.

Reinette Tinekerr's remaining three heads replied, "The…" "Mushroom…" "King's…" "Superior…"

Mushroom King? Klein was stunned for a full two seconds before realizing that it could be Frank Lee.

And Frank Lee's superior was Admiral of Stars, Cattleya.

"The 'Mushroom King' is Frank Lee?" Klein asked in confirmation as he reached out to take the letter.

With the four blonde, red-eyed heads' hair being held, they were made to bob up and down as though they were nodding.

Miss Messenger even gives others nicknames… That's not right. Frank doesn't just specialize in mushrooms. His "domains" include cows, malt, fish, Rose Bishops… It's because Frank has had a breakthrough in his mushroom experiments, so Miss Messenger saw a boat-full of mushrooms? Klein couldn't help but draw a breath as he hurriedly unfolded the letter.

He was worried that the letter was Ma'am Hermit's plea for help.

Of course, he wasn't too anxious because, at the most critical juncture, an experienced pirate like Admiral of Stars would definitely choose to pray to Mr. Fool.

This letter did come from the Future's captain, Cattleya. On it were neatly written words:

"…The Queen has already confirmed the time and place. Wednesday, 11 p.m. Same place.

"…I've no idea what you said to Frank Lee, but I can tell that he has been very excited recently. He has done many experiments with the Artisan. He said that he would be able to produce another phase of results in three-to six-months time. He also made it clear that if he were to obtain the Druid potion, he could save on making many intermediary objects and directly produce the final outcome. All I can say is that I wish you the best.

"…I hope that everything will come to an end before the Artisan completely breaks down. He has already begun regretting his faith in the Primordial Moon…"

Should I be happy that the securing of the City of Silver's food supply has progressed, or should I be worried about accidents? Klein rubbed his temples and decided to put the matter aside. After all, Ma'am Hermit, who was almost about to become a demigod, was watching Frank. If some unexpected development really happened, she would definitely seek help.

Phew… Having finally confirmed his meeting with Queen Mystic, he heaved a sigh of relief and flicked his wrist, burning the letter in scarlet red flames.

After watching Miss Messenger leave, he continued splitting a Worm of Spirit when he suddenly frowned. He felt that the desk and the letter's ashes in the trash can were abnormally off-putting.

Subconsciously, Klein got some tissue and wiped the desk before covering the trash can.

After doing all of this, he looked at his dirtied hands and stood up. He headed for the washroom and turned on the tap.

As he washed his hands, he caught sight of the toilet beside him through the corner of his eye. He frowned bit by bit again.

"Today's cleaning wasn't done well enough…" Klein softly muttered and suddenly sensed something wrong with him.

Amidst his thoughts, his spiritual intuition quickly explained why he was feeling this way.

This was a side effect of using Death Knell!

As he had already become a demigod, allowing him to have a qualitative change in his Spirit Body and attain godhood; the corresponding negative effects had been reduced by more than 90%. The terrifying weakness of germaphobia ended up becoming a trait of cleanliness OCD.

Likewise, the period of weakness dropped from six hours to one hour. And the thirst that Death Knell gave him was no longer as obvious.

"Thankfully…" Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he skillfully pulled out the toilet brush from the side.

…

Eleven in the evening, above the gray fog, due to Emlyn White's request, all the members who had involved themselves in the punishment operation—Justice, The Star, Judgment, The Magician, and The Hanged Man—appeared inside the ancient magnificent palace.

"These are all the spoils of war." Emlyn threw 3,000 pounds that he had just sacrificed in the middle of the table and explained, "One of the mystical items was Oath of Rose. It's a paired ring, allowing the wearers to be able to share their senses and thoughts with one another within a normal-sized city regardless of the distance. It's very valuable, but only one of the rings was acquired. It would spell danger for anyone who takes it. Therefore, I handed it over to the Sanguine upper echelons and received 3,000 pounds in return."

He originally thought of keeping the 3,000 pounds as his spoils of war, but he decided that it was better to sacrifice it and make it be one of the options.

After a pause, Emlyn introduced the other items, listing their uses and negative side effects. He had even added more to the description—knowledge stemmed from his penchant for Sanguine history and some shared by Ernes Boyar under Father Utravsky's watch.

He is doing it with the intent of flaunting… Otherwise, with Mr. Moon's character, he wouldn't say so much… Oh, the reason for him being relaxed is due to Mr. Fool's absence… Audrey watched as a bystander without saying which item she wanted.

Alger glanced at the spoils of war and said to Emlyn, "Have you met the Sanguine upper echelons? Has the hunting of the key members of the Rose School of Thought been confirmed?"

"Pretty much. I've also established contact with a member from the temperance faction. However, he wishes to carry out the operation after September." Emlyn didn't hide the truth, believing that Mr. Hanged Man could provide useful pointers.

Indeed, Alger nodded and asked, "It has to be after September?

"This means that they are waiting for something that will drastically change the situation…”

Klein, who was waiting for the mini-gathering to end somewhere else in the ancient palace, suspected that it had something to do with Miss Sharron's advancement when he heard that.

According to Miss Sharron, she should've been able to attempt the demigod ritual in July… Don't tell me that this ritual will last at least a month? If that's the case, it's quite different from the other pathways… Klein had a theory he wasn't too sure about.

"Possibly." Emlyn thought for a while before agreeing with Mr. Hanged Man's words.

Following that, he surveyed the area and said with a smile, "You can begin choosing."

Audrey had Mr. World's promised Fate Siphon charm, and Leonard had obtained the corresponding rewards from Old Man Pallez. They appeared rather calm with the spoils of war "offered" by the Sanguine Viscount. None of them rushed to speak as they politely waited for the others to go first.

In addition, they had either experienced an angel-level battle in person or witnessed the horror brought about by Amon's avatars. Furthermore, they had confirmed that the Tarot Club contained potent forces, and they were suffering from some level of mental fatigue.

Xio looked to her right before looking forward. Seeing everyone being so modest, she broke the silence.

"I was involved in a very simple part of this and didn't take much of a risk. Furthermore, Mr. Moon has already paid 60 pounds in advance. I'll just take the cash in the wallet."

As she spoke, she took the handcrafted wallet, took out the cash, and counted it.

"335 pounds."

Emlyn surveyed the area and nodded when no one objected.

"Okay."

As for the handcrafted wallet, Xio threw it in the middle of the table and returned it to Mr. Moon to handle it himself.

With Xio taking the lead, Fors said, "I only lent out Leymano's Travels and didn't take on any risks. I'll take that Moon Paper Figurine…"

Compared to the mystical items, such expendable Beyonder items were relatively lower in value.

However, to The Magician herself, she wouldn't have selected a mystical item even if she was qualified. This was because she could hire the corresponding member to Record it if she needed a particular power of the mystical item. As for Moon Paper Figurine, an expendable item that could take a fatal blow and Psychic Piercing once, it couldn't be Recorded. It was definitely the first choice for someone who feared for her life.

After saying that, she waited for a moment. Only when no one objected did she take the Moon Paper Figurine.

Emlyn then cast his gaze at Miss Justice. Leonard extended his hand and said with a smile, "Ladies first."

Audrey didn't decline the offer as she swept her gaze across the items on the table. She pointed at the diamond brooch and said with a smile, "I'll take this."

She had heard Mr. Moon mention that its name was Alcohol Nemesis. It kept the wearer brimming with energy with lucidity in their thoughts, giving them resistance to influences on the Body of Heart and Mind.

Thankfully, I had first used Bribe—Charm to be safe, and with Ernes still being in a half-conscious state after waking up from the dream, I wouldn't

have been able to Hypnotize him… This item is also useful to me. At the very least, it will give me another layer of protection when facing the higher-level members of the Psychology Alchemists… I don't have to worry about the negative effects if I don't always wear it… Audrey thought thankfully as she retracted her gaze from the diamond brooch in satisfaction.

After the selection, Emlyn didn't give Leonard the chance to speak as he directly said, "This Moon Sash is yours."

From his point of view, the Moon Sash was worth more than 5,000 pounds, something more valuable than the 3,000 pounds in cash.

Actually, I was leaning towards taking the 3,000 pounds… I have to buy the Word of the Sea, and the price is still 10,000 pounds after Klein gave a discount… After spending that, I'll only have 650 pounds in savings… Leonard ultimately didn't reject it as he nodded.

"Okay."

Emlyn finished distributing the spoils of war and picked up the remaining 3,000 pounds in cash. He then split a stack and pushed it to the side.

"Mr. Hanged Man, this is your payment. 1,000 pounds."

"You should call it the consultation fee." Without Mr. Fool present, Fors was also a lot more relaxed.

Alger didn't stand on ceremony as he nodded, reaching out to take the stack of cash.

"The compensation for the carriage driver will also be borne by me." Emlyn surveyed the area in a rather good mood.

…

11 p.m. on Wednesday, at the south entrance of the Backlund Bridge.

A figure quickly phased into existence in the night sky, with one hand on his hat and the other hand by his buttons.

He had black hair, brown eyes, and sharp facial features. This strongest adventurer with the cold expression was none other than Gehrman Sparrow.

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CHAPTER 1011
ROSELLE'S OTHER WARNING

It was late at night with the thick clouds concealing the moon. It was dark across the Backlund Bridge.

Just as Klein "Teleported" here, he saw green pea vines descend from the sky like a storm that enveloped his surroundings before he could look around.

They intertwined and quickly formed a forest. They stacked upwards in layers, making it impossible to see its peak.

Klein released his right hand's grip on his top hat and familiarly followed up the path paved by the vines.

It didn't take long before he saw a naturally-formed swing made out of green plants. He also saw Queen Mystic Bernadette who stood beside the swing.

This eldest daughter of Emperor Roselle had a head of long chestnut hair. She wore a blouse with laced flowers that formed a bow tie. She matched it with a gray dress that went past her knees and a pair of Wellington leather boots. She also wore a bonnet with a hanging black fishnet.

"You've grown faster than I had imagined." Bernadette's blue eyes behind the black fishnet reflected Gehrman Sparrow's figure.

Klein replied without any change in expression, "Praise Mr. Fool."

As he said that, he inwardly lampooned, *This is what it means to strive to be stronger, relying on oneself rather than on others!*

Queen Mystic nodded slightly as she said with a gentle but emotionless voice, "I know why you want to see me."

Without waiting for Klein to say a word, she tilted her head slightly and looked at the vine swing beside her. She said in a tone as calm as a lake that had countless undercurrents beneath it, "I feel that he hasn't really perished completely."

…Does that mean you believe that Emperor Roselle hasn't died completely? He lives somewhere in this world, with a chance for him to return? Klein didn't expect to hear such a straightforward and sensational words right at the beginning of their conversation. Although he easily controlled his expression, he was somewhat at a loss for a reply.

At the same time, he noticed that Bernadette referred to Emperor Roselle as "he" instead of "He." Regardless if they were using ancient Feysac to speak or the normal daily language used in Loen or Intis, they were completely different words.

This means that deep down in Queen Mystic's heart, Emperor Roselle isn't an angel, but a father… Klein calmed down his emotions and deliberated before asking, "Why do you have such thoughts?"

Bernadette retracted her gaze from the vine swing and said with the same gentle voice, "Towards the final stages of his life, although he was crazy and radical, everything he did had preparations in place. I believe that he must've prepared something for himself.

"You should know that he attempted to switch pathways in his later years and tried for the vacant Black Emperor throne. This required him to build nine secret mausoleums in the form of pyramids.

"After he died in the White Maple Palace, the Churches of the Eternal Blazing Sun and Steam jointly found eight mausoleums and destroyed each one of them. However, the ninth mausoleum remains to be discovered. No one knows where it's hidden.

"If he had already become Black Emperor, he can definitely awaken inside that mausoleum. If he fails, I believe that there's a possibility of using it for his resurrection…"

Bernadette's voice softened as she spoke. Towards the end, her voice was ethereal and nearly indiscernible.

You aren't that confident either… It's mostly a kind of hope and expectation… Klein sighed.

Suddenly, he recalled the words by King of the Five Seas Nast.

Emperor Roselle liked to stand in front of a particular floor-to-ceiling window and look to the west.

From Roselle's diary, Klein knew that "He" had discovered the Abyss's entrance in the Fog Sea west of Intis. There, he had found a primitive island and believed that it was filled with oddities and was worth exploring.

Could it be that… Emperor Roselle built the last secret mausoleum in the Abyss or on that primitive island? Klein thought for a moment before smiling.

"You seem to understand the Black Emperor pathway very well."

He suspected that Emperor Roselle had left the Black Emperor card as a bookmark and had used Bernadette's name in ancient Feysac as the activation incantation because he partially wanted to inform his daughter of the corresponding ritual. In the end, Bernadette had seemingly grasped the information via other means.

The lips behind Queen Mystic's fishnet veil produced a slight curl.

"I've already investigated this matter for more than a century. And to figure out the details, I've suffered the infusion of knowledge from the Hidden Sage.

"I can tell that you, and Mr. Fool who's backing you, have a deep understanding of this… I've always been curious why you're so interested in his matters."

From the current situation, and in terms of seniority, you could call me uncle… The emperor and I might very well be "roommates" who had been hung up for many years… Klein lampooned to relieve his emotional upheavals. However, he replied in a calm tone, "You can raise this question to Mr. Fool."

He didn't plan on telling Bernadette that the ninth secret mausoleum might be somewhere in the Fog Sea, very likely to be on the primitive island, or in the Abyss. It was more suitable for The Fool to answer the question.

Queen Mystic wasn't surprised by Gehrman Sparrow's response. She cast her gaze west to a certain spot far away.

Although he couldn't see Bernadette's gaze, Klein could vaguely sense that this lady was looking at the place where she had her childhood. She was looking at her spiritual home, the home where she could no longer return to.

At that moment, in the green vines and deep darkness, there were a lot of subtle emotions and dreams that hid deep in the heart, fermenting.

In just a matter of seconds, Queen Mystic retracted her gaze and gently said, "After my matters in Backlund ends, I'll pass a few pages to Cattleya and get her to ask the question on my behalf."

"Why don't you ask next week?" Klein didn't hide his puzzlement.

Bernadette calmly replied, "I feel that the answer will affect my mood, and a bad mood will result in my failure."

A failure because of a bad mood? What sort of matter has such strict requirements? A clash with a demigod of the mind domain? Or perhaps, after she resolves the knots in her heart, will she have the confidence to attempt to become an angel? Klein nodded in thought without pressing.

This was a secret of hers, something that it was best not to ask about unless necessary.

Queen Mystic then said, "When he wrote those few diary pages, I was sitting opposite him. I wanted him to teach me how to interpret and write those symbols. He didn't agree to it and only ruffled my hair. Back then, I was already of age…

"I can tell that he was worried, apprehensive, and in a difficult position when he wrote those pages. Finally, he told me that if I can really become an important figure of the mysterious world as Zaratul predicted, I must make sure to remember—be careful of the 'Spectator.'"

Be careful of the "Spectator"…Klein couldn't help but inwardly repeat Roselle's warning.

He believed that the emperor wouldn't be broadly referring to the Beyonders of the Spectator pathway. He was definitely pointing to a particular special existence, some special matter, or both.

Emperor Roselle was a member of that ancient secret organization… That ancient secret organization's founder and leader is… Klein's eyelids twitched as he didn't dare to think any further, afraid that a particular existence would hear his thoughts.

"Perhaps there are detailed descriptions on that diary page," he said, hoping to see that diary page as soon as possible.

"I know." Bernadette nodded.

She didn't continue on the topic. After two seconds of silence, she said, "I should thank Mr. Fool and you on Cattleya's behalf. Obtaining the blood of a Snake of Fate is very helpful towards her future.

"Although the advancement ritual of a Mysticologist doesn't have any requirements on the Mythical Creature's pathway, the best choice is still the Fate pathway. This will make it a lot easier for her when she advances to Sequence 3."

"Why?" Klein asked with the mindset of learning new knowledge.

After all, it was impossible for a Blessed to know everything. Even a true god was incapable of that!

Bernadette's eyes turned slightly vacant.

"Another way to call 'prying into the secrets of fate' is 'clairvoyance.' The Mystery Pryer's Sequence 3 is called Clairvoyant. This also why I'm in Backlund."

Due to a particular future prediction? Klein mused, having a guess and some level of enlightenment, "Many pathways seem to have the ability of clairvoyance."

The corners of Queen Mystic's mouth curled up slightly as she sighed and said, "In ancient times, many Beyonder creatures believe that gathering similar powers would lead to a qualitative change and breakthrough, but all of them went mad without exception or lost control. Only after the first Blasphemy Slate appeared did all creatures realize that balance—the kind of balance needed to walk on the edge of a cliff—was key to the path of extraordinariness."

Therefore, a domain's powers can be scattered across many pathways, concentrating on a few main pathways while the other pathways share the

remnants? Hmm, a negative example is the King of the North from Groselle's Travels, Ulyssan.… Klein fell into a deep thought without pressing.

After a while, Queen Mystic broke the silence.

"If you have nothing else, let's end it here today."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Alright, if you need any help, you can find me through Admiral of Stars."

Bernadette nodded gently as her figure suddenly turned transparent before turning into a cluster of bubbles.

The bubbles scattered and flew off before vanishing immediately. The dark green pea vines retracted and vanished into the night.

Klein seemed to be held by an invisible hand as he landed gently on the Backlund Bridge.

He reached out his hand to press his top hat and surveyed his surroundings. There were rows of houses lining the banks, emitting faint yellow lights. Amidst the gushing sound of the surging river and the darkness of the night, everything appeared serene, silent, warm, and peaceful.

I hope none of this will be destroyed.… Klein sighed as his figure quickly turned transparent and faded away.

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CHAPTER 1012
FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER

"Dear Mr. Azik,

"Ever since September was ushered in, Backlund's temperature has been dropping day after day. Recently, the elderly can already be seen wearing gloves when outdoors.

"Just like last year, the smog has begun to envelop the city. This would happen one to two days a week, or even more. Clearly, the environmental measures governing air pollution aren't something that can be resolved in a year or two. It will take at least five years. Something that should be worth being happy about is that the pungent smell in the air has already lessened significantly. My Sanguine friend is very pleased with such weather.

"Another delightful change is that more and more students, postmen, and technical workers have bought bikes. The number of carriages on the streets has decreased, implying that the smell of horse feces and the stench it brings is no longer the main pollutant in Backlund's air. Of course, they still occupy a rather important position. As you know, those ladies and gentlemen who think highly of their standing wouldn't casually lower their own standards of living. However, based on my observations, their kids are gradually having a growing interest in bikes.

"I've been leading a normal life during this period of time. I go to Saint Samuel Cathedral and the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation a few times a week, participating in their activities and continuously donating cash. I occasionally visit the turf club, watch plays and orchestras, or play cards or golf at the club. During weekends, I either participate in balls, banquets, or saloons.

"I forgot to mention that I've already bought a manor. It formerly belonged to Duke Negan and is called 'Maygur.' It has its own excellent vineyard and brewery, as well as a huge forest and plantation on it. It can be used for farming and hunting. Its main building has a huge rectangular shape with four stories. It has a large number of rooms, and a casual tour of the place without walking out the door would take me more than ten thousand steps. At the same time, it also has a large number of sculptures, oil paintings, decorations, and exquisite cutlery. It's simply palatial.

"Perhaps my description is a little exaggerated. After all, I've never seen a real palace. This is also the first manor that I own. I still remember my time in Tingen. I lived in a rental apartment with only two bedrooms with my brother and sister. Every day, we slept to the smell of coal.

"This was introduced to me by Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor. It cost me 20,000 pounds. You don't have to worry about my financial situation. I made a huge sum of money from the Southern Continent, and I also sold some mystical items. Currently, I still have more than 17,000 pounds in cash and 15,000 pounds worth of gold bars, including various gold coins, soli, and pence.

"I'm rather satisfied with Maygur and have sent my former valet, Richardson, to be the land steward. It's now autumn, and I'm going to invite guests to enjoy a pleasant weekend there. I hope Richardson can make adequate preparations.

"The mysterious world in Backlund hasn't changed for now. I hope it will continue like this.

"The magic mirror I previously mentioned to you has been restored to normal. However, it seems to still suffer from post-traumatic stress due to the damage Amon had dealt it. As long as I question it about what happened, it will automatically change the color of its text and give an erroneous answer and repeatedly request me to compliment it.

"It also has different views on leaving the Church of Steam. It seems to have decided to stay a little longer, believing that it would be safer that way. It has even thought of showcasing its danger and become a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. I have to say that I'm always surprised with the way it thinks.

"Thanks to some of its answers, I've found a way to create pure darkness. It is to create it with a charm of the Evernight domain that has dreamworld properties. It's considered a response of the Evernight Goddess and is categorized under pure darkness. In addition, after repeated tests, I've finally figured out the way to carve the godhood symbols through Cogitation and create the item I want."

Upon writing this, Klein, who was sitting on the sofa while using his thigh as his table, stopped writing and rubbed his temples.

Repeated failures implied the repeated loss of Worms of Spirit, and every separation was a damaging blow to his Spirit Body. It took him a long time to recover.

Therefore, in order to have redundancies to prevent any accidents, Klein never pushed himself to the limit. After separating three or four Worms of Spirit, he would choose to rest for a few days before beginning the engraving process. Such breaks took him this long to master the method and create a finished product.

Glancing at the rectangular "diamond" beside him, he saw layers of complicated symbols that extended into the void from the constantly refracting light. His head felt a little dizzy as though he was witnessing a part of history.

I'll call it the Yesterday Once More charm… Klein retracted his gaze and continued writing:

"The coastal regions have had another storm brewing. The two Houses of the kingdom have entered the traditional phase of debating over bills. With

the footsteps of the new year approaching and getting louder, it makes me worried for some baffling reason.

"May you recover quickly and wake up soon.

"Your eternal student, Klein Moretti."

Putting away the pen and folding the letter, Klein blew Azik's copper whistle and summoned the skeleton messenger that stood nearly four meters tall.

Unlike before, this messenger had only shown its head and one arm. The rest were beneath the floorboards on the second floor.

This made it appear significantly shorter than Klein.

After all, I'm now barely considered a Blessed of Death… Klein handed the letter to the messenger as he watched it crumble into bones, gushing down into the ground like a waterfall.

After doing this, he picked up the Yesterday Once More charm on the armrest.

This was his first successful product, and he planned on using it first. After all, making it again was easy now that he had the experience.

As for whether borrowing strength from his historical self posed any dangers, Klein had already performed a divination above the gray fog ahead of time. He believed that if it involved the real Fool or the owner of the door of light, then he would have the mysterious space above the gray fog to block it for him.

And the result of the divination was that it was very safe.

After staring at the diamond-like charm for a few seconds, Klein no longer hesitated. He opened his mouth and said a single word in ancient Hermes,

"History!"

He had attempted it in the real world and not above the gray fog because he was worried that the mysterious world would sever the connection to the past.

Amidst the echoing of the jarring word, Klein injected his spirituality into the Yesterday Once More charm.

Light that appeared like scattered fur lit up, illuminating the surroundings with bright and pure light.

Vaguely, a scene flashed past Klein's eyes:

It was him dancing leisurely with Daly Simone beside Ince Zangwill's corpse;

It was the gray-sideburned and exceedingly handsome Dwayne Dantès;

It was Gehrman Sparrow pressing down on his top hat while landing on the Black Tulip thanks to the blessings of the wind;

It was the Sherlock Moriarty who struggled during the descent of the meteor;

It was Klein Moretti who summoned sunlight when he heard the baby's cry in the Blackthorn Security Company;

It was the pale university graduate who raised the revolver and aimed it at his temple.

Beyond this, all the scenes vanished. All that was left was the grayish-white fog.

And only when the powers of the charm were exhausted did Klein find himself at the end of that fog.

Indeed, my transmigration is related to the gray fog, that mysterious space, and that strange door of light… This basically verifies it. I was sleeping in a cocoon in the past, hanging above the door of light. I've no idea how long I was in that state… Compared to his first time seeing the door of light, Klein, who had made the confirmation, remained calm as though he had long expected it.

Phew. Next, I'll make two Yesterday Once More charms for Will. This charm isn't of much use to me… I won't be visiting him this week. It will incur suspicion if I feed him ice-cream every week. Their maid is already looking at me in an odd way… Also, since I've mastered the Cogitation engraving method of the godhood symbol, I can bring forward the creation of the extraordinary bullets made with the Worms of Time. Yes, Leonard said that he will be visiting Tingen in the next few days. Let's see if the power of the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem can be stolen… Klein rubbed his forehead and left the sofa.

At a previous Tarot Gathering, Leonard had already informed him of the four types of godhood symbols and magical labels he learned from Pallez Zoroast. They came from the Marauder domain, and it was said that one of them was capable of misdirecting the enemy, making them make errors in judgment. Another was to steal three Beyonder powers that the target had formerly used, beginning with the most recent power. The third would cause the enemy to lose plenty of vitality if the enemy could be affected by it, making them enter an aged state. Finally, one of them could create Worms of Time that didn't live long. They would secretly Parasitize the target's body and allow the charm-user to control them.

Among the seven remaining Worms of Time that Klein had, he had already made three into Fate Siphon charms and had given Miss Justice one and kept two. This also meant that he still had four Worms of Time, allowing him to try out each of the four effects. Of course, his intuition told him that the chances of a successful product weren't guaranteed.

As for Leonard's two Worms of Time, one had been made into a Fate Siphon charm. He had followed The World Gehrman Sparrow's instructions

to pray to Mr. Fool and had received a reply. The other relied on Pallez Zoroast's help to create a Parasite charm.

After busying himself with a series of tasks, it was evening. Klein had five successes and one failure. He obtained two Yesterday Once More charms, one Parasite bullet, a Deceit bullet, and a Deprivation bullet.

The only failure was the Aging bullet, seemingly due to the inability to use sufficient powers from the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Looking at the three similar-looking bullets that were a mix of transparency or translucency, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He took out Death Knell and loaded the bullet. In the revolver were three of his Control Spirit Bullets.

After clearing the altar, he walked out of the room and headed for the second floor. Upon entering the dining hall, he said to Butler Walter who was waiting for him, "Invite the guests to a hunting trip over the weekend in the city outskirts using the name list."

"Yes, sir." Walter was already prepared for this, remaining stern and serious.

…

Tingen City, 36 Zouteland Street.

Leonard got off the carriage as he looked at a newly built building with a mixed expression. He momentarily forgot to enter.

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CHAPTER 1013
INDIVIDUAL GROWTH

The 36 Zouteland Street of the past was just filled with a cement foundation, with each floor's two windows forming the shape of an arch with their covers being shut. It had the architectural traits of post-1300s of the Fifth Epoch, and the natural lighting wasn't very good.

After its reconstruction, the bottom floor had a small sheltered porch with two oriel windows that extended to the second floor. The thinner portion of the window frames had a wall and a decorative column that supported a thin stone beam. Above the oriel window was a parapet that connected straight to the third floor.

This was a three-story architectural style that had been made popular in recent years.

His thoughts seemingly going adrift, Leonard had a feeling that he had come to the wrong place.

After falling into a daze for about ten seconds, he stepped into 36 Zouteland Street with a silver inlaid cane. Following that, he walked up the stairs, turned around a bend, and saw the black door and vertical signboard:

"Blackthorn Security Company."

When he arrived, he seemed to gradually find a sense of familiarity. He sped up his pace and pushed open the ajar door.

A brown-haired girl who held the Tingen City Honest Paper up vertically on the desk moved the papers to the side when she heard the unconcealed

footsteps, revealing a smooth forehead, light-brown eyes, and a pretty face.

“…Good afternoon, Rozanne," Leonard greeted somewhat hesitantly.

Rozanne first wore a look of surprise before her expression fell. She said in an abnormally cold tone, "Good afternoon.

"Congratulations on avenging Captain and Klein."

Leonard widened his mouth, at a loss for a response. He didn't even press down on his top hat despite his dislike of wearing hats.

He forced a smile and nodded slightly. Then, he went forward in silence, passing Rozanne, planning to enter the door beyond the partition.

Just as he was about to enter the office, he suddenly heard Rozanne say rather softly behind him, "Live well…”

Leonard slowed down his pace slightly before nodding his head heavily.

When he entered the interior, he instantly saw Frye standing by the captain's office.

This Corpse Collector still had a paleness that resulted from not being under the sun for a long while. He had black hair and blue eyes, a high nose bridge, and very thin lips. He had a cold and dark demeanor.

Leonard solemnly looked at him for a few seconds before exhaling, trying hard to coolly smile.

"Long time no see."

"Good afternoon, long time no see." Frye pointed to the captain's office. "I've already received the telegram and know of your request. I'll get two team members to carry out the operation with you. Also, you need to fill in a Sealed Artifact request form."

Slightly surprised, Leonard said with a smile, "You're the captain now? You aren't as silent as before…”

Leonard had actually finished digesting his Soul Assurer potion and could advance to Sequence 5 Spirit Warlock, but to obtain the power of that drop of the Eternal Blazing Sun's blood, he deliberately kept it a secret. He continued placating the souls around Backlund and finally, through his hard work, found an opportunity to come to Tingen.

"Yes," Frye said with a gentle nod. "Actually, I don't like to speak much, but I have to do so as the captain."

Leonard nodded slightly.

"When did you become a captain? Why haven't I heard of it…”

"Recently," Frye succinctly replied before giving an explanation. "Shortly after you left, I became a Sequence 8 Gravedigger. I finally advanced to Spirit Medium last month. And it just so happened that the previous captain was transferred away."

"That's fast…” Before Leonard could finish his sentence, he had punched himself in the head. "Look at my memory. I forgot that Klein had already shared some experiences with everyone."

He lowered his right hand and said to Frye with a smile, "In that case, you still have room and time to make further progress. Perhaps you might become a deacon."

Frye shot a look at him and retracted his gaze.

"I'll likely not choose to continue advancing."

"Why?" Leonard took a few steps out and came to Frye's side, asking in puzzlement.

Frye looked up at the ceiling and said in a calm and heavy voice, "I wish to stay here.

"Protecting this place, always."

Leonard fell silent and didn't give a response.

He observed his surroundings and felt that there were quite significant changes, but there were also many things that remained immutable.

Frye fell silent for a while before saying, "I'll dispatch two members to follow you."

As he spoke, he headed for the basement. Leonard then subconsciously followed by the side.

The office right at the bottom had its door open. A few Nighthawks were in there playing cards—Fighting Evil.

When they sensed their captain approaching, they hurriedly put down their poker cards and stood up.

Leonard swept his gaze across them and saw two familiar faces. They were Royale, with her smooth black hair, and the white-haired, black-eyed Seeka.

At the same time, he also saw a few unfamiliar faces. He saw the pence, soli, and poker cards on the table.

For a moment, he felt his mind adrift as his vision blurred up.

…

In the Rorsted Archipelago waters, in a small harbor neighboring a fishing village, at the bottom of the Future.

Frank Lee rolled up his sleeves and crossed his arms, seriously looking at the mushroom in front of him.

The mushroom, together with its cap, stood at a height of 1.8 meters tall. Its white surface had a few bright red spots that resembled eyes, a nose, and a mouth.

Apart from that, its stem had protruding spores. They had thick and strong-looking white hypha that resembled tentacles.

Frank sized up this gigantic mushroom and surveyed the area, looking at the wooden walls, floorboards, and the mushrooms of different shapes and sizes before saying to Artisan Cielf, "Not bad. This experiment has made progress again. This mushroom has a strong inclination to reproduce, and this will make it hungry, making it eager to replenish itself with monster flesh and blood.

"Be it roasting or boiling, these can cease its activity, making it not as dangerous.

"Hmm, how does it taste? Didn't you try it? The offspring that it produces have random flavors: beef, fish, and malt. Some are even filled with milk. One of them is enough to satisfy any requirements for breakfast. See, the crew no longer enjoy drinking anymore. There are mushrooms that can be plucked everywhere… I believe that when out in the wilderness, to fill one's stomach, one has to carry dry rations and hunt wild beasts. That's just too troublesome. If we can let our bodies grow mushrooms, wouldn't it save the hassle?"

Artisan Cielf was a lot thinner than back when he was in Bayam. His eye sockets were deep and his eyes vacant. They were lacking in life.

Upon hearing Frank's words, he seemed to recall something as his body trembled. He silently crouched down and opened his mouth, producing retching noises.

"Are you okay? I know it was tough on you. I'm really grateful for all you've done recently," Frank said sincerely to the Artisan. "If it wasn't for you, the mushrooms wouldn't have such a strong inclination towards reproduction. Also, they have obtained abnormally strong vitality under the moonlight, allowing themselves to purify themselves. This effectively eliminated the poison that accumulates from devouring monsters. The only problem is that there's no moonlight in pure darkness. This is the next problem that we need to resolve."

Cielf didn't say a word. After he finished vomiting, he immediately stood up and turned to rush outside. However, a thick and strong white hypha reached out and pulled him back.

"R-return my mystical items to me! I want to die with these mushrooms!" he yelled frantically, his voice softening as his mouth was covered.

At this moment, green vines rapidly retreated from a certain spot of the fishing village, as though it was growing in reverse.

Cattleya walked out of it, her eyes dark purple with some silver hints to them.

Her ears continued resounding with the illusory ravings of the Hidden Sage; however, she no longer found it terrifying. She didn't find it unacceptable like before. Wherever she looked, there were countless indescribable figures looking as if they were shadows stacked upon each other, like an invisible gaze that was cast over from an unknown location.

Compared to the past, she could already see the unknown existence hidden behind the curtains. She could see the moons high up in the sky that were of different colors. They were either blood-red, silver, dark brown, or ghostly-blue, resembling eyes that looked down upon the land.

Cattleya's mind hummed as she hurriedly retracted her gaze, afraid to look further.

She had already dissected the Snake of Fate's blood and completed the ritual. Through that, she had obtained godhood, becoming a Sequence 4 Mysticologist of the Mystery Pryer pathway!

However, she remembered the Queen's warning:

Among all the Sequence 4 Beyonders of the twenty-two pathways, Mysticologist was the "job" that encountered danger the easiest. It was because they often saw things that they shouldn't see, hear things they shouldn't hear, and be aware of secrets they shouldn't be aware of.

Therefore, a Mysticologist needed to know how to curb their curiosity and control their respective actions in order to live long.

Removing the heavy glasses she hung on her clothes, Cattleya wore it, but all the various things she saw in the real world didn't vanish.

She curled her lips in satisfaction in a self-deprecating manner. She knew that the item could no longer seal her ability of prying into secrets.

She closed her eyes before opening them. Her eyes had turned black, no longer having the mysterious dark purple and silver hues.

Phew… Cattleya heaved a sigh of relief and slowly walked to the Future as though she had simply gone out for a stroll.

She didn't wish to announce her becoming a demigod, and she had no intention of quickly becoming the fifth royal over the seas. To her, this was a trump card in this dangerous world, one that she had to keep close to her chest.

…

South of the Bridge, Rose Street.

The carriage that Emlyn was on drove down the street when he saw the blurry figure in a white shirt and black vest with slightly messy hair appear opposite him. It was that wraith-like young man.

"Long time no see, Mr. Maric," Emlyn said with an unsurprised smile.

Maric nodded slightly.

"I'm here to tell you that we've already made the preparations. We can discuss the actual operation."

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CHAPTER 1014
THE GROWING GROUP

"Alright," Emlyn replied very calmly.

Maric didn't speak further as his figure vanished.

He knew that it was impossible to come up with a specific plan in an instant. Emlyn White had to first seek the opinion of the upper echelons of the Sanguine; therefore, he didn't stay.

This might be a chance for me to obtain godhood and become an Earl… Emlyn smiled as he watched the Wraith, Maric, leave silently.

He had yet to digest the Scarlet Scholar Beyonder characteristic. The so-called opportunity to become an Earl referred to the promise of obtaining a free ritual and the corresponding potion formula.

The carriage continued forward and stopped at the entrance of the Harvest Church. Emlyn looked at the grayish-white fog in the sky with a look of satisfaction, pressed down on his silk top hat, and unhurriedly alighted the carriage before entering the cathedral's door.

After changing into his brown priest robe, he picked up a cloth and a pail of water and began seriously wiping the surface of the candle stands.

After Father Utravsky, who appeared taller, finished his morning sermon, Emlyn stopped working and grumbled, "Why was Ernes allowed to return?"

"He only requested to do a month of volunteer work." Father Utravsky wasn't annoyed by Emlyn's repeated question from time to time, appearing

extremely patient.

Upon thinking of his encounter, Emlyn immediately felt indignant. He couldn't help but mumble, "He was forced to do volunteer work, not out of his own accord. He can't be allowed to decide on the period. He needs to serve at least half a year!"

Father Utravsky replied with a smile, "He did well. He worked hard the entire month, guiding the devotees and copying the bible. I could clearly sense that he had already realized the value of life and the joy of the harvest."

Emlyn's facial muscles twitched slightly.

"Is he also—no, is he soon going to become a believer of Earth Mother?"

"No, I didn't force him to change his faith," Father Utravsky said gently. "I only taught him the teachings of Earth Mother and to sense the traces and fragments that life brings. I hope that he will recall the home for the soul, the mother's embrace, whenever he feels lost."

Emlyn's lips quivered, but he ultimately didn't say a word. He lowered his head and continued wiping.

…

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Fors sat on a high-back chair, her gaze focused on an empty glass bottle on the desk in front of her.

She had finally digested the Astrologer potion some time ago. Today, under Xio's watch, she had concocted the Asmann's brain and the ancient wraith's cursed item into the Scribe potion. She mustered her courage and drank it.

At this moment, she felt her brain rapidly expanding. The grand folds and white matter rapidly increased as her body gradually blurred, separating into individual cells.

Those cells formed a haloed "door" that circled her brain.

Fors subtly heard the familiar ravings, but they were indistinct and blurry, preventing her from identifying the exact words at all. To the experienced her, it didn't affect her in any way.

After an unknown period of time, Fors finally regained control over her brain and cells and could sense her body's existence.

Almost at the same time, a large amount of knowledge resonated in her mind, making her understand how to use the powers of a Scribe.

The mutated "brain" reproduced the Beyonder powers used by the target before driving a portion of the vitalized cells to form corresponding symbols, patterns, and labels for complete storage.

This was "I came, I saw, I record," which used one's soul as a pen and one's Spirit Body as the paper!

At present, I can only record one Beyonder power that has the influence of godhood. The higher the target's Sequence, the higher the chances of my failure. Even targeted at Sequence 4, I might not be able to succeed even once in ten attempts… I can record eight Sequence 5 and 6 Beyonder powers, and the effects are half of the original. I can record twenty Sequence 7 to Sequence 9 Beyonder powers with their effects being almost like the original… When the potion is digested further, I'll enjoy an enhancement in all these aspects… Fors concluded the knowledge and her experiences before silently muttering to herself.

This appeared to overlap with Leymano's Travels, but Fors felt that no one would ever find having too many Beyonder powers being excessive. Besides, the two were complementary. After all, she could rent Leymano's

Travels to other Tarot Club members and be paid with Beyonder powers. However, she was unable to rent herself out.

At Sequence 6, an Apprentice finally has sufficient combat strength! Fors reined in her thoughts as she sighed to Xio.

She then took a pen and paper and began writing a letter:

"Dear Teacher,

"I'm very pleased to inform you that I've finally become a Scribe. I'm just one step away from my dreams of 'Traveling'…”

After writing a few sentences, she saw Xio stand up and walk towards the door from the corner of her eye. She hurriedly shouted at her, "Hey, shouldn't we head to a restaurant to celebrate?"

Xio replied in a stern manner, "Your overflowing spirituality is rather serious. You'll need several days of Cogitation to keep it under control. Uh, you aren't allowed to smoke or drink. Don't overly indulge yourself in your emotions."

After the advice, she added, "I still have commissions to do. I almost have enough to exchange for the Judge formula."

“…Alright." Fors threw up her hands.

After leaving the house, Xio unlocked the chains and got onto a bicycle specially created for youths. She then rode towards Hillston Borough.

According to the intelligence she had previously obtained, Viscount Stratford had reserved lunch at a luxurious restaurant.

Upon reaching the restaurant, Xio secured the bike to a street lamp and found a secluded corner to observe the people passing by.

After an unknown period of time, a carriage drove through the thin fog. There was a coat of arms with a flower and two rings engraved on it.

Xio's focus intensified as she watched the carriage stop at the restaurant's entrance. She then saw the grizzled Viscount Stratford, who was in his forties, get off first. He then extended his hand to the passenger behind him like a gentleman.

It was a lady draped in a dark red cloak.

Xio couldn't see the lady's face and only noticed that the lady's jaw was soft and her skin fair.

…

On the Blue Avenger at the Northern Sonia Sea.

Alger Wilson's feet left the ground as he floated behind the window of the captain's cabin. He stared at the deck and distant waves outside.

Having already digested a portion of the Ocean Songster potion, he had reported to the Church of Storms two weeks ago and had accumulated enough contribution points to obtain a Wind-blessed potion and successfully consumed it. This also meant that he was officially a Sequence 6. Of course, he had to redigest the Wind-blessed potion, but that wasn't too difficult.

The biggest problem is that the commotion created from digesting the Ocean Songster is too obvious… I should've bought that Word of the Sea and blamed the singing on it every time… Alger sighed silently, but he didn't feel too much regret. This was because even if he wanted to buy it back then, he didn't have the money for it.

Furthermore, he had figured out the way to digest the Ocean Songster potion.

I should be able to get the information soon and confirm who that Feysac navy officer that Mr. Fool wishes to investigate is… Alger retracted his gaze and floated back to the desk where there was a brass sextant.

At this moment, two sailors passed by the deck while belching.

"There seem to be sirens in these waters. I always hear their singing at night…" one of the sailors said in uncertainty.

His companion sneered.

"How is that possible? How can a siren sound so bad?

"It must be some noise produced by some sea monster!"

…

City of Silver, in the training field which wasn't as crowded compared to during "daytime."

A pile of blue ice was stacked there like a small mountain.

Derrick didn't bring his weapon with him as he stood empty-handed in front of the mountain of ice, piously praying, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…"

After chanting the honorific name and making his request, he looked at the Chief of the six-member council, Colin Iliad, walk towards the ice blocks from afar.

Colin, with two swords on his back, carried a bottle of light-emitting and hot golden liquid. He watched as Derrick exerted his strength to enter the ice block and bury himself inside completely without leaving a single crack.

A deep and hazy darkness descended. Even with the lightning streaking across the sky, it was unable to illuminate the interior.

In the blink of an eye, an indescribable surge appeared as though pairs of eyes were cast over from the depths of the darkness.

Colin Iliad could clearly sense that Derrick was in a deep slumber. Even though Derrick was being frozen in ice that normally didn't melt and his body was trembling, he didn't wake up.

Without any hesitation, he threw the potion bottle ahead of him. A wraith-like transparent figure floated above and enveloped it.

This figure passed through the blue ice and came to the cramped space where Derrick was. It took out the potion and placed it by Derrick's mouth.

Just as this action was done, it immediately retreated and left the ice blocks.

Whoosh!

Colin Iliad suddenly drew his sword and cleaved behind him to his right. A monster, whose rotting body was covered in eyes, burst out into yellow pus.

It wasn't known where it came from!

At this moment, Colin saw a radiant light emerge from the pile of blue ice. They scattered pure light, with a burning intensity, warmth, brightness, and vitality that was different from the surrounding lightning.

This filled Colin's eyes as if the light had come from the Dark Ages.

This City of Silver Chief watched intently and was motionless for a long time until another monster emerged from the darkness.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Little Sun is at Sequence 5 too… Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he cast his eyes at the crimson star representing The Sun and cast it to another star.

That signified Miss Justice. Over the past month or so, she had completed many of the Psychology Alchemists' missions and had exchanged her contribution for the Dreamwalker's potion formula.

This also meant that she was about to meet Hvin Rambis again.

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CHAPTER 1015
MARCH OF WAR

Backlund, at the residence of the furniture merchant, Hampres.

Audrey once again met the councilor of the Psychology Alchemists, Hvin Rambis.

This old gentleman remained warm and elegant, his white but lush hair was neatly combed. His blue, deep eyes seemed to contain infinite knowledge.

Upon seeing him, Audrey's eyes wore a vacant look before she came to a realization. It was as though she had finally awoken from a long dream and recovered her lost memories.

She wasn't surprised or puzzled by this at all, accepting this fact without any resistance as if it was something very normal.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Rambis," Audrey greeted with the etiquette that was flawless.

Rambis nodded slightly and replied with a smile, "Good afternoon, our girl."

Over the past month or so, he had gradually adopted the idea that she was the "pride of the Psychology Alchemists" and the "most important girl."

Audrey glanced at the diamond brooch at her chest and sat down with a smile, waiting for Hvin Rambis to speak.

In regard to the cue and guidance, she hadn't been affected at all due to her preparations. At that moment, when she heard Hvin Rambis call her that, she wished to ignore everything, etiquette or whatnot, rolling her eyes without being afraid of being exposed. However, she ultimately held back without exposing any problems.

Hvin Rambis looked at Audrey for a few seconds before saying with the same smile, "You've done well during this period of time. As a reward, we've decided to give you the potion formula for Dreamwalker."

As he spoke, he took out a folded piece of paper from his shirt pocket and placed it on the coffee table. He then pushed it towards the noble lady.

Audrey pressed down on her skirt and got up slightly. She picked up the piece of paper and unfolded it in front of Hvin Rambis.

Her gaze first fell on the main ingredients before she quickly skimmed the ritual.

"Main ingredients: One Dreamcatcher's heart, one mind illusion crystal or a mature mind dragon's complete brain."

…

"Ritual: Seek out a harpy in the spirit world and sign a contract with it. Then, holding one tail feather, consume the potion amidst intense feelings of either joy or anger."

As though sensing Audrey's puzzlement, Hvin Rambis explained with a smile, "A harpy has the ability to give nightmares. It can snap people awake from their dreams, so the entire ritual's essence is to be immersed in a dream and be unwilling to wake up from it. Get pulled out of the dream via an external force, or else you might sleep forever or lose control and turn into a monster."

Audrey nodded in thought.

"The requirement to consume the potion amidst intense feelings is to prevent myself from sleeping too soundly and deeply?"

"Yes, you've already grasped the crux of the matter," Hvin Rambis said with a smile. "If you don't know much about the spirit world and can't find a harpy, we can provide some help."

If the ritual's essence is for me to wake up from a dream, that means that the harpy isn't necessary. The blessings of Mr. Fool's angel can allow me to remain lucid in dreams. I can wake up whenever I want… Audrey's green eyes darted about and said with looks of anticipation, "I can try it myself first."

"Alright," Hvin didn't mind the girl's desire to take risks.

He paused and said, "I have another matter for you. If you do it well, we will provide you with all the ingredients of the Dreamwalker potion."

"What is it?" Audrey asked without any resistance, just like before.

Hvin Rambis said with a slightly solemn expression, "Find out the attitudes of your father, Earl Hall, the present Duke Negan, Admiral Amyrius, and the other nobles about a relatively major war."

"War…" Audrey repeated the word that she had often heard but found somewhat unfamiliar. She had a vague feeling that ripples had suddenly formed under the surface of a seemingly calm lake.

…

War… Above the gray fog, Klein listened to Miss Justice's prayer and fell into deep thought.

He was unable to determine whether the Psychology Alchemists; Hermes, or maybe even Adam—who was lurking behind them—welcomed or objected to a war.

As for whether the Loen king, the prime minister, and a number of nobles and the Members of Parliaments wanted war, the answer was relatively clear.

Last year, The Hanged Man had once asked Miss Justice a similar question. Her answer was that the king and prime minister had the tendencies of being war-mongers, but they had chosen to first focus on internal reforms and settle the connections over various matters.

Now, about a year had passed, and all the policies that had been implemented were on track.

In other words, it was time to start a war to snatch back the interests which Loen had lost in East Balam!

It's a revolutionary era. The strife between countries are intense, and once war begins, it's unlikely that it can be controlled… Furthermore, Adam, Amon, and the other Kings of Angels have appeared one after another, have already retrieved key items, or are seeking breakthroughs. A storm is about to descend on the mysterious world, and danger is lurking… Klein sighed and returned to the real world.

The next day, he first went to Saint Samuel Cathedral to pray according to his schedule and donated tens of pounds. Following that, he went to 22 Phelps Street, planning to participate in some of the business of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

The moment he stepped inside, Klein saw Miss Audrey Hall and a few of the foundation's staff coming down the stairs and walking towards the door.

This noble lady was dressed very simply today. Her hair was tied up into a simple bun, and she wore no other accessories. Her dress was light green in color, and her sleeves had a circle of frills. There were no laces or tassels.

"Good morning, Miss Audrey." Klein took off his hat as usual and bowed. He then nodded at the staff and greeted them.

After Audrey responded, Klein casually asked, "Where are you going?"

He knew that Miss Justice's main role in the foundation was to seek donations from the various ladies and gentlemen in high society.

Audrey replied with a faint smile, "Visit the various universities and show some concern to the students we helped previously."

Having said that, she blinked her eyes as her smile widened.

"Mr. Dantès, do you want to go together? Take a look at the children who had the chance of changing their fates due to your ideas and kindness. Oh, some of them are already young adults."

Although Klein had never thought of obtaining anything in return from the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, he truly wished that these actions could help the target group. Therefore, he was rather concerned about the progress and the actual situation. He nodded with a smile after some hesitation.

"I have no way of rejecting such an invitation."

The group went out the door, and under Miss Audrey's suggestion, they chose an untracked public carriage.

After getting into the carriage, Klein, in a gentlemanly-like manner, let Miss Audrey sit down first. Then, he sat opposite her and asked with a smile, "You seem to be very used to it?"

Audrey looked at the foundation's staff beside her and said with a smile, "It's not the first time. It's impossible for us to take my own carriage every time we head out. They have to use public transportation."

Upon saying that, she blushed in embarrassment and said, "The first time I was on a public carriage, I took out notes with one-pound face value. The lady who collected the money got me to buy a few copies of newspapers before going back to her.

"Oh, it's cleaner than I imagined. The smell of the air isn't that unbearable either."

Klein nodded slightly and said, "This is because the truly poor are unable to take public transport like this. They'd rather walk. Under normal circumstances, they don't have to head out, nor do they go somewhere too far."

"Mr. Dantès, you seem to be familiar with such matters?" Although Audrey had guessed the reason, she still asked in front of others.

Klein smiled.

"Although I've never experienced it directly, I've seen too much of it."

Audrey didn't continue on the topic. Instead, she mentioned to the beneficiaries that they were visiting to confirm their education and living conditions.

Amidst their idle chat, they arrived at their first destination—Backlund University of Technology.

Based on Audrey's identity and Dwayne Dantès's social relations, they met the chancellor of the newly established university directly. He was a resident of 100 Böklund Street, Mr. Portland Moment.

This elder had a large build, a ruddy complexion, and a loud voice. Whenever he talked to his neighbor, Dwayne Dantès, and the distinguished Miss Audrey about the university's establishment, he would complain about the Higher Education Commission from time to time.

Audrey and Klein listened with a decent smile and occasionally echoed his words.

Finally, they found an opportunity to raise the need to begin work.

Portland was just about to get his secretary when he suddenly heard someone knock on his office door.

"Please come in," the chancellor said loudly.

The door opened without a sound. A black-haired, brown-eyed girl entered. She didn't doll herself up and was rather thin. She had nice facial features, and she looked to be seventeen or eighteen.

Klein's gaze suddenly deepened before he reined it in.

The girl hadn't expected the chancellor's office to have guests. In her anxiety, she hurriedly lowered her head and said, "I'm sorry."

"It's fine. They were about to leave anyway," Portland said without minding it. "Have you finished the item I got you to make last week?"

"Yes." The girl walked through the door and stood to the side.

Portland Moment then smiled at Dwayne Dantès and Audrey.

"Her name is Melissa Moretti. She's very talented with machinery. I happened to chance upon her and got her to help in my laboratory. Of course, she can only do some miscellaneous chores for now."

"Not bad." The corners of Klein's mouth curled up as he commended her with an obvious smile.

Audrey glanced at him and smiled.

"There are always arrogant people who say that women have no talent in machinery, and this lady has proven them wrong."

Portland laughed and shook his head.

"There's no need to bother about such comments. Alright, I'll get my secretary to help you in understanding the conditions of those beneficiaries."

Audrey and Klein didn't stay any longer as they left the office.

Once they were out the door, Audrey stole a glance at Dwayne Dantès, but she didn't say a word.

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CHAPTER 1016
NEWS FROM THE NUMINOUS EPISCOPATE

160 Böklund Street, inside Dwayne Dantès's mansion.

Klein stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, watching as the rain began to descend along with the wind. The rain hit the ground and the glass, intersecting to form a mesh.

Ever since autumn, Backlund had started to rain again. It brought with it a lingering coldness and humidity.

Klein stood there motionless for a long time, watching silently into the distance through the blurry rainy scene, his eyes unfocused.

Only when his spiritual perception was triggered did he stop his wandering thoughts and turned his head to the side.

Reinette, with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand, had a letter as she walked out of the void.

"Who is it from this time?" Klein asked Miss Messenger out of habit.

The last letter he received came from Sharron. The lady had told him that she had successfully completed the ritual and advanced to Sequence 4 Puppet of the Prisoner pathway.

Klein first sincerely congratulated her and apologetically informed her that he had already obtained what he needed and didn't need to visit Calderón

City in the spirit world anytime soon.

Of course, he also indicated that there was a huge secret there that might have something to do with him. He would probably head there one day, and when that time came, if Miss Sharron had the time or was willing, he wished to obtain her support.

For Klein, on the one hand, he might have to head there to find the future ingredients he needed for his advancement. On the other hand, he believed that the magical city that involved ancient Death, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace, also might contain the method to heal Mr. Azik's incomplete Spirit Body's. Even if this Death Consul didn't have the means to advance, he hoped that by doing so, the former didn't need to repeatedly suffer the torment of losing his memories.

Of course, Klein had prepared a plan for that. It was to wait until he advanced to Sequence 3 Scholar of Yore. He could prepare more Yesterday Once More charms for Mr. Azik, or he could imbue him with the corresponding Beyonder powers to speed up the recovery of his memories each time.

At that moment, Klein had already received a letter. Reinette Tinekerr's four heads replied one after another, "From…" "That…" "Undying…" "Idiot…"

…Patrick Bryan of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction… Klein easily understood who Miss Messenger was referring to. This was because Patrick was the one who wrote the most to him over the past two months. He reported almost anything of slight importance and asked for instructions.

After a few times, Reinette Tinekerr gave him a nickname.

Miss Messenger never showed interest in such matters before. I wonder when it began… Most of the people who write to me have been given nicknames except Miss Sharron… As Klein silently mumbled, he unfurled the letter and gave it a quick scan.

In the letter, Patrick Bryan said that the Southern Continent's orders were no longer about getting him to make various attempts to awaken "Death." Instead, they got him to prepare a special ritual and help the Death domain angel inside the mausoleum, Artificial Death faction's leader, Haiter, recover. It was to allow "Him" to have the means to temporarily leave the "land in which 'He' sealed 'Himself.'"

Such an order didn't seem problematic on the surface, but it was a little sudden. However, Klein still sensed something amiss.

The Artificial Death faction of the Numinous Episcopate in the Southern Continent had previously made Patrick continue the strange but dangerous rituals to awaken Death. I managed to trick them by instructing him to use excuses such as the inability to gather the materials or the ultimate failure of the experiment. Now, they've finally suspected that there's something wrong with Patrick? Klein nodded in thought.

He suspected that this was a test directed at Patrick Bryan, a test that pointed towards an angel!

An angel's response to rituals covered the entire world.

Yes, it's good as long as they don't suspect there's a problem with Artificial Death. After all, they've inherited a huge inheritance from the ancient Balam Empire. Who knows if they have a way to affect the Goddess's progress in controlling the Death pathway's Uniqueness. It could be a bane for both sides… Klein analyzed for a moment before heaving a sigh of relief.

As for the test by the Death domain angel, he didn't think much of it. This was because The Fool could also direct power at the same level. With Angel's Embrace, a disruption effect could be made. As long as the High Priest named Haiter didn't descend in person and only exerted influence remotely, he could carry out misdirections in an ingenious manner.

After figuring this out, Klein flicked his wrist, igniting Patrick Bryan's letter with scarlet flames. As he returned to his desk, he took out a pen and paper and wrote:

"…You may proceed according to your teacher's instructions, but before the actual ritual, you must report this to me and gain my permission…"

As the interval between the receiving and sending of letters were short, Patrick Bryan likely remained in his original spot. Klein didn't summon Patrick's messenger and instead blew the adventurer's harmonica and handed the folded letter to Reinette Tinekerr.

…

Amidst the drizzle, Xio draped a simple raincoat lined with tree sap over her and hid in the shadows, staring at the side door of Viscount Stratford's residence.

It wasn't even evening, but the street lamps were already lit up. They emitted a faint glow in the rain.

After a while, a rental carriage drove over from afar and stopped in front of the side door in a remote area.

The viscount's valet that had been hiding immediately ran out, opening an umbrella.

He sheltered the cloaked woman down the carriage and quickly passed through the side door. As for the rental carriage, it remained in its spot without leaving. It had apparently been paid a sufficient amount of money.

Xio still failed to see the woman's appearance, but she wasn't disheartened by it. She patiently waited in the cold rain as though she had turned into a motionless statue.

She planned on attempting to tail the woman once she came out to confirm her identity.

This was both an opportunity for her to obtain the Judge potion formula, and it was also the reason why she came to Backlund—to investigate the truth of her father's death!

And it was because she was spurred by such motives that Xio had persisted in monitoring Viscount Stratford to this day. MI9's other intelligence officers had already ended the mission due to the lack of any developments over the previous few months. Even the golden-masked man who had designated the mission hadn't asked about this in weeks. Clearly, he didn't place any importance on it.

Inside Viscount Stratford's bedroom, a beautiful brown-haired girl wore a silk gown and sat in front of a dressing table. She was fiddling with the skincare and makeup products as if she had discovered a treasure trove.

Viscount Stratford, who was already middle-aged, wore a male nightgown and walked to the beautiful girl with his hair still moist. He smiled at her reflection in the mirror and said, "Shermane, you no longer need those to add to your beauty."

"It's just a type of female instinct." The young girl named Shermane raised her hand with a smile, pressing down on the viscount's palm that had been placed on her shoulder.

Viscount Stratford smiled gently and said, "When you touch them, you have a pure and innocent air to you. Heh heh, you make me discover my youth, like the days when I was only eighteen."

Without waiting for Shermane's reply, he continued, "My wife had already passed away for years. I always imagined I would live until the Lord beckons for me, but who knew that I would meet you. In a while, when the pressure accumulated in Backlund is relieved, I will find a chance to walk down the wedding aisle to the altar with you."

"Wedding… You want to marry me?" Shermane was taken aback as she asked in disbelief.

Viscount Stratford smiled and said, "Meeting you is a gift from the Lord. Although you aren't of noble birth, I've already married once. I don't have to consider such matters anymore. Of course, I'll think of means to raise your standing in society. Yes, I'll first find a merchant to recognize you as his illegitimate daughter…"

He droned on about his plan until he saw Shermane's eyes filled with tears in the mirror's reflection.

"The most precious thing about you is that you treat me ten times better than how well I treat you, and you don't hide it." Viscount Stratford smiled as he lowered his head and kissed the top of Shermane's head.

Shermane opened her mouth, seemingly crying and laughing.

Only when the drizzle stopped and night fell did Xio finally wait for the woman in a dark red cloak walk out and board the carriage.

After memorizing the carriage's traits, Xio tailed it from afar, using her Beyonder powers as a Sheriff and the empty streets at night to follow the target simply by walking or running.

She went all the way from Empress Borough to the Backlund Bridge area. Even with her stamina, she was almost at her limit, but thankfully, the carriage finally came to a stop.

Xio brightened up as she switched her target from the carriage to the cloaked woman and continued tailing her.

During this process, she was surprised that the woman had very good anti-tracking abilities. She would occasionally take detours and pause using obstacles.

However, this didn't stump Xio, since she was already an experienced Sheriff. She patiently tailed from afar without coming too close.

Just as she sensed that the woman wasn't too far from her final destination and that she was finally about to catch up to her, she suddenly caught the scent of a sweet, ethereal fragrance.

Xio's mind went into a daze amidst the fragrance before she completely lost track of her target.

As for the fragrance, it had vanished as though it had never appeared.

"…" Xio's pupils widened slightly. She didn't dare to search her surroundings for any traces.

Inside a rental apartment, Trissy, with a gentle and sweet face that made one unable to resist looking at her, looked at the mirror reflecting Shermane and said, "You seem to be in a good mood.

"How was it? This final mission isn't too unacceptable, right?

"Once you complete it, you can leave Backlund and start your own life."

Shermane was taken aback as her expression turned complicated as though she was disheartened. It was as though she had suddenly snapped out of her dreams.

She didn't turn her head as her lips quivered while replying, "He said that he wishes to marry me…"

Trissy immediately pricked up her brows.

"You mustn't believe a man's words during those times. You and I should know this very well.

"If he really wishes to marry you, he wouldn't be wary of you. He will wish to have a child with you. Heh heh, did he do so?"

Upon hearing her question, Shermane's mood turned sullen.

Trissy stood up and said with a smile, "I'm not stopping you from pursuing your love. If you wish to turn this temporary mission into a permanent one, you should think about what needs to be done."

After ethereally finishing her sentence, she walked to the door and left the rented apartment.

While heading down the staircase, Trissy suddenly noticed her shoes. She chuckled and said in a seemingly self-deprecating manner, "Love…”

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CHAPTER 1017
MAYGUR MANOR

Backlund, Empress Borough, in the outskirts towards the northwest. This was a place that needed more than an hour via horse carriage. Maygur Manor was built by the side of the Tussock River, so it had beautiful scenery around it with flourishing vegetation within its confines.

Strangely enough, Backlund's city areas had perennial rain with relatively few sunny days. However, in the outskirts, the clouds tended to be thin, and the sun was always bright. Despite the short distance, the two places had completely different weather. It was most obvious within the northwestern outskirts. It was even a rather famous grape plantation in the Northern Continent. And by following the Tussock River from this region northwest for another fifty kilometers, one would again encounter weather similar to Backlund's city area.

Such situations left meteorologists puzzled. They couldn't find any suitable theories to explain the reason. However, Klein had a vague guess.

In the Fourth Epoch, this was the capital of the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire. It was also here that Blood Emperor Alista abandoned "His" humanity and became a crazy deity. Therefore, it was normal that the weather and terrain had changed forever in those very small confines. Leonard Mitchell had once mentioned information about this during one of the free exchanges.

Furthermore as an area with a long history and signs of early human activity, this "Land of Hope" buried countless ancient ruins. It was very possible that they could have an influence on the weather.

The carriage drove into Maygur Manor, passing by the fountain pond and small garden that was surrounded by the main building. Finally, it stopped outside the main door.

Just as Klein got off the carriage with Butler Walter, he saw the land steward, Richardson, lead two rows of male and female servants by the door, awaiting their employer.

Compared to 160 Böklund Street, there were more servants here, but they were mainly lower-class servants.

Looking at Richardson wearing a spanking new suit, Klein nodded with a smile.

"Well done."

Without waiting for Richardson to reply, he took off his hat and handed it along with his cane to his valet, Enuni, while asking, "Have you prepared the activity room for the ladies to chat and for men to play cards in?"

"Yes, sir. I've placed poker cards, tarot cards, and some board games. The piano, violins, and other common musical instruments have also been moved inside," Richardson answered eloquently.

Klein passed through the door and nodded.

"Where's the smoking room for the gentlemen?"

"Like the ladies, it's all on the second floor. They're separated by five rooms." Richardson didn't need the servants in the manor to remind him. He didn't even need to recall to give an answer.

To ensure that his employer's first hunting excursion was flawless, he had taken note of every nitty-gritty detail. Although it exhausted him physically, he was excited mentally.

Klein asked about dinner and the guest rooms and confirmed that everything was in place.

Before long, he received the first batch of guests after Maygur Manor had a change of name—now known as Dantès Manor.

Member of Parliament Macht and his family!

"This place is much bigger than my Moose Manor." Macht took off his coat with a smile and handed it to a servant while praising, "I've always heard of Maygur's wine being of excellent quality, but I've never had the chance of tasting it. I can finally have my curiosity satisfied today."

"I hope you won't be disappointed." Klein smiled modestly.

As a famous area for grape plantations in the Northern Continent, champagne, red wine, and white wine were considered the finest in Backlund's northwestern outskirts. But with the manor here mainly owned by the nobles, self-brewed alcoholic beverages were typically not sold to the public. Therefore, it was almost unheard of. Only people from high society or those related to them would know of this.

Maygur was one of the most iconic manors. The wine that it brewed was widely praised by people in the know. Red wine of certain years was even offered at more than a hundred pounds a bottle by collectors.

However, for Klein to be able to buy this manor for 20,000 pounds, he naturally had to agree to certain conditions. All the wine from certain years were to be taken away by Duke Negan's servants.

Macht was rather clear about this and didn't expect to drink famous wine commodities. He said with a laugh, "You can open a few bottles and pour a small glass of each for me. Let me decide which of the remaining wine is most spectacular."

As a member of high society, he had never tasted the wine of Maygur Manor. The reason was simple: he was a member of the New Party, and the previous owner, Duke Negan, was the main sponsor of the Conservative Party.

"No problem," Klein immediately agreed as his gaze swept across Hazel's face.

Compared to July and August, this girl had clearly cheered up. She no longer felt apprehensive when facing strangers. Previously, it was as bad as not willing to participate in any banquets or balls. This made those familiar with her think she was sick.

And this was all thanks to Audrey. Whenever she met Dwayne Dantès at the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, she had mentioned that she had recently met Miss Hazel Macht twice.

Such communication didn't seem problematic at first glance since Hazel was a common acquaintance of Audrey and Dantès. Finding a topic about a common friend was common in idle chatter. However, Klein could read Miss Justice's hints and understood that she had met Hazel twice at different balls and banquets and had treated her twice.

After getting Macht's family settled in, Klein welcomed the second batch of guests for the weekend hunting trip:

Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor who had come with a friend that he had previously mentioned.

Klein knew this friend, but he didn't know Dwayne Dantès. He was a steam car mogul, Framis Cage. He was one of the main investors of the bicycle project. He had relied on a lawyer suspected to be a Beyonder with the Lawyer Sequence and had bought the 10% shares from Sherlock Moriarty at a cheap price.

Since he's related to a Lawyer, it can be explained how he's an Earl of The Fallen's friend… Klein went forward with a smile and hugged Brigadier General Qonas and Framis Cage.

"Welcome."

He then stepped back and said to the portly, light-blue-eyed Framis who was a quarter Feysac, "I heard your steam car is very famous. Why didn't you drive it over?"

Before Framis could answer, the manly Qonas Kilgor said with a smile, "No, you don't understand him. He will never give up the chance to showcase his steam car.

"However, the car's too heavy. On the way here, it fell into a ditch and couldn't be pulled out. Thankfully, I never believed his claims and rode on a carriage myself, following behind him. Otherwise, he would've had to cover the remaining distance on foot."

"The main problem is that our roads are terrible. They need to be renovated and rebuilt. They need metal tracks to be paved, just like steam locomotives!" Framis retorted and threw his hands up. "I was planning on seeking some investments from you. Haha, we can talk about it later."

You were the one who invested in us previously, but now you're asking me for an investment… Only then did Klein realize that he was a rather famous tycoon in the upper class of the kingdom!

He had donated shares worth more than 10,000 pounds and had purchased an expensive manor. He had also established connections with the military, so it was obvious he was rich!

But in fact, my current net worth is only fifty to sixty thousand gold pounds, perhaps a tenth of Miss Justice's wealth… I wonder when I can really become a tycoon with a net worth of a million pounds… Klein thought in a self-deprecating manner. After some thought, he said, "It's fine. I'm very

interested in the fusion of machinery and steam. When I'm free, I can take a look at your steam car."

"Spectacular," Framis immediately said with a smile. "If I didn't know that you had donated a large sum to the Church of Evernight, I might even think of you as a believer of the God of Steam."

I've drawn the triangular Sacred Emblem on my chest in the past after all… Klein didn't continue on this topic, afraid that Qonas would discover his intentions.

He pointed to the staircase and said, "Why don't you head to the smoking room to try some of the prized cigar collections here?

"It wasn't until I bought this manor that I learned that there was a room specially for storing cigars. Its temperature and humidity are maintained, but as you know, I can smoke, but I don't like it."

"Not bad. Do you have Chieftain?" Qonas Kilgor's face suffused a smile.

"Of course." Klein gave a positive answer.

There was only one goal in organizing this hunting trip. It was to hunt this brigadier general, deputy director of MI9. Therefore, he had taken into consideration all his preferences.

However, Klein wasn't in a hurry to take action for this hunting trip. This was because he still lacked an understanding of Qonas Kilgor's actual strength as a hidden demigod. He needed more gatherings and hunts to figure out his preferences, level of alertness, and the items he brought with him.

As a Magician, Klein didn't perform unprepared!

…

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Fors put down the book in her hand and looked at Xio who was pacing around the activity room. She couldn't help but ask, "What are you troubled about?"

Xio shot her a glance and said, "I'm frustrated over whether to inform MI9 about Viscount Stratford's close relationship with an unknown woman, or to keep it from them until there's further development."

"Why are you keeping it from them?" Fors first asked in return before giving her answer. "Viscount Stratford is related to your father's death, but you normally lack the opportunity or strength to confront him, afraid of being exposed and affecting your mother and brother. And now, he might encounter an accident because of that unknown woman. He's in a relatively easy to deal with state. This is your opportunity, so you're being hesitant, right?"

Xio fell silent for a moment before saying, "Yes."

Fors closed the book, stared at her friend, and said in a serious manner, "Since you're hesitating, it means you're already inclined towards one option."

Xio slowly nodded and said, "Yes."

Fors fondled her slightly long curly hair and stood up, extending her right hand, and said, "I already know your decision. Well, do you need help?"

Seeing Xio hesitant to give an answer, she laughed and said, "I'm a Sequence 6 Beyonder!"

Without waiting for Xio to answer, she looked around.

"If you're worried, we can still seek additional help."

She was implying that they could get help from the members of the Tarot Club.

Xio thought about it and exhaled.

"Not for now. Let's try it first. Uh, let's head out now and continue monitoring Viscount Stratford."

"Now?" Fors was taken aback. "Alright. But before that, let me use the crystal ball to do some astromancy to confirm the level of danger."

After some work, she held the pure crystal ball in one hand and said, "There's a certain level of danger."

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CHAPTER 1018
UNEXPECTED

Empress Borough, by the side of Viscount Stratford's mansion.

Fors and Xio, who were dressed in black dresses, hid in a dark corner. They stared intently at the tightly closed metal gates as they patiently waited for their target to appear.

It wasn't raining tonight, so they didn't have to face harsh weather conditions. The carriage that remained parked by the side of the street lamps made it clear to them that their patience would be rewarded. It was only a matter of time.

After an unknown period of time, the gates produced a heavy metal groan as they slowly opened.

A figure in a black cloak appeared with its head bowed. The figure walked to the side of the carriage and nimbly boarded the carriage.

"Is that her?" Fors lowered her voice and asked Xio.

She didn't have Beyonder powers that could restore a target's characteristics from a mere description, and she had never seen her before. Therefore, she couldn't rely on her spiritual intuition or astromancy to make a judgment.

Xio nodded in affirmation and said, "Yes!"

As they quietly conversed, the rental carriage sped up and left the side gates.

Xio immediately left her hiding spot, prepared to use her Sheriff's Beyonder powers and the physical enhancement that being an Interrogator gave her to lock onto her target while jogging.

"What are you doing?" At that moment, Fors pressed down on her shoulder, foiling her plans.

"Track her!" Xio looked back at her friend in puzzlement.

Fors looked at the rental carriage that hadn't completely pulled away from them and asked thoughtfully,

"Why are you tracking her for?

"Also, didn't you say that the target has a rather powerful Beyonder protecting her once you enter the Backlund Bridge area?"

"That's right." Xio first answered the second question before saying, "Your question is very odd. The reason you track someone is to determine the target's appearance, identity, and motives."

Fors retracted her left hand from Xio's shoulder and revealed a smile.

"Since the target is protected by a rather powerful Beyonder, it will be difficult for us to complete the tracking in the Backlund Bridge area. We won't be able to find her residence and figure out her true identity. Do you wish to directly fight her guardian? Although you have me to help, are you certain about that person's strength? How certain are you? Will it be very dangerous?

"Besides, once the battle begins, it will definitely alarm the target. This is the same as stopping the carriage midway and confronting her directly. It will foil your primary objective. It will alarm Viscount Stratford and prevent him from falling into a predicament that will offer you a chance to take action."

"If we do it, then there's a possibility of failure, but failure is certain if we do nothing," Xio emphasized that she knew the situation well. All she wanted was to make an attempt and find an opportunity midway.

At this moment, the rental carriage had already turned into another street at the end of the road. Fors watched the back of it gradually disappear as she shook her head and smiled.

"No, no, no. We need to change our way of thinking!

"We should first attempt to figure out the target's appearance. After daybreak, we can use her appearance to perform normal investigations in the Backlund Bridge area and then obtain information from other channels."

"Your choice of words is very professional," Xio said in thought.

"Of course. I've written detective novels before!" Fors answered without any sense of modesty.

"But how do I figure out what the target looks like without alerting her?" Xio raised the most critical question.

Prepared, Fors took out Leymano's Travels and said with a smile, "Elementary. Using the Psychological Invisibility Miss Justice recorded!"

Although Audrey didn't encounter any situations that required her to use Leymano's Travels, she had rented it thrice out of curiosity. She studied the uses and traits of the Beyonder powers recorded, and she recorded her own Beyonder powers into it. This included the rather useful Psychological Invisibility.

As for her true identity, Xio and Fors were increasingly certain of it, but they didn't directly ask or do any further investigations. That was the most basic form of respect towards other Tarot Club members.

After hearing her friend's answer, Xio came to a realization and was instantly inspired.

Fors continued, "By using the Beyonder powers on this page, you will be placed in the sensory blind spots of all surrounding creatures. They wouldn't be able to see you even if you were to jump around in front of them. That way, you can directly board the carriage and stand in front of the target, openly taking in her appearance and remember all her traits.

"Heh heh, I sometimes think that people who use Psychological Invisibility might end up being squashed to death by huge creatures that happen to walk past if they're unlucky.

"Uh, don't make too much noise later. Don't speak to any nearby creatures, or else you will garner attention. Let Psychological Invisibility be dispelled automatically."

"Yeah!" Xio nodded, then she raised another issue: "How do I prevent the target from discovering the sudden opening of the carriage door while it's driving?"

Without waiting for Fors's reply, she immediately pressed, "Did you record the Door Opening Beyonder power?"

"Guess?" Fors smiled as she handed Leymano's Travels to her friend, telling her which pages Psychological Invisibility and Door Opening were on.

With this in mind, Xio immediately ran amidst the shadows, chasing after the rental carriage.

Before long, she saw her target. Her right hand immediately trembled as she made the bronze-green notebook reveal a yellowish-brown goatskin page.

She slid her fingers gently, and Xio seemed to see countless rippling light appear on the surface of a deep lake spread outwards.

When her vision returned to normal, she sped up and rushed to the side of the carriage.

To ensure nothing went wrong, Xio didn't immediately take action. With a few wide strides, she overtook the horse.

She then turned around as though she was crossing the road. However, the carriage driver didn't notice her, nor did he shout out to her or rein in the horse.

After confirming the effects of Psychological Invisibility, she sped up and dodged the horse's galloping and came to the side of the carriage.

After a brief observation, she flipped through Leymano's Travels and revealed a white page covered with strange patterns and symbols. Then, she reached out her right hand and pressed it on the surface of the carriage.

Her figure instantly turned transparent as she appeared inside.

The woman in a black cloak was sitting diagonally opposite her as if she was in thought, staring at the glass window where Xio stood. However, she didn't notice the bounty hunter who had suddenly infiltrated.

At such a close distance, even with her cloak lowered, Xio was able to see her face clearly. Furthermore, the woman wasn't as careful as she was while walking outside. Her every action appeared rather casual as the hood was only at her eyes.

Instantly, her appearance was reflected in Xio's eyes, overlapping with a face that still had some male characteristics.

This was a Beyonder power of a Sheriff.

Xio's eyes widened as she couldn't help but shout, "Sherman?"

She could foresee that the woman who often entered Viscount Stratford's residence was rather beautiful, but she never expected the woman to be her friend, Sherman. He was once a young man!

A man who wasn't considered androgynous now looked beautiful. He had the charm of a woman!

At that moment, Xio couldn't help but size up Sherman. She couldn't associate her figure with the young man she used to know with each other.

If it wasn't for her Sheriff Beyonder powers that allowed her to confirm that the person opposite her was Sherman, Xio definitely would've imagined that she had made a mistake. And even so, she still suspected whether the person wasn't Sherman and was instead Sherman's twin sister.

Upon hearing the surprised question, Sherman realized that there was another person in the carriage at some point in time—someone familiar.

Bounty hunter, Xio Derecha!

Having already changed her name to Shermane, she was first alarmed, but the words Trissy often mentioned instinctively appeared in her mind:

"You cannot meet people you used to know.

"Do you want your husband, your beloved to know of your former state?

"Only by completely severing your connections can you be reborn, doing so in order to save yourself!"

Such words quickly flashed across Shermane's mind as a terrifying thought emerged in her thoughts:

"Kill her!"

This thought seemed to come from a demon in the abyss as it constantly whispered in Shermane's ear as it resonated in her heart.

"Kill her!

"Kill this person who recognized you!

"Only by doing so can you truly escape the past and not lose the present!

"Kill her!"

Shermane didn't answer Xio's question. Her left hand slowly clenched up while slightly trembling.

Xio sensed the intense emotions running through the person opposite her and confirmed that it was Sherman. Immediately, she asked in concern, "How did you become like this?

"Where have you been all this time? Did you encounter something? Were you hurt?"

Shermane's lips quivered as her left fist relaxed a little. She said with a sobbing tone, "I've already begun a new life. Don't disturb me again, alright?

"I-I don't want to lose everything I have now. I don't want to see people that I knew in the past!"

The more she spoke, the faster it became. It became obvious that it was a plea.

Xio was taken aback for a few seconds before staring at Sherman. Pursing her lips, she said, "Okay…”

She didn't stay any longer and reached out to open the carriage window and jumped out.

Shermane silently watched this entire process and finally exhaled before she slumped into her seat like she had lost all her strength.

It wasn't easy for her to control the demon in her heart.

At this moment, she saw a figure rapidly outline itself out of thin air beside her.

The figure wore a black, old-fashioned dress, but it didn't diminish her beauty and disposition. She sat there silently without a word, but it was impossible to not look at her.

Demoness Trissy!

"Why didn't you kill her?" Trissy asked with a smile, not revealing any gloominess. It was as like an idle chat where she would ask what she had drunk the previous night.

"S-she's one of the few people who didn't ostracized me. She even helped me…" Shermane replied in shock before frowning. "Why are you here?"

Trissy smiled and said, "I'm protecting you."

Without waiting for Shermane's answer, she said, "You seemed to be in a good mood when you came out."

Shermane recalled what had happened and bashfully said, "Maybe, perhaps, I have a chance of becoming a mother…"

As she spoke, she touched her stomach with her right hand, the corner of her lips couldn't help but curl.

"I feel him k-kicking me…" Shermane suddenly froze and blurted, "How could it be so fast?"

She wasn't sure if she could get pregnant today!

Upon seeing her reaction, Trissy smiled even more charmingly.

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CHAPTER 1019
PATIENCE

"How was it? Did you take a good look?" Just as Fors left the street where Viscount Stratford's mansion was, she saw Xio walk out with a down and vacant expression.

Xio nodded hesitantly.

"I did…”

Having said that, she seemed to come to her senses and said in shock, "I know her—no, him!"

"Him?" Fors was confused.

Xio habitually observed her surroundings before saying, "He's Sherman! The Sherman I told you about!

"H-he actually became a woman!"

Fors was stunned as she subconsciously asked, "Were you mistaken?

"Could she be Sherman's sister?"

Xio firmly shook her head.

"No, she admitted it herself and even told me not to disturb her. She wants to bid farewell to her past!

"But… how did he become a woman…”

Fors's eyes darted around as she suddenly recalled something. She said in thought, "It's not impossible either… There's a Beyonder pathway that allows a man to become a woman at a certain stage."

She recalled Miss Justice mentioning something similar during a free exchange session.

"Ah? Really?" Xio's widened as she asked in disbelief.

"Yes!" Fors had already recalled the exact conditions as she gave a rather confident answer.

"This…” Xio was momentarily unable to accept it, but she couldn't find a rebuttal. All she could do was ask, "Which pathway is it?"

Fors replied, "Demoness!

"Uh, it's the Assassin pathway."

"Demoness… Sherman actually became a Demoness…” Xio repeated to herself.

Suddenly, her voice became louder.

"Could it be that she's being taken advantage of?

"No, I must warn her!"

Just as she said that, Xio turned around and ran with great strides in an attempt to catch up with the rental carriage again.

However, she couldn't find the target after attempting to pursue it for a few blocks. Sherman and the carriage seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

Xio gradually slowed down and finally stopped. She looked at the bustling streets ahead of her with a complicated expression.

Behind her, Fors passed through a few walls and finally caught up to her.

"Gone…" Xio whispered.

Fors also cast her gaze forward and thoughtfully replied, "We were discovered…"

Without waiting for Xio to speak, she turned around and sighed.

"Let's return and find another opportunity."

Xio didn't take a step forward as she continued standing there.

After a few seconds, she said under Fors's puzzled gaze, "Since they discovered a problem, will they speed up their plans ahead of time?"

"It's possible! If they don't wish for their plans to be foiled, they might attempt one final strike tonight before we're prepared!" Fors immediately agreed with Xio. "Let's return to Viscount Stratford's place and hide in a more concealed spot. We'll continue monitoring it!"

Xio immediately nodded and replied without any hesitation, "Okay."

…

In the dock area, inside a warehouse with plenty of goods.

Shermane was sitting on a dirty wooden crate. Her hands were crossed behind her back as her body had thin but firm spider webs coiled around her.

She appeared as though she was encased in a transparent cocoon, unable to make a single sound.

"It's not a bad thing for you." Trissy stood in front of Shermane with a pitch-black flame that resembled ink burning in her palm. "At the very

least, you can determine if he really loves you or is lying to you."

Shermane was angry and afraid. She desperately used her whimpers to express her wish, but Trissy was unmoved. She turned her flame-wielding palm around and pressed it into Shermane's stomach.

The flames seemed to have intelligence as they scattered like flowing water. Following that, they penetrated her skin and flesh in an attempt to drill inside.

Trissy's smooth, black hair flared up in defiance of the laws of nature. They were being pulled by invisible hands as they extended out in every direction. It stained the surrounding air with a peculiar smell.

The strands of hair thickened as they scattered into distinct strands.

Beneath them, dark beams of light surged, bringing about curses and words. They flowed rapidly, fusing into the pitch-black flames. Upon entering Shermane's stomach, they quickly vanished.

Shermane's face twitched uncontrollably, but she didn't feel any pain. It was as though it was purely on reflex.

She soon calmed down as she saw Trissy's figure turn faint and gradually turn transparent until it vanished.

Shermane's pupils widened as she struggled again, but she was unable to break free from her restraints.

She tried again and again like a flood was rising, centimeter by centimeter, inside the silent warehouse.

After an unknown period of time, the door to the warehouse opened with a thud and slammed into the two sides of the wall.

A figure staggered in—it was the middle-aged Viscount Stratford.

He didn't wear his white wig like he always did while outside. This revealed his rather high receding hairline and rather messy black hair. The latter was stuck together as though it had been drenched by a storm and was air-dried. But in the past few hours, the clouds were thin and the crimson moon high in the sky. It hadn't rained at all.

Drops of sweat dripped down Viscount Stratford's rather cut facial contours as there were countless black threads flowing beneath his skin.

His body was slightly hunched, and his facial muscles were somewhat twisted. His eyes were filled with pain and concern.

He surveyed the area and was delighted when he found Shermane. However, he turned anxious as he charged over without much confidence.

When Shermane saw him enter the warehouse, her face lit up as though it was covered in a halo.

She then revealed a worried and fearful expression as she attempted to shake her head frantically. However, her neck was held firmly by the spider webs that prevented her movement.

She reeled in anxiety, to the point of tears flowing out of her eyes, drop after drop—crystalline and frail.

Just as Viscount Stratford was about to reach her, a loud bang suddenly rang out between the two.

It was as though there was an invisible wall that separated him from Shermane, one that was couldn't be surpassed.

"If you wish to break the curse and take her away, you have to answer my question without hiding anything." At this moment, a figure quickly appeared in a corner of the warehouse.

Her facial features were charming, forming together into an abnormally sweet look. She resembled the lover that every young lad would fantasize about in his youth. She was none other than Demoness Trissy.

Without waiting for Viscount Stratford's response, she raised her right hand and conjured a pitch-black flame.

Viscount Stratford's face, hands, neck, and exposed skin instantly turned transparent as they protruded with blood vessels.

And in every blood vessel, there was a black flame silently burning as it flowed silently.

The pain in Viscount Stratford's eyes immediately reached a peak, but it vanished the next moment.

His expression turned extremely cold as a jibing look appeared in his eyes. It was as though the one being cursed wasn't him, but Trissy who was a distance away.

Trissy, who was in the corner of the warehouse, suddenly burst into black flames. Dense, countless spider webs appeared, but they couldn't be lit up.

In the blink of an eye, Trissy was like Shermane, being sealed inside a transparent cocoon. She couldn't move or escape.

In a ventilation vent high above the warehouse, a figure appeared. It was a woman whose age wasn't obvious. She wore a simple and sacred white robe. She had black hair, blue eyes, looking sweet and beautiful, giving off an indescribable charm.

"Katarina Pellè…” Trissy seemed to expend all her strength before she shouted a name.

At this moment, Viscount Stratford grabbed at his body, pulling out an illusory doll covered in thick black flames.

He glanced at Shermane and smiled at Trissy.

"When it comes to matters related to life, I would never be careless. After that fellow, Sikes, died, I knew that it would be my turn one day.

"Heh heh, since you're hunting me, it means there are obviously others who wish to hunt you. We're very patient, afraid of scaring you away. We did nothing and waited until today.

"Also, your gift was pretty good."

Upon hearing Viscount Stratford's words, Shermane, who was still struggling out of habit, instantly stopped moving. Her expression turned blank.

Her eyes widened, but there wasn't any focus. The look in her eyes seemed to sink deeper and deeper.

"Love…" Trissy suddenly laughed, seemingly mocking herself.

She wasn't nervous at all.

…

Maygur Manor. Night had fallen.

After settling more than twenty guests and preparing the hunting trip the next day, Klein woke up not long after he fell asleep.

His intuition had been triggered as a scene formed in his mind.

Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor, who was wearing a shirt and pants, had flown out of the guest room's window in secret. He landed outside in complete defiance of the laws of nature.

This… I haven't even taken action… He came here for his own goals… With a thought, Klein controlled a cockroach outside and turned it into his marionette. He then used its "eyes" to observe the surroundings.

Almost at the same time, Qonas Kilgor appeared.

After this demigod left Maygur Manor, he immediately distorted the "distance" and quickly arrived by the bank of the Tussock River. He prepared himself to cross it.

The cockroach watched quietly without any reaction.

He's heading for the south bank of the Tussock River… What does he want to do… Does he have the preference of hunting in the suburbs so that he can attempt to conceal such actions? He also introduced Maygur Manor to me for this reason? Klein lay in bed and seriously analyzed Qonas's actions.

After the MI9 demigod stepped onto the south bank of the Tussock River, Klein suddenly recalled a matter:

Back when he escaped the underground ruins where Ince Zangwill and company were, he appeared somewhere in the northwest of Backlund. This was the south bank of the Tussock River, making it rather close to where Maygur Manor was.

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CHAPTER 1020
MEANS OF A DEMONESS

As his thoughts raced, Klein suddenly switched positions with his valet, Enuni, who was in the opposite room.

And under a grapevine 150 meters from the manor's main building, a slowly crawling centipede suddenly stiffened before it relaxed.

Almost at the same time, its body vanished from its location. Dwayne Dantè in his blue and white checkered pajamas had appeared.

Klein had swapped places with his marionette again!

He decided to use this method to secretly tail Qonas Kilgor and figure out where he was going or what he was planning on doing.

Although he could only "move" 150 meters a time, and it took two to three seconds in between "moves" due to the process of turning the target into a marionette, this was more concealed compared to Flaming Jump or Teleport. It made it difficult for Qonas Kilgor to detect him.

After all, he was dealing with a demigod. Even in domains where one's spiritual intuition wasn't the best, a demigod wasn't to be underestimated!

By the same logic, Klein didn't rely on Creeping Hunger to hide in the shadows. This was because it was relatively slow even though it concealed him rather well. It was impossible for him to catch up to the demigod.

Under the dark night sky, from Maygur Manor to the south bank of the Tussock River, the rats, snakes, spiders, fish that were active in that stretch

of land stiffened up and turned sluggish.

They were converted into marionettes one after another. With their help, Klein constantly "moved" without causing a stir. Soon, he arrived at the south bank of the Tussock River, and after catching up to Qonas Kilgor, he maintained a distance of one kilometer.

To a Bizarro Sorcerer, even if a marionette were to go beyond his range of control, it wouldn't immediately escape from its controlled state or die immediately. Without a Bizarro Sorcerer's consciousness as a catalyst, this process was rather slow and needed nearly ten minutes. Therefore, Klein wasn't worried that he would lose Enuni, who was lying in bed, while he did his tailing. As long as he returned within ten minutes, he could continue controlling his marionette.

Silently, Klein followed Qonas Kilgor as they went upstream. Passing through the dense forest, they climbed up a mountain beside the bank.

At this moment, Qonas Kilgor, who wasn't wearing a vest or coat, suddenly stopped. He checked his surroundings and widened the range of his search as though he was trying to claim his territory.

Upon seeing this, Klein didn't dare stay any longer. He immediately switched places with his marionettes and retreated repeatedly, pulling away to a distance of nearly three kilometers from the deputy director of MI9.

At this moment, he gave up control of the marionettes ahead of him. The death of a few bugs wouldn't incur any suspicion.

This was all too common in the outskirts and in the forests!

King of the Five Seas Nast can create a fighting environment that's favorable for him. Will Qonas Kilgor, who's also a Black Emperor pathway demigod, have the ability to demarcate such a region. He can change, boost, and use certain rules and make whoever tails him expose themselves without being able to hide? It's very possible! Klein warily took out a gold

coin he placed in his pajama pocket. He ran it through his fingers and flipped it.

This time, he deliberately controlled his strength and didn't produce a flicking sound. The gold coin flew up in silence and landed in his palm.

Without needing to look down, the gold coin's face was naturally reflected in his mind.

It was heads!

This meant that the anomaly ahead contained extreme danger!

As expected of a demigod. Such abilities sure are enviable… However, do you think you can avoid my "tailing"? Klein scoffed inwardly and found an abnormally secluded spot and made himself turn into Gehrman Sparrow.

Following that, he clasped his hands and pressed it to his mouth, whispering:

"Blessed of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua…”

After praying, Klein immediately took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog. He sat at The Fool's seat and beckoned for the bone scepter with blue gems embedded at its tip.

Then, with the help of his prayer, he utilized the Sea God Scepter's responding to believers and saw the area around Gehrman Sparrow.

He then raised his field of view and took in the surrounding area. Using this as the origin, he expanded his vision to five nautical miles. This was the limit of what the Sea God Scepter could observe with the help of its believers.

And this way, the area where Qonas Klein had designated—one that no object could escape his notice—appeared in Klein's vision.

…

In the dock area, inside a warehouse with plenty of goods.

"Love…" After Trissy chuckled, her figure grew faint as though she was bathed in the luster of a lake at night.

In the blink of an eye, Trissy, who had been bound tightly with layers of silk by Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè, turned into an illusory mirror.

It was a full-body mirror taller than a person. Aqueous light shimmered within as a ghostly halo grew out of it as though it was a door leading to another world.

At that moment, it didn't reflect the scene in front of it. Instead, it outlined a room.

The room was dimly lit. The bed and furniture had been diced up into countless small pieces which were scattered everywhere. Only the central region was spick and span.

Trissy stood there, wearing a dark black dress. Her hair cascaded down smoothly as it fluttered in the wind, accentuating her face's abnormal fairness. She looked like a female ghost as spoken in folk tales.

She wasn't actually present and was using the illusory mirror to project her figure and strength remotely. It was as though everything was real.

Therefore, she wasn't flustered at all when she was being controlled and hunted.

Upon seeing this scene, Katarina Pellè, who wore simple and holy white robes, didn't hesitate to let out a shriek.

Invisible waves quickly spread out as her hair flared up, each strand clear and distinct. They were thick and dyed with a grayish-white color.

The illusory full-body mirror suddenly vibrated and shook as though it was on the brink of breaking apart.

And in the messy room it reflected, the fragments of the bed, desk, and chairs turned grayish-white, losing their luster as though they were rocks.

The brownish-yellow floor in front of Trissy turned into grayish-white rocks as it quickly extended towards the only human in the room like a surging tidal wave.

Trissy didn't attempt to resist as she turned around and waved her hand back while leaping towards the open window.

In midair, invisible spider webs that belonged to her phased into existence. They turned dark as they spread towards the grayish-white colors.

At the same time, the dark and profound full-body mirror produced one crack after another. Amidst illusory shattering sounds, it broke apart and vanished.

However, before the full-body mirror completely vanished, the grayish-white colors receded in a strange manner inside the petrified room, materializing into a figure.

The figure wore a simple, holy white robe and had luscious raven-black hair. She looked both mature and innocent, as though she had a pair of profound and childlike blue eyes. She was Demoness of Unaging Katarina who had just been inside the warehouse a moment ago.

Viscount Stratford could no longer see the situation inside the "opposite" room once the ghostly glow dissipated.

He retracted his gaze and cast it onto Shermane. He wore a mixed look in his eyes before he recovered.

"Trissy really was patient. To deal with me, she actually spent months to nurture a new Demoness." Viscount Stratford shook his head with a chuckle. "What did she want you to gain from me?"

At that moment, with Trissy's connection being severed, the spider webs around Shermane had loosened. They were unable to bind her and restrict her freedom.

This beautiful girl wore a blank expression as she replied with a vacant look in her eyes, "She wanted me to know who you are truly loyal to."

Without waiting for Viscount Stratford to say a word, she asked hesitantly, her eyes making it obvious that she had difficulty finding the words:

"How many of those promises that you made to me were real?"

Viscount Stratford was taken aback before he chuckled.

"You're probably the most silly and most naive Demoness I've ever met…”

Shermane's expression froze on her face as the glimmer in her eyes that she found so hard to regain faded bit by bit.

…

Outside the warehouse, Xio and Fors were hiding in the shadows, observing the silent target area.

They had followed Viscount Stratford here!

Their patience had paid off, as they discovered this captain of the royal guards secretly leaving his mansion in the dead of the night, rushing to the dock area near the Backlund Bridge.

Using Xio's power as a Sheriff, they followed him all the way here by keeping a huge distance between them. They had also confirmed that he had entered the warehouse in front of them.

In addition, they also sensed that Viscount Stratford's condition had worsened as though he had been injured.

"Actually, we had the opportunity to take action while on our way here…" Fors looked at the warehouse's entrance and murmured.

Xio replied without looking at her, "But you said it yourself that you have a nagging feeling that things aren't that simple and wanted to wait."

"This might be the intuition of an Astrologer. It might also be an act of procrastination…" Fors replied in a self-deprecating manner.

They didn't say anything more as silence ruled once more. They continued waiting patiently.

At this moment, a pitch-black flame was ignited on the rammed earth in front of them.

The strange flames rapidly dispersed and kept close to the ground as it swept away. It then outlined a row of Loenese text:

"This is the chance you've been longing for."

Xio's and Fors's pupils dilated at the same time. Then, they looked at each other, at a loss for words.

After a few seconds, Fors finally couldn't help but ask, "What do we do?"

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CHAPTER 1021
CROSS

Xio hesitated when she heard Fors's question.

"We were discovered…”

They had said something similar before, but they were repeating it again now. However, it didn't have the same meaning. Previously, it was referring to being discovered by the guardian or monitor when she recognized Sherman. Now, the crux of the matter was that their choice and corresponding actions were expected and arranged by the person behind the scenes. They had no secrets to speak of.

This meant that the chance that Xio had been longing for might've really appeared, but what lay behind this matter was inconceivable.

"If we follow the intention behind this 'message.' The final outcome will depend on whether she has good intentions, but that's not something under our control," Xio added from a rational angle.

The reason why she had used "she" to represent the person behind the scenes was because she had recalled the fragrance she smelled when she lost Sherman the other time.

Fors listened quietly and nodded in agreement.

"Yes, we're too passive in this matter. The best option is to leave this place…”

As soon as she finished speaking, she looked at the warehouse. She opened her mouth but didn't say anything further.

She was reminded of the possible situation Sherman was in, and she suspected that "he" was in grave danger. However, she deliberately ignored it in the end and didn't mention it.

To her, Sherman was a person who existed in Xio's descriptions. He was no different from a character in a novel. If she had the strength and opportunity to save him in passing, she was willing to do so, but to bear the risk because of that and allow her friend to be rash, putting her life in danger was definitely not something within her considerations.

Xio nodded and said, "Alright, we'll leave now.

"However, the person who left that 'comment' definitely wouldn't be happy to see us do so. She will definitely hinder us.

"Uh, let's do it this way. We'll escape in different directions and make that person choose one person. Whoever successfully leaves this area will immediately cause a commotion and attract the official Beyonders."

"Why don't we directly cause a commotion here?" Fors subconsciously raised a question.

"It will definitely be stopped or foiled!" Xio gave her excuse.

Fors nodded thoughtfully.

"Makes sense.

"Alright, let's not delay it any further. Let's begin."

Xio didn't say another word as she took out her transparent, nearly invisible triangular blade. With her back bent, she leaped out of her hiding spot and ran out of the harbor amidst the shadows.

The triangular blade was a mystical item she had spent 500 pounds through Ma'am Hermit to get the Artisan to forge with the ancient wraith's powder and remnant spirituality. It was called Wintry Blade.

Anyone hit by this weapon—even if it were a gentle touch—would be frozen stiff. They would even lose control of their thoughts as though they were possessed by a wraith. At the same time, once the battle continued, Wintry Blade's enemies would gradually have their thoughts turn sluggish and their actions become rigid and dull, even if they didn't touch the triangular blade.

And Wintry Blade's negative effects wasn't that terrifying. Furthermore, there was only one—the wielder would slowly lose their body temperature and transform into an undead. Once a certain time limit was exceeded, this process would become irreversible.

Therefore, Xio had recently enjoyed jogging more or riding a bicycle at lightning speeds to generate heat to resist the loss of temperature.

But even so, she had only managed to extend the time it took before she kept Wintry Blade away from her body from three hours to four hours.

After running a certain distance, Xio turned back and realized that Fors had already passed through a wall and departed. She had vanished from where they were hiding.

After staring for two seconds, Xio bit her lip and suddenly turned around and changed direction.

She headed straight for the warehouse!

Soon, she arrived beside her destination, but she wasn't in a rush to enter. She looked up and observed the area above her, seemingly trying to find another passageway, one that was less noticeable to the people inside.

At that moment, her keen senses made her turn her head and see a figure appear around the corner of the wall.

The figure wore a black dress with a head of brown, curly hair. She had a pair of light blue eyes. It was none other than Fors Wall.

"Didn't you leave?" Despite being surprised, Xio didn't forget to lower her voice.

Fors curled her lips and said, "Weren't you fleeing too?"

Xio was momentarily at a loss for words. After a few seconds, she asked, "How did you notice it?"

"You didn't even mention Sherman. That's completely unlike you! I've already prepared a reason to persuade you!" Fors quickly replied.

"…" Xio was taken aback as she said with a complicated expression, "You didn't have to come back."

Fors ignored her and pressed on the wall of the warehouse and said, "If we keep talking, perhaps we will no longer need to be stumped because it would already be over.

"Man, I actually didn't think of such a good idea just now. I should've immediately insisted on going with you to save her. You definitely would've persuaded me otherwise and would think of doing it yourself. If we repeated the conversation a few times, everything would've ended on its own."

Xio gave her friend a look and, without any hesitation, stood by her side with Wintry Blade in hand.

Fors immediately flipped Leymano's Travels and augmented her friend with Beyonder powers. Then, she put away the spellbook and grabbed Xio's shoulder with one hand, pressing the other on the wall again.

While Xio was waiting for Door Opening, she realized that Fors hadn't immediately used her powers.

This best-selling author took a deep breath and quickly said, "After entering, we'll hide and observe. After confirming that there's a chance to do something, we'll take action.

"If there's really no chance, or if we can't seize an opportunity for sure, we'll leave as soon as possible. That way, we can at least avenge Sherman and not be buried alive with him!

"Only by being alive will all kinds of possibilities open up for us…”

Xio immediately nodded and replied in a stern manner, "Okay."

Fors wanted to say a few more words, but considering how she had wasted some time and couldn't afford to waste any more time, she "opened" the illusory door and passed through the wall with Xio, coming behind a row of wooden crates.

With her no longer being a greenhorn in such operations, she instinctively crouched down and pulled out Leymano's Travels and flipped to a particular page.

Xio similarly didn't dash in. She bent down and moved her eyes to a gap between the crates and observed the empty region.

The female-looking Sherman was sitting on a wooden crate without any signs of anger. Her brown hair was gently fluttering in the wind.

And standing in front of her was Viscount Stratford. This captain of the royal guards tightened his collar and was surveying the area, a mystery as to what he was looking for.

"Unfortunately, you're only a Demoness."

"Don't worry. I will let you die without any pain. You will be completely purified."

As he spoke, he took out an item from his inner pocket.

Xio used her enhanced vision from the Interrogator potion, and she clearly identified the item.

It was a cross accessory covered in bronze. There were a few sharp, jagged protrusions, looking as though it had once impaled someone.

Its style and characteristics were things that the various nations in the Fifth Epoch's Northern Continent didn't possess. It exuded ancient vibes.

"Very good. You know that resistance is futile," Viscount Stratford said as he pressed one of the fingers he used to hold the bronze cross onto the spike.

His bright red blood immediately flowed out and was absorbed by the spike, seeping into the object.

The mottled bronze on the cross's surface disintegrated, revealing a corporeal form beneath that was a blob of light.

In just a second or two, the item Viscount Stratford held had turned into a resplendent cross!

It emitted a pure and flawless glow, illuminating the surroundings in an abnormally bright manner.

The wooden crate's shadows quickly receded as the dark splotches on the wall evaporated like water.

Beside Shermane, the countless spider webs that originally belonged to Trissy floated up and struggled in the fire, melting in just mere seconds.

The light grew brighter, but they weren't blinding. Black flames burst out of Shermane's body along with crystalline ice.

They turned dim, transparent, and eventually vanished under the illumination.

Within the range of the resplendent cross, there weren't any traces of evil or abnormalities present. Not one inch of darkness remained!

Seeing Sherman's expression slowly distort, Xio couldn't help but shoot Fors a glance.

She could clearly sense the terror of the resplendent cross, and she was beginning to waver about saving her.

Fors also noticed what was happening and pointed to Leymano's Travels. She raised her left index finger and whispered into Xio's ear, "There's only one chance.

"I will work hard to create it for you. If it's not successful, or if you can't be certain of it, we will give up."

Xio didn't hesitate as she nodded solemnly.

Fors immediately straightened her body and flipped Leymano's Travels to the charred-yellow page.

This page was filled with complicated, twisted, indescribable symbols and labels. It gave one the feeling of a strong gust of wind.

Sailor pathway's demigod power—Hurricane!

After observing her surroundings once again and confirming that there weren't any other enemies, Fors's gaze penetrated through the gap in between the wooden crates and locked onto Viscount Stratford. She then slid her finger gently across the charred-yellow page.

With an exploding whoosh, a visible hurricane soared up beneath Viscount Stratford's feet and rushed upwards.

The captain of the royal guards wasn't able to maintain his balance from this sudden attack. He was lifted up by the hurricane and was slammed into the warehouse's ceiling.

Boom!

The warehouse's ceiling was torn apart by the hurricane as portions of it collapsed. Some of the fragments spun around amidst the wind as they flew higher and higher.

Viscount Stratford nearly fainted from being slammed, and he failed to hold onto the resplendent cross, allowing it to fly out of his palm.

When the spike with a sliver of his blood left his finger, the mottled bronze covered the cross's surface once more.

The flawless light vanished in turn.

Upon seeing this, Xio didn't hesitate to rush out of her hiding spot. Her eyes first reflected Viscount Stratford's figure before two blinding bolts of lightning lit up.

Psychic Piercing!

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CHAPTER 1022
ANSWER

Amidst the violent hurricane, Viscount Stratford was like a helpless leaf that was pitifully thrown about as though he could be torn to pieces at any moment.

In this state, he couldn't react at all, much less speak. All he could do was rely on a Disciplinary Paladin's powerful body to barely hold on, hoping that he wouldn't lose a limb or head inside this terrifying hurricane.

He originally believed that the hunt had succeeded and that Trissy's capture was at hand. Furthermore, he was extremely certain that his target didn't have helpers; hence, all his attention was focused on Shermane. To his surprise, he suddenly became the prey and fell into a trap without any prior warning.

Upon realizing that the hurricane was beginning to weaken and that he had only suffered some damage from the impact and didn't receive any fatal wounds, Viscount Stratford hurriedly tried to regain control of his body in preparation for the upcoming battle.

At that moment, he felt a stabbing pain in his head which felt as though a sharp dagger had been impaled into it before being twisted a few times.

This feeling was something that Viscount Stratford felt was both familiar and unfamiliar. This was because, although he had never experienced it directly before, he had "attempted" it on several targets to observe their reactions.

This was one of the Beyonder powers he was most proficient with!

Psychic Piercing!

Bang!

Upon being attacked, Viscount Stratford, who had failed to adjust his physical state, slammed into the ground hard as the bronze cross loudly fell several meters away.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Xio held Wintry Blade and took a huge stride, dashing straight for Viscount Stratford who was struggling to get up.

As for Fors, she had already flipped through Leymano's Travels and flipped it open to a page that resembled a goatskin parchment.

As her fingers slid across the page, Viscount Stratford's shadows, which had surfaced once again, came to life, condensing into black chains that wrapped around its target, binding him tightly.

Viscount Stratford, who had just managed to catch his breath and become alert, still hadn't had the opportunity to choose the target for his "punishment" and apply certain restrictions when he once again lost his freedom. Even his mouth was bound by a shadow chain.

Abyss Chains!

It was Abyss Chains from the Sanguine or Moon pathway's Mid-Sequence Beyonders!

Fors had used it once and was rather fond of this Beyonder power. She found it very useful, so she had spent gold pounds to get Mr. Moon, who had become a Viscount, to record it.

Bang!

At this moment, Viscount Stratford suddenly unleashed power that surpassed his previous strength, tearing the shadow chains apart.

He had chosen the "bindings" restricting him to be the target of punishment!

But at that moment, Xio had already rushed in front of him like a high-speed train, thrusting that transparent triangular blade.

Amidst a splotching sound, the Wintry Blade stabbed into the target's abdomen.

Viscount Stratford's body stiffened once again as his eyes glazed over as though he had turned into an ice sculpture.

Xio released her hand and allowed Wintry Blade to remain stabbed into the stomach of the captain of the royal guards, seemingly hoping that the wraith which might've existed on the weapon would continue "Possessing" her target and forcibly bring him under control.

Right on the heels of that, she swung her arm and slammed a punch right below Viscount Stratford's ear.

After two heavy blows, Viscount Stratford fainted without even letting out a grunt. His stiff body collapsed once again.

After completing this strike, Xio left her back to Fors and immediately moved past the staggering Viscount Stratford, who had Wintry Blade in his stomach, and dashed to Sherman who remained sitting on a wooden crate.

Fors flipped through Leymano's Travels once again, using other Beyonder powers to add another layer of restrictions onto Viscount Stratford's body. Then, she walked out of the row of wooden crates she had been hiding behind and first approached that bronze ancient cross.

The scene she saw made her suspect that it was an item at the demigod level. In the parlance of official Beyonders, it was a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact.

And with Viscount Stratford carrying and using it, she believed that the negative effects of the cross weren't that direct. She could attempt to pick it up.

Of course, as a former Astrologer, Fors took out the pure crystal ball as she walked, quickly doing a divination.

"There are no problems…" Fors glanced at the outcome and quickened her pace.

At this moment, Xio had already rushed in front of Sherman. Looking at this friend who had turned rather beautiful, she was momentarily at a loss for words.

To her, Sherman's condition was in a terrible state.

This Demoness's hair was floating up with each strand turning thick as if they were tiny snakes.

On the ends of the "tiny snakes," some had eyes or mouths. They appeared extremely bizarre and terrifying.

On Sherman's face, a black paint-like mysterious pattern suffused out of her skin and was rapidly spreading across her body.

Her slightly vacant eyes quickly reflected Xio as she gradually recovered her spirit and, along with that, also came a little confusion and pain.

She opened her mouth and stuttered, "Xio… I'm in so much pain…"

Xio's vision instantly blurred.

Although she was still lacking in many of the details regarding the mysterious world's general knowledge—since the Tarot Club's discussion was just way over her head, and the information she got from MI9 was mostly about secret organizations—she still knew quite a bit about losing

control. Among unaffiliated Beyonders, it was something that couldn't be avoided.

Therefore, Xio knew that Sherman was beginning to lose control. It was irreversible, and the situation would only worsen.

Sherman seemed to sense her state as she gasped for breath, revealing a weak smile. She said with difficulty, "Kill me… I've done… too many unspeakable sins… I've also obtained… what I've wanted…”

Xio's tears dripped down. Without hesitation, she flipped her hand, drawing her backup weapon—an ordinary revolver.

She then placed the revolver at Sherman's forehead.

Sherman smiled as a mesmerizing charm appeared in her eyes once again.

"Call me… Call me Shermane…”

"Shermane." Xio couldn't help but frown as tears brimmed in her eyes.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

She repeatedly pulled the trigger and fired the bullets inside.

Fresh flowers bloomed at once, red and beautiful.

Fors pursed her lips unknowingly when she saw this.

After two seconds, she let out a long sigh. She bent down and reached out for the bronze cross.

Just as her fingers touched the item, it felt like she had touched fire. It was hot and scalding, hot enough to burn the soul.

Fors instinctively retracted her hand, feeling alarmed and puzzled.

She remembered that Viscount Stratford had never acted in such a manner before.

As her thoughts raced, Fors glanced at Viscount Stratford and kicked the bronze cross towards the nearby Xio.

"Give it a try.

"Also, we have to leave immediately. The commotion from earlier will definitely attract the official Beyonders! Also, who knows what the person who left the 'message' will do!"

Xio, with her reddened-eyes, didn't say a word. She bent down and picked up the bronze cross. She didn't feel any sense of discomfort the entire time.

Uh... Fors didn't ask why as she walked to the stiff Viscount Stratford's body and warily looked around.

After Xio put away the bronze cross, she picked up Shermane's corpse and returned to Viscount Stratford's side.

"That item is very precious. His status is also very important. We'll definitely be the targets of the royal family's pursuit efforts. We need to do some interference…" Fors looked down at Viscount Stratford as she muttered to herself in thought.

She quickly made a decision. She raised her hands, lowered her head, and began piously chanting Mr. Fool's honorific name.

She didn't believe that them giving up the bronze cross would stop the royal family from pursuing them due to being perceived to have lower priority. Therefore, without any hesitation, she prayed to Mr. Fool for help.

To her, sacrificing the item to Mr. Fool was better than staying there.

Almost at the same time, she saw a holy angel with twelve pairs of fiery wings.

A phantom projected out of the angel as it descended from the sky, wrapping her and Xio in layers of flaming wings.

Once this was over, Fors was just about to say something when she felt her body quiver. She felt a particular sense of horror and evil permeate from the void.

Her eyes focused as she didn't hesitate to crouch down, reaching out her hands and grabbing Xio and Viscount Stratford's calf.

At the same time, the final dark green stone with burn marks on her bracelet emitted a blue and illusory light.

In the blink of an eye, the bodies of Fors, Xio, Viscount Stratford, and Shermane turned transparent as they vanished from the spot.

In seconds, they left the docks area and appeared on the outskirts of St. George Borough.

During this process, Fors had even used her Beyonder power as a Scribe to "Record" "Traveling."

After observing her surroundings and confirming that there was no one around since they were in the forests, Fors released Xio and Viscount Stratford and straightened her body.

With the blessings of Mr. Fool's angel, there shouldn't be much danger. The person who "left the message" won't be able to lock onto us. Fors heaved a sigh of relief before saying with a lingering sense of fear, "The person who descended upon us towards the end was definitely a saint. Thankfully, we quickly escaped…”

Xio gently lowered Shermane's corpse and said in thought, "If the person who 'left the message' was monitoring Shermane, then she might've already found out where we live. We can't return there."

"Yes, we need to change our residence," Fors said with great experience. Then, she cast her gaze at the unconscious Viscount Stratford. "You can interrogate him now. Make every second count."

As she spoke, she handed Leymano's Travels to Xio and exhorted, "There's Telepathy on it and it's used with candlelight. Also, start with the simple and unimportant questions to lower his resistance."

Xio received the spellbook with a solemn expression. However, her wrist trembled, unable to hold Leymano's Travels.

Pa!

The bronze notebook dropped onto the ground as Xio said with a frown, "It's like fire…"

Fors had the same experience earlier, so after some thought, she said, "Throw that cross away and try again."

Xio followed her suggestion and successfully picked up Leymano's Travels.

"It cannot be held with other mystical items…" Fors said with a nod when she saw this.

Xio didn't harp on this problem as she quickly prepared a lit candle.

Then, she drew Wintry Blade and relieved Viscount Stratford from his stiff and dazed state.

After the captain of the royal guards gradually awakened, she triggered the corresponding page in the notebook.

Viscount Stratford instantly fell into confusion, and only the faint candlelight remained in his eyes.

"Why did Shermane try to approach you?" Xio asked the question she had just thought of.

Viscount Stratford replied blankly, "She was investigating who I'm loyal to."

Xio was taken aback as she instinctively asked, "Who are you really loyal to?"

Viscount Stratford slowly said, "His Majesty, of course."

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CHAPTER 1023
MASON DERE'S DEATH

His Majesty… Xio was a little confused and filled with confusion when she heard Viscount Stratford's reply.

She found it inexplicable that Shermane would deliberately approach this captain of the royal guards just to investigate where his loyalties lay. This didn't seem to be something of great importance or value.

As for Viscount Stratford's answer, it was very normal and without any faults.

Shermane paid with her life for such an answer? Xio originally wished to press for the reason behind Shermane's investigation of such a trivial matter, but she immediately realized that it might involve key intel too soon. It might cause Viscount Stratford, who hadn't entered the necessary "state," to put up resistance. So she gradually held back her instinctive urge.

She thought for a moment and asked, "Do you know Mason Dere?"

"Yes," Viscount Stratford answered blankly.

Xio Derecha continued asking rather simple and unimportant questions.

"Who is he?"

"He's the former captain of the royal guards," Viscount Stratford answered simply without elaborating.

At this moment, Fors didn't listen to the Telepathy at such a superficial layer. She took out the pure crystal ball and placed it in Xio's pocket.

After transferring her items, she bent down once again and carefully attempted to pick up the bronze cross.

This time, amidst her trembling fingers, the soul-burning feeling didn't assault her. It allowed her to easily pick up the spiky item.

As expected, this cross cannot coexist with other mystical items… Uh, I still have Moon Paper Figurine and the remnant spirituality of the ancient wraiths, but it didn't react… This means that it can coexist with items that don't contain Beyonder characteristics, but won't resist spirituality and strength? If that's the case, will it also reject the Beyonder characteristic within my body? But it doesn't seem obvious… This is its other negative side effect, and it requires some time before it shows signs? Fors had a general idea about this ancient bronze cross. She then warily stored it away in a bag that contained all kinds of ritual materials.

After doing this, Fors looked down at the silver bracelet on her wrist. She confirmed that it was completely empty and was without any accessories hanging from it.

She had used up all five stones that allowed her to use Teleport.

However, Fors no longer felt as anxious as before. Although she believed that the "full moon ravings" would become clearer and more terrifying with the usage of each stone, she also knew that with Mr. Fool's help, this wasn't a problem. Over the past year, if not for her need to spend some time above the gray fog during every full moon or Blood Moon, she would've almost forgotten that she was suffering the torment from the "full moon ravings."

I hope that the curse will be lifted one day… After retracting her gaze from the dull silver bracelet, Fors couldn't help but sigh.

She then sincerely thanked Mr. Fool in her heart.

…No matter what "His" real goal is, "He" has rescued me time and time again. It hasn't only been from the "full moon ravings"…

This cross's level doesn't seem low. I wonder if Mr. Fool will be interested and is willing to accept my sacrifice… I didn't have any good items or news to repay "Him" for his benevolence. I finally see an opportunity…

Uh… This is a common spoil of war. I only own half of it. I wonder if Mr. Fool is willing to accept a sacrifice that I only have half the rights to… No, Xio has also been rescued by Mr. Fool before…

Hehe, perhaps it might please Mr. Fool… If "He" is satisfied, he might produce a few Beyonder powers and allow me to record them in Leymano's Travels. No, Leymano's Travels might not be able to record a deity's powers. It won't be able to withstand Mr. Fool's powers… Hmm, the powers of the angels under "Him" will do too. No, no, no—I can't be too greedy. I'll be satisfied if Mr. World can demonstrate some of his powers for me to record…

Fors's thoughts wandered as she had expectations akin to a dream.

This was the instinct of a best-selling author.

As for why she didn't expect anything else other than the recording of Beyonder powers, it was because she realized today how important and terrifying Beyonder powers at the demigod level were.

If Leymano's Travels didn't have Hurricane recorded, she and Xio might not have been able to capture Viscount Stratford. They might not even succeed in escaping.

Even if she didn't include the bronze cross, Viscount Stratford himself was a rather powerful Beyonder. If he hadn't been injured by Hurricane in the beginning and left dizzy from the fall, their sneak attacks might not have reached this level of success. There was a high chance that they might suffer a counterattack.

Of course, separating the resplendent cross from Viscount Stratford was key to the victory of this brief battle tonight. And again, this was all thanks to Hurricane.

On careful thought, if we switched to a less pressing situation, and if the bronze cross and the demigod powers in the notebook were excluded, Xio and I might have a chance of defeating Viscount Stratford together. We might even have quite good odds…

The Beyonder powers recorded in the notebook are varied, and when put together, they're truly powerful. Together with Xio's Psychic Piercing and the effects of Wintry Blade, in a head-on battle, it's reasonable for Viscount Stratford to be defeated if he doesn't have any special mystical items.

A living Scribe with rich experience is actually this powerful… The more Fors thought, the stranger she felt.

She realized that she had become rather formidable!

Back when they were dealing with the ancient wraith, she had already come to a similar conclusion.

And this time, their enemy, Viscount Stratford, was the captain of the royal guards of the Loen royal family. He was at least Sequence 6 and was probably Sequence 5. Furthermore, he wielded an item at the demigod level. The level of his strength was clear, so this immediately allowed Fors to benchmark her "level" in the world of Beyonders. Although their victory mainly stemmed from a sneak attack, a successful one was also a manifestation of one's strength.

I'm already a Scribe. With a good combination of powers, together with Leymano's Travels, I'm already a rather strong Sequence 5… The only problem is that I lack experience… As Fors reflected poignantly, she cast her gaze at Xio and Viscount Stratford, continuing to listen to their questions and answers.

At this moment, Xio's question had already reached a rather key topic that could easily result in resistance.

"How did Mason Dere die?"

After asking this question, Xio's expression suddenly turned complicated and expectant. She was also in a dilemma, feeling pangs of excitement and fear.

This was a question she wished to ask eight years ago. In these nearly 3,000 days, she had been constantly searching for an answer, but she was also afraid that the answer wasn't something she expected. She was afraid that her father was really involved in a mutiny and thus was executed, marring his reputation.

Viscount Stratford didn't immediately answer Xio's question. He seemed to struggle before saying, "He discovered His Majesty's secret and tried informing the three Churches but failed. He was executed on the spot."

Xio fell into a daze for a few seconds before finally confirming the answer she received.

Although this answer shocked her, it made the heart in her mouth sink back to its original position as she calmed down.

"Secret… His Majesty's secret…” she muttered softly to herself and asked in a pressing tone, "What secret?"

Fors, who was beside her, was also shocked to the point of being dumbfounded. She never expected things to develop to this stage.

At that moment, Viscount Stratford's facial muscles visibly contorted. It took him a great deal of effort to say a few words:

"That secret is…”

Suddenly, his body jerked violently. His confused eyes regained their luster.

Right on the heels of that, his body collapsed from the most minute part, instantly transforming into a ball of "fireworks."

The blood-red "fireworks" soared into the sky and exploded, illuminating the night sky as they were reflected in Fors's and Xio's eyes.

This… Having experienced this previously, Fors didn't waste any time after her eyes momentarily blanked out. She immediately crouched down and grabbed Shermane's corpse and Xio's calf.

Their figures swiftly turned transparent as they vanished from the spot, Teleporting to the southern area of the bridge.

…

Above the gray fog, Klein, who was holding the Sea God Scepter, saw the "fireworks" that stained the sky red.

Back when Fors prayed to him, he had happened to be inside the magnificent palace observing Qonas Kilgor's actions. He conveniently took in the Red Priest card and used the paper figurine he cut, stirred the powers of the mysterious space, and gave a response.

During this process, he discovered that the person lying next to Miss Magician and Miss Judgment was Viscount Stratford.

This was one of the targets he had placed great importance on. Although he hadn't investigated him personally, he knew that there was something wrong with him. He knew that Demoness Trissy was targeting him, so he had remembered his appearance and characteristics at a ball.

Klein didn't know what the two Tarot Club members were up to, but since it involved Viscount Stratford, he definitely didn't write off its importance. He

directly observed what subsequently happened to Miss Magician and Miss Judgment through the crimson stars.

After advancing to a demigod and obtaining even more authorities, he didn't need the Tarot Club members to pray to directly observe their vicinity via the crimson star. This was similar to specially marking out believers, but Klein had always held great restraint towards that and had never attempted it.

This made him hear Xio's and Viscount Stratford's conversation.

And since he knew the underlying truth, he knew very well what the true meaning and importance of "who he was loyal to" was.

Combined with the discovery of the king's secret by the former captain of the royal guards, Mason Dere, and how his attempt to inform the three Churches failed, Klein already had a guess.

He suspected that the greatest culprit behind the Great Smog of Backlund was the Loen Kingdom's king, George III!

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CHAPTER 1024
TRADITIONAL SKILLS

Inside the palace above the gray fog, Klein, who was holding the Sea God Scepter, looked at the Black Emperor card and the Tyrant card on the table in front of him with a heavy look.

Although Viscount Stratford's answer could only prove that King George III hid a great secret, had played a crucial role in the Great Smog of Backlund, and was highly likely to be a mass murderer, it couldn't be said that he had spearheaded everything and was the true mastermind. After all, he might only be a puppet. But to Klein, this was already enough. The target was clear, and he had clues to investigate what they were planning.

Seeing that Miss Magician and Miss Judgment had left the area where the abnormality had happened and were practically safe, Klein retracted his gaze and continued to observe the actions of MI9 deputy director, Qonas Kilgor, via prayer vision.

After a while, after "securing" the territory and confirming that no one was tailing him, Qonas Kilgor walked to a mountain wall and took out an object.

His entire body was tainted with a ghostly-blue glow as he gradually became hazy and blurry.

Then, he disappeared into thin air, his whereabouts unknown.

A rather special form of Traveling via a corporeal ritual or item that allows him to teleport from point to point within a very short distance… Back when I came out from the underground ruins where Ince Zangwill was, I also

passed through a similar "door"…Yes, this place isn't too far from the mountain where Mr. A pursued me…

This setup needs a very suitable and secretive region. Without having any permission from the interior, just holding onto an activation item might not have any effect. And once something happens, destroying the corresponding ritual can prevent enemies from entering and stop them from finding the exact location… Klein nodded in enlightenment.

Combining the information which Viscount Stratford had just revealed, he had come to the initial conclusion that the king's secret and the ploy by the three factions were all hidden deep within the underground ruins. As long as one entered, the truth would be obtained through a careful investigation.

However, the difficulty in performing the investigations became apparent the more he thought about it—he had to first obtain the corresponding item and, using his disguise as a Faceless to fool the guards, he would "Teleport" in. None of these steps were easy.

According to Arrodes, Qonas Kilgor wasn't just a demigod of the Black Emperor pathway, he also possessed a rather powerful Sealed Artifact.

Even if Klein had made preparations, his odds of defeating the brigadier general of MI9 wasn't too high if he didn't seek the help of angels, much less finish him off in a stealthy manner without anyone realizing it. Furthermore, there were many difficulties in getting the help of an angel, as all of "Them" had their own extenuating circumstances that prevented "Them" from agreeing.

Even if I take down Qonas Kilgor without drawing the attention of anyone, I have to consider the danger that stems from entering… Based on what previously happened, it's impossible for them to not be on guard against a Faceless… A cooperation effort between the king, the Psychology Alchemists, and the Demoness Sect guarantees that their ploy is significant. It's extremely possible that there's an angel within the underground ruins… Klein frowned as he was at a loss for a reliable angle for investigation.

He tapped the edge of the long mottled table and decided to break out of the confines of his original thoughts and consider it from a different angle.

A few seconds later, a flash of inspiration came to him.

Why do I want to complete all these steps by myself?

The king's secret and plans are likely detrimental to the three Churches of Storm, Evernight, and Steam; otherwise, the former captain of the royal guards, Mason Dere, wouldn't have attempted to inform the three Churches. As a Blessed of the Evernight Goddess—at least for now—isn't it obvious what I should be doing?

This can also count towards my contributions to exchange for the Scholar of Yore potion formula!

In an instant, Klein's thoughts became extremely clear. He left the area above the gray fog without any hesitation and returned to the real world.

Dressed in blue and white checkered pajamas, Gehrman Sparrow raised his hands once more and made a prayer gesture, he chanted in ancient Hermes, "The Evernight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity. You are also the Lady of Crimson, the Mother of Concealment, the Empress of Misfortune and Horror, Mistress of Repose and Silence…"

This time, Klein didn't hold a ritual because he wasn't praying for a bestowment or response. All he wanted was to simply describe what Viscount Stratford had said, as well as his observations regarding Qonas Kilgor. Therefore, a direct prayer was sufficient.

After praying, Klein exhaled and stood in a remote area of the woods, patiently awaiting the possible developments.

In less than a minute, a figure suddenly appeared in front of him, like a quickly sketched portrait.

The newcomer was dressed in a simple robe. By the figure's waist was a belt made of tree bark. Long hair cascaded down as the figure was barefoot. She had a pair of dark and serene eyes, and she was none other than the highest-ranking archbishop and leader of the ascetics, Servant of Concealment, Arianna.

"Good evening, Ma'am Arianna," Klein bowed without any hint of surprise.

Arianna glanced at him and returned the greeting.

"Good evening."

"She" didn't make any small talk as "She" directly asked, "Qonas Kilgor is nearby?"

"Yes, less than ten kilometers away." Klein pointed in the direction. "He has already used an item to vanish from his place. What should we do next?"

Arianna nodded slightly and said, "Wait for him to come out and find an opportunity to capture him."

I-isn't that too direct? You look quiet and plain, a cultured person—no, angel. Why are you so aggressive? If Qonas Kilgor didn't head for the underground ruins and had gone to some other secret base, or if he wasn't too deeply involved in the king's ploys, to have the Church's archbishop taking action on MI9's top brass would definitely be breaking news. The kingdom's fracturing would only worsen! Klein was momentarily unsure how he should respond to Arianna.

Although he would definitely attack Qonas Kilgor if he handled the matter himself, since the latter's involvement in the slave trade and the silencing of others was enough reason, the problem was that a demigod of a secret organization attacking a military top brass and an orthodox Church's archbishop attacking a military top brass was two completely different matters.

As though sensing Klein's thoughts, Arianna calmly explained, "You will be the one taking action, not me."

"…" Klein was a little unused to "Her" style.

Arianna continued, "I will create a concealed world for you and provide you the necessary assistance."

Battle in a concealed state? Fight with the help of an angel? Klein nodded with a thought.

"Then where shall the ambush be?"

Arianna answered succinctly, "In your Maygur Manor."

…I share the same thoughts… But I didn't want to say it myself… Klein took a deep breath and exhaled.

The choice for the ambush location stemmed from very simple logic—it was to do it when Qonas Kilgor was in his most relaxed and defenseless state.

Without a doubt, once Qonas finishes his secret mission and returns to Maygur Manor, he would believe that the most risky matters of the night were over. He wouldn't have his guard up!

For the same reason, if the king's secret and ploy was of utmost importance, it was possible for an angel to be "watching" over him while he returned from the underground ruins. Once he suffered an attack, the angel would be able to immediately respond. And only when Qonas returned to his normal daily routine would the monitoring be retracted. After all, there were only a limited number of angels, so it was impossible for "Them" to be so free.

Thankfully, I used the most covert method of tailing him, and the distance was far enough… From the looks of it, Ma'am Arianna didn't place the responsibility of the battle onto me to avoid the risk and reduce the negative

effects, but because maintaining a concealed state and preventing the existence inside the underground ruins from noticing the battle will drain a great deal of "Her" energy… Amidst his racing thoughts, Klein had a better idea of how he should proceed.

At this moment, Arianna added, "The concealed world's battle won't damage the real world."

That's pretty good… Klein muttered silently and said after some thought, "Then I need to immediately make some preparations."

"Alright," Arianna calmly replied.

"She" didn't even ask me what preparations I need. I was even prepared to say that I need a change of clothes… As Klein lampooned himself, he looked down at his blue and white checkered pajamas.

His left palm quickly turned transparent as he vanished from the spot.

Inside Maygur Manor, Klein's figure blinked into existence. Maintaining his appearance as Gehrman Sparrow, he quickly changed his clothes and wore a top hat.

Following that, he took out a piece of paper and used his finger to write.

The tip of his finger spewed out a scarlet flame, leaving charred marks without burning the piece of paper.

The charred marks quickly formed a complicated symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

With the formation of this symbol, the full-body mirror in the room turned dark as aqueous light rippled.

A silver outline appeared, forming one word after another:

"Exalted Great Master, your loyal and resilient servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

"Do you have something you would like to ask me?"

"Yes." Klein nodded and looked out the window. "What demigod powers and powerful Sealed Artifacts does Qonas Kilgor have?"

This was something he vaguely knew before. After confirming that Qonas Kilgor was a target, he gathered more information and now wished to know more so as to prepare a strategy meant to target Qonas.

The full-body mirror's silver words warped and squirmed, quickly forming new words:

"Great Master, Qonas Kilgor is an Earl of The Fallen. To hide his strength, he wields a Sealed Artifact that also belongs to the Lawyer pathway. However, it also has some of the Arbiter pathway's characteristics mixed into it. It's called 'Concerto of Light and Shadow.'"

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CHAPTER 1025
RANDOM ANOMALIES

The full-body mirror's silver words seemed to have a life of their own as they vanished and reformed:

"The Concerto of Light and Shadow is a pocket watch. It can restrict certain actions in a particular area, and it can also strip certain Beyonder powers from the target. When the two are put together, the limitations that are created far exceed the two types.

"The Concerto of Light and Shadow is also able to 'gift' certain negative side effects to the target, making him sluggish; eager; avaricious; or lose their fighting spirit, only capable of focusing his attention on money.

"Apart from these effects, the Sealed Artifact's wielder would have the ability to distort the target's speech, actions, intentions, and attacks. It can reduce a lethal blow into a serious injury, or it could repel an attack, turning progression into retrogression, escaping into leading a charge.

"The negative effects of Concerto of Light and Shadow are rather serious. Amongst them, the main negative effect to take note of is that once it's brought into combat, all the Beyonder effects produced in a certain region would intermittently experience random anomalies. It wouldn't distinguish between friend or foe, making it hard to control and unpredictable. That also means that Lightning Strike might still create a bolt of lightning, but it might splash the target with a blast of cold water or summon unknown spirit world creatures.

"Due to this reason, Qonas Kilgor has deliberately sought out a mystical item that can make him sufficiently lucky at critical moments, hoping that

the random intermittent effects will benefit himself. It's definitely useful to a certain extent, but it's not that great.

“…

"Qonas Kilgor also has a strange revolver. It originated from an anomaly during an evil god's sacrifice. It's called 'Réver's Shout of Despair’…It can shoot without bullets, and each shot possesses immense strength… It can shoot at a rapid pace like a miniature machine gun… Targets who are hit by it will suffer Réver's shout of despair before he died. They will suffer different levels of pain, dizziness, and confusion…

"The biggest problem with the revolver is that the wielder will also hear the shout of despair. It just won't be too frequent.

“…

"As an Earl of The Fallen, Qonas Kilgor no doubt has a qualitative change when it comes to 'Distortion' and the unreasonable 'Bestowment.' In addition, he can also 'Exploit' laws and 'Magnify' effects, and use 'Disorder' to disrupt order.

"Exploit can extend certain states for longer periods of time or end it ahead of time. It will make the rules more beneficial to himself. For example, after jumping into midair, the state of being away from the ground can be extended, achieving the effect of floating.

"Magnify can boost the effects or influence of his actions. It can make an ordinary attack become an execution. It can turn a hug from a distance away into a restriction.

"Disorder will influence the structure of objects, the standards of measurement, and the accuracy of attacks. It will make a seemingly massive building collapse, causing what seems like a huge distance to be shortened to that of a few paces, as well as allowing attacks that are aimed at him to miss their mark.

"Through Magnify, Exploit, and Distortion, Beyonders of the Lawyer pathway can achieve certain things that only Beyonders of the Arbiter pathway can accomplish.

"Of course, Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonder powers of the Lawyer pathway like Bribe are equally possessed by an Earl of The Fallen and are even stronger.

“…

"Great Master, I've finished answering your question. Is that okay?"

Your answer is like a guidebook. You must've been gathering information from the spirit world while delivering it… Also, must you seek praise even for matters such as this? Klein lampooned and nodded slightly.

"That's right."

After answering Arrodes's question, he quickly got into the zone as he analyzed the powers and traits of the powerful Sealed Artifact which the demigod, Qonas Kilgor, had.

An Earl of The Fallen is indeed a Sequence 4 demigod existence. There are qualitative changes in various aspects. Be it "Bestowment,""Distortion,""Exploit," and "Magnify," none of them are easy to deal with. I might suffer if I'm careless…

Rather, Disorder isn't terrifying. It's basically an enhanced version of the Sequence 5 Mentor of Disorder's power…

The Concerto of Light and Shadow does have traits of the Arbiter domain. And the most frustrating aspect about it is the negative side effects… To a Beyonder of the Seer pathway, my combat style is definitely closer to one of preparation, precision, and control. Once the battle begins, the moves will chain one after another. During this process, if a random deviation were to

happen, the entire plan can easily be messed up and not be accomplished… It's very dangerous…

As he thought, Klein discovered that the main problem stemmed from the Sealed Artifact named Concerto of Light and Shadow.

As a Beyonder who liked setting up traps for his enemy, Klein didn't wish that after throwing himself into a perilous situation through his painstaking planning and hard work, he would realize that the item would summon a rabbit just as he was using the Fate Siphon charm to switch fates with his target to turn the tables and finish off his opponent. Or perhaps it would turn into fireworks to celebrate the death of the user.

Qonas Kilgor can reduce the effects by raising his luck, but I can't do it. Fortune or Misfortune that's not at the angel level won't be effective on me… However, I have the marionette, Winner Enuni… Klein thought as he gave Arrodes the second question:

"How can the intermittent random anomalies of that Sealed Artifact be avoided?"

Silver words appeared out of the ripples of the deep mirror, forming a new sentence:

"There's no need to avoid it!

"Qonas Kilgor just needs to become unlucky, and for this, the demigods of the Evernight pathway are experts."

Makes sense… According to the theory of relativity, as long as Qonas Kilgor is more unlucky than me, I'll be the lucky one. Ma'am Arianna said that "She" can provide me with assistance… To "Her," secretly slipping some misfortune onto Qonas Kilgor before creating the concealed state should be very simple and easy… Klein immediately nodded cheerfully.

"Very good. That's it for today. I'll summon you again if there's anything else."

"Yes, Master! No problem, Master! Goodbye, Master~" On the full-body mirror's surface was a simple drawing followed by silver words.

Seeing the mirror instantly return to normal, Klein retracted his gaze and quickly simulated the battle that would happen in his mind.

Gradually, he came up with an idea, and grabbing onto that flash of inspiration, he proceeded forward in refining it.

After having a few tentative plans, Klein walked to the balcony and looked at the garden in the night sky, whispering, "Can you inflict misfortune onto Qonas Kilgor before the battle?"

After a brief silence, a calm and ordinary female voice rang in his ears:

"Yes."

"Then it's fine on my side," Klein immediately replied.

Tranquility quickly returned to his surroundings.

A rather cold breeze blew by, and Klein expressionlessly stared at the manor for a few seconds. Then, he pressed down on his silk hat, pulled the human-skinned glove on his left hand, and drew Death Knell from his underarm holster.

Right on the heels of that, he flicked his thumb and made the iron-black revolver's cylinder spin.

…

The night grew darker as the crimson moon occasionally tore through the clouds. Maygur Manor was completely in a state of deep sleep.

At this moment, a figure stealthily came from the Tussock River's south bank, taking two to three steps to return to his room.

He was none other than the deputy director of MI9, Qonas Kilgor, who wore a white shirt and black trousers.

This demigod with a stout look surveyed the area and didn't notice any abnormalities. He gradually revealed a smile and walked to the bar counter in the guest room. Getting a cup, he picked up a bottle of Maygur red wine. He prepared to pour some for himself to celebrate the wonderful night.

At this moment, his spiritual perception was triggered as he looked up abruptly.

He saw the buildings with a few grayish-white chimneys suddenly become covered in shadows as if they were dyed with ink.

To the side of the chimneys, on one of the steeple landmarks of Maygur Manor's main building, it was equally dark. The bright red moon was silently hanging behind the chimney.

The clouds and stars high in the sky had vanished. Apart from the gigantic crimson moon, there was pitch-black darkness.

Under the night sky, the flowers and trees were clearly in front of him, but they lacked any signs of life. They were dim, as though they were a great distance away.

Black and red, shadows and buildings, and the silence and plants presented themselves in front of Qonas Kilgor in such a strange state.

This… The demigod's pupils dilated as he didn't hesitate to respond.

He reached his left hand into his clothes and extended his right hand under his armpit, taking out two items.

Amongst them, he held a strange revolver in his right palm. It was entirely gray in color, bigger than an ordinary revolver. It looked like it was half the size of a sledgehammer that was used in classical battles.

Another unusual trait of the revolver was that it had six barrels, each rather thick. The mouth was dark, and its cylinder was embedded with more than ten ugly rivets, making it have a rather crude beauty.

Qonas Kilgor's left hand held an iron-skinned pocket watch. On the watch's face, half of it was filled with neatly arranged symbols that followed the order of time, while the other half was a chaotic mess. It even intruded into the neighboring region. On both sides, it seemed impossible to see the machinery behind them as they formed into a structure that looked even more complex and headache-inducing.

Almost at the same time, a figure emerged out of the gigantic crimson moon. It glided over at an extremely fast speed.

He grew bigger and clearer. He was a young man with black hair, brown eyes, and cut features.

The young man was wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat. He held a unique revolver in one hand, and a transparent human-skinned glove covering the other. Under the bright illumination of the surroundings, he seemed to be burdened with the weight of the gigantic crimson moon.

Gehrman Sparrow.

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CHAPTER 1026
TWO RESTRICTIONS

Upon seeing the young man in the black trench coat appear with a black revolver in hand, Qonas Kilgor, who was no stranger to all the important figures in the world, immediately responded.

The thumb on his left hand that held the iron-skinned pocket watch was rapidly moving, reaching for one of the metal buttons on the messy inlays of the pocket watch. He suddenly raised his right arm, aiming at Gehrman Sparrow with the six gray gun barrels that formed a circle.

This process was like a fleeting spark that quickly came to an end. As for Qonas Kilgor's left thumb, it had pressed down.

He overcame his instinct and didn't directly use Restriction from the Concerto of Light and Shadow.

This was because he didn't know Gehrman Sparrow well enough, unsure as to what he was best at. Furthermore, the person with Gehrman Sparrow's appearance might not be Gehrman Sparrow. Blindly using Restriction would only be a waste of an opportunity.

He intended to observe and wait for a while longer before he came up with a more specific order to distort the laws.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The strange revolver let out a roar of despair and spewed out a storm of black and icy bullets, instantly enveloping the enemy beneath the crimson moon.

At this moment, Gehrman Sparrow's figure turned transparent and incorporeal.

At the same time, the bullets tore through the target in the black trench coat, tearing apart the afterimage he left behind.

And behind Qonas Kilgor, Gehrman Sparrow, with a cold expression, quickly appeared. His body was half-crouched, and he was leaning forward. The black top hat on his head appeared blood red under the crimson moon's illumination.

He suddenly raised the black-barreled revolver in his hand, opening his mouth slightly while aiming and squeezing the trigger.

Bang!

The floorboard to the right of Qonas Kilgor exploded into countless fragments.

Gehrman Sparrow's shot had been ridiculously far off the mark. Furthermore, its destructive power was clearly lacking.

This was the Distortion power of an Earl of The Fallen. It caused the bullet's trajectory to deviate and have its power weakened.

Seizing this opportunity, Qonas Kilgor used "Disorder" to influence measurement standards, arriving above the balcony of the bedroom with one step.

Then, he half-turned his body, and with a smack, he pressed one of the metal buttons on his iron-skinned pocket watch. He then solemnly said, "Teleportation is prohibited here!"

Silently, Maygur Manor, which was being illuminated by the gigantic crimson moon, experienced an unknown change. Gehrman Sparrow, whose body had rapidly turned faint after firing, appeared out of the void again.

He had failed to successfully change positions.

Concerto of Light and Shadow—Restriction!

To Qonas Kilgor, no matter what Gehrman Sparrow was good at, he had to immediately "Restrict" his obvious ability to teleport. An enemy who could do close-quarters Teleportation at a high frequency wasn't only irritating, but also dangerous!

Realizing that his Teleportation had failed, Gehrman Sparrow's expression remained unperturbed. His body quickly warped as the colors faded from his body, leaving a deep darkness.

This "deep darkness" suddenly collapsed across the ground, fusing with the shadows in the region where the moonlight couldn't reach, making him indistinguishable.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bullet holes riddled the spot where Gehrman Sparrow was previously standing, tearing the ground open.

Boom!

The area collapsed immediately, revealing the room before. However, no dust was thrown up.

And despite such a stir, Maygur Manor remained blanketed in deep shadows. No one was awakened or gave a response.

Qonas Kilgor suppressed the urge to "Restrict" the action of hiding in the shadows. Holding onto Réver's Shout of Despair and Concerto of Light and Shadow, he calmly observed his surroundings and waited for Gehrman Sparrow to appear once again before launching his attack.

However, inside the collapsed room, the shadows were silent, and there wasn't any movement. And outside the window, the steeple and chimneys

remained immersed in an icy-cold darkness. The gigantic crimson moon seemed to be hanging over the roof.

The plants in the garden, the grapevines far away, and all the various classical windows seemed to degenerate into the background on this night. Despite being visible to the naked eye, they were imperturbable.

All of Maygur Manor was cold, dark, and silent, just like a forgotten corner that didn't garner the attention or incur discovery from others. There were no signs of life at all.

As a demigod, as an important figure in the intelligence community, Qonas Kilgor quickly had a theory. He suspected that the person was related to the authority of Concealment.

This gave him many ideas, but Gehrman Sparrow remained nowhere to be seen.

He actually didn't sneak attack and even gave up the chance to deliver a barrage of attacks, leaving me so many openings… Doesn't he know that a High-Sequence Lawyer or Arbiter is very difficult to deal with once they're prepared prior to the battle? A sense of puzzlement flashed across Qonas Kilgor's mind.

Using his observations of his surroundings and the relatively non-urgent situation, he quickly understood his current predicament. He knew that defeating Gehrman Sparrow wasn't key, but escaping the concealed world was.

If he couldn't leave this place, there might be more dangers awaiting him!

As long as I can leave this dark-styled Maygur Manor, even if angels were to descend, I don't have to worry since I'm in Backlund… Such artificial concealed worlds must have an opening. This is a law that cannot be avoided in the mysterious world… The usage and distortion of laws was

what Lawyer pathway demigods were best at! Qonas Kilgor had many ideas come to him as he quickly made a decision.

He suddenly turned around and jumped from the balcony, flying off like he was a spring that was released.

This demigod of the military instantly reached a high altitude, but he didn't slow down or show any signs of falling.

He maintained this speed as he went higher and higher in altitude; thus, achieving flight.

Earl of The Fallen—Exploit!

This was the exploitation of laws. By extending the jumping process, he could maintain a much longer duration.

If Qonas Kilgor became a Sequence 2 angel, he could even jump onto the crimson moon with this Beyonder power.

While jumping in midair, Qonas Kilgor swung his right arm and released his "Disorder" Beyonder power.

He wanted to create a certain level of "Disorder" in Maygur Manor in this strange world. The true exit would then be exposed through the generated ripples.

Instantly, the flowers and grapevines in the background of Maygur Manor wavered. The black steeple, chimneys, and classical windows were covered in a faint shadow.

In the entire world, only the gigantic crimson moon which appeared to be right before them didn't change. It continued hanging silently in the sky.

That's the exit! Qonas Kilgor grasped the patterns from the disorder, and using some actual feedback, he determined where the exit was.

Without any hesitation, he exerted strength in his waist and used "Magnify" to forcefully change his direction, allowing him to rush towards the bright red moon.

At that moment, a figure appeared in front of Maygur Manor. It was none other than the cold-looking Gehrman Sparrow who wore a black trench coat and half top hat.

Whoosh!

A strong gust of wind appeared out of nowhere, sweeping Gehrman Sparrow upwards as he chased after Qonas Kilgor.

Amidst the wind, he raised the iron-black revolver in his right hand and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

A bullet flew out, exploding into countless fragments.

They then turned into a storm that swept towards Qonas Kilgor.

Death Knell—Slaughter! It was a barrage of attacks!

Almost at the same time, Qonas Kilgor changed direction without any warning, plummeting instead of rushing towards the moon.

As a result, he dodged the bullet storm's assault as though he was prepared for it.

No, it wasn't the case—he was prepared! Although his main goal was to escape the changed Maygur Manor, he was still worried that Gehrman Sparrow would seize the opportunity to attack him. Therefore, he came up with a simple trap, planning to use his escape as bait to fish out the hiding Gehrman Sparrow. He could then take the initiative to heavily injure his opponent.

Halfway down, Qonas Kilgor's figure suddenly bounced back, having "Distorted" the direction he was heading in.

This time, his destination was the next "point" where Gehrman Sparrow was flying towards!

Right on the heels of that, he yanked his pocket watch-wielding left hand back and grabbed Gehrman Sparrow through thin air, pulling him from a distance of nearly a hundred meters away to just inches before him.

Earl of The Fallen—Magnify!

Whoosh!

Amidst the howling winds, Qonas Kilgor grabbed Gehrman Sparrow's clothes and pressed his strange revolver in his right hand forward.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Réver's Shout of Despair released countless bullets like a machine gun, instantly tearing Gehrman Sparrow's body into fluttering pieces of paper.

Qonas Kilgor's gaze froze slightly as he immediately moved his left finger and pressed one of the metal buttons on his pocket watch.

With a click, this Earl of The Fallen didn't hesitate to say in a domineering fashion, "Stand-ins are prohibited here!"

Just as he said that, the howling wind came to a stop. Maygur Manor returned to silence once again as it was blanketed by dark shadows.

Qonas Kilgor changed direction and began spiraling in midair in search of Gehrman Sparrow. However, there weren't any anomalies in the dark night sky.

This Earl of The Fallen hesitated for a moment before preparing to continue rushing towards the gigantic crimson moon.

At this moment, figures appeared in the garden, vineyard, and manor's main building. They either grew or became taller, rapidly taking form.

They all had black hair and brown eyes with sharp facial features. They wore silk top hats and black trench coats. They were all Gehrman Sparrows!

The only difference was that some of them were of normal build, some with their backs sunk inwards. The rest were bloated while others just a thin layer.

Upon seeing this scene, Qonas Kilgor immediately recalled a dangerous enemy he had once encountered.

One of the leaders of Intis's intelligence department—a Bizarro Sorcerer!

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CHAPTER 1027
DECEIT

After Qonas Kilgor realized which Beyonder pathway his enemy belonged to, all the Gehrman Sparrows in the garden, vineyard, and main building, raised their left hand. They curled their middle finger, ring finger, and pinky, extending their index finger and thumb, making them take on the simple shape of a gun.

The index fingers that represented barrels and muzzles aimed at Qonas Kilgor in the air before their respective arms jerked up seemingly due to the recoil.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Amidst deafening noises, illusory doves appeared to the side of the Earl of The Fallen who was dressed in a white shirt and black trousers. They flew at him from every direction in a spectacular sight of utmost beauty.

This was the random anomaly that came about from the iron-skinned pocket watch and Concerto of Light and Shadow. It made the Air Cannons which could blast through houses turn into doves of peace that didn't pose any threat!

Having used "Disorder" to disrupt the enemy's collective volley, Qonas Kilgor wasn't surprised to see the doves fly up and disperse into the air.

He was already mentally prepared.

He had already endured the negative effects that the Sealed Artifact had brought for years!

Taking advantage of this opportunity, he didn't hesitate to raise his hands which held the iron-skinned pocket watch and revolver, doing so in a bid to make them collide.

This was "Distortion," one that targeted all the Gehrman Sparrows beneath him.

To Qonas Kilgor, what frustrated him the most when fighting a Bizarro Sorcerer was that he was unable to tell if the enemy he faced was a marionette or the actual person unless the marionette was of a very crude level.

As such, he had many Beyonder powers he didn't dare use because they were ineffective against marionettes.

A large-scale "Prohibition" effect was still alright, but a single-target "Deprivation" was meaningless in actual combat. No matter how many Beyonder powers of a marionette were deprived, it didn't affect the actual body. When that happened, his opponent just needed to switch marionettes to resolve the problem.

Due to similar reasons, using "Magnify" on the mystical items on the marionettes was temporarily written off by Qonas Kilgor for strategic purposes.

Similarly, an Earl of The Fallen's "Bestowment" was of no use. It was even inferior to "Deprivation," as it could cause a Bizarro Sorcerer's marionette to lose its corresponding Beyonder powers. However, the negative effects "Bestowed" to a marionette was unable to interfere with it at all. Be it turning them sluggish, losing the will to fight, making them turn anxious, or only focus on money, it was meaningless to a marionette who was, in essence, dead, without any ability to think or inclinations to take action.

Therefore, Qonas Kilgor decided to first resolve the problem of identifying marionettes and the actual body.

In this aspect, others might not have a solution, but a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Lawyer pathway definitely didn't have such worries.

There were rules to everything, and everything followed certain rules. As a Lawyer demigod, they were good at finding whatever loopholes there were to exploit them for themselves.

Together with his combat experience fighting other Bizarro Sorcerers, and how he had seriously considered solutions for dealing with them during the aftermath, Qonas Kilgor was quite certain that "Distortion" could suppress his enemy.

He knew that Bizarro Sorcerers could seamlessly switch between their actual body and marionettes. He planned on "Distorting" this, making the Bizarro Sorcerer only be able to switch to two to three marionettes!

This way, the difficulty of identifying the actual body and the marionette would be minimized.

Of course, if it wasn't for the fact that Distortion couldn't exceed certain limits, and area-oriented "Prohibition" effects had reached its limit, Qonas Kilgor definitely would've used a simpler method to deal with his opponent, such as forcing the Bizarro Sorcerer to only be able to swap with one marionette, or he would "Prohibit" swapping with marionettes.

Pa!

Qonas Kilgor smashed the Réver's Shout of Despair and Concerto of Light and Shadow together as though he was compressing a large area to a small area.

Earl of The Fallen—Distortion!

Silently, he produced a red glow with a deep shadow in his hand. It appeared as though he was offering it to the Gehrman Sparrows in the

garden, vineyard, and main building. As for the thick and thin, normal, or terrifying crazy adventurers, none of them experienced any abnormalities.

Qonas Kilgor also suffered a random anomaly, one brought about by Concerto of Light and Shadow!

It had changed the Distortion effects to summoning a flower from the garden below.

And at that moment, the Air Cannons that had turned into illusory doves continued!

At that moment, the battle between two demigods turned ludicrous, comical, and funny.

Of course, be it Gehrman Sparrow or Qonas Kilgor, none of them thought that was the case—especially the latter. He once again felt a familiar sense of helplessness.

He didn't hesitate as he slammed his palms together again, completing the "Distortion." He wanted to rely on quantity to resist the random anomaly effect.

However, Gehrman Sparrow wasn't a dead person who would abide by the etiquette of turn-based combat. The large swath of crazy adventurers either raised their hands in firing stances or used a Death Knell with questionable authenticity, aiming at the Earl of The Fallen in midair.

Meanwhile, Qonas Kilgor's heart stirred. He turned his head slightly to look up and saw that a figure had appeared once again inside the gigantic crimson moon that hung above the black steeple.

The figure was wearing a silk top hat, a black trench coat, a human-skinned glove, and an iron-black revolver. He had a cold expression and a deep outline. He was another Gehrman Sparrow!

The crimson moon seemed to weigh down on his shoulders as he glided down, his body expanding and turning clearer in the process. As for the iron-black long-barreled revolver in his hand, he had already lifted it and aimed it at Qonas Kilgor.

Bang! Bang!

A bullet that had transparent and translucent sections to it shot out from the muzzle, heading straight for Qonas Kilgor.

This was a Deprivation Bullet, one which was created using a Worm of Time that Amon's avatar had left behind!

It was different from an Arbiter pathway's "Deprivation." In essence, it was theft. It could steal the last three Beyonder powers the target had used and become empowered with the ability to use them.

However, as long as the Arbiter pathway's "Deprivation" selected a target, then they could directly deprive them of their ability. Although this bullet's "Deprivation" effect didn't require contact in order to be effective, the target needed to be within a certain range and unable to leave the area. In short, one was unavoidable and could only be resisted or weakened through one's level or Sequence's characteristics, while the other could effectively be dodged if the shot was detected ahead of time.

Klein had given up on a sneak attack and had stalled for time because, on the one hand, he wanted Qonas Kilgor to use up all his "Prohibition" and "Deprivation" powers on Beyonder powers that appeared important to him. On the other hand, he was also waiting for the first random anomaly to happen. Then, he would seize the gap in between the two anomalies to steal Qonas Kilgor's three most powerful powers with the Deprivation Bullet.

For these two goals, he even handed Death Knell and Creeping Hunger to Winner Enuni and made him appear like the real Gehrman Sparrow instead of a marionette.

From the current developments, Qonas Kilgor was about to lose "Distortion," "Disorder," and "Magnify."

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The Gehrman Sparrows underneath collectively fired shots.

Suddenly, the Air Cannons and the Deprivation Bullet exploded, turning into red, purple, yellow, or green fireworks. However, they were unable to illuminate the deep dark sky.

Concerto of Light and Shadow had once again created a random anomaly!

It had produced its effects several times in a row without any pauses or delays.

Qonas Kilgor immediately smiled and slammed his hands together again.

All of a sudden, the young men wearing silk top hats and black trench coats under the gigantic crimson moon's illumination turned gloomy. Only two maintained their previous states.

The Earl of The Fallen's "Distortion" had taken effect!

This meant that Gehrman Sparrow could only switch places with those two normal marionettes!

Right on the heels of that, Qonas Kilgor didn't hesitate at all. He swung his arm and threw out the flower that was held together with the pocket watch out.

The flower sped up and seemed to gain weight of unknown origins. Like an arrow, it shot towards one of the normal marionettes.

This attack had been "Magnified" and also came with the effects of Bribe—Weaken!

Boom!

The flower was like a cannon that crashed heavily into the ground, causing a violent quake.

The surging waves it stirred up threw up the ordinary and unordinary humans in the vicinity, tearing or severely injuring them. The two marionettes which Gehrman Sparrow could swap with had been reduced to pieces of meat.

Qonas Kilgor maintained his calm. As he "Distorted" his trajectory in midair and circled the area while in flight, he raised Réver's Shout of Despair and aimed it at the Gehrman Sparrow that had descended from the crimson moon.

At the same time, he silently prepared a "Bestowment."

He wanted to give his target the negative state of "lacking the will to fight"!

But at that moment, Qonas Kilgor's mind suddenly turned adrift as his thoughts turned sluggish.

This… Turning into a marionette… Qonas Kilgor's mental state stiffened as he understood his current situation.

He then saw that Gehrman Sparrow, who had descended from the crimson moon, wasn't as far away from him as before. The distance between them was only about a hundred meters.

He had unknowingly entered the range where Spirit Body Threads could be controlled. He had stayed there for at least three seconds without realizing it!

Deceit!

A Deceit Bullet made from Amon's avatar!

When Klein, who was actually Winner Enuni, had pulled the trigger, he hadn't only fired a Deprivation Bullet, but had actually fired twice!

This was to prevent any random anomalies from happening.

With an anomaly having happened once, even if another anomaly were to happen, only one of the two bullets that had been fired in intervals that were slightly spaced apart would be affected. After all, it was an intermittent random anomaly. It was possible to have it happen two to three times consecutively, but four or five consecutive occurrences were rare. Therefore, by attacking numerous times, there would be at least one or more instances that wouldn't suffer an anomaly!

Just now, the firing of the second Deceit Bullet had been concealed by the collective volley from the marionettes.

This was also why Klein made Winner Enuni use Death Knell—it was to rely on his luck!

Finally, he successfully deceived Qonas Kilgor and allowed Winner Enuni to secretly enter a safe distance of 150 meters from him and begin controlling his Spirit Body Threads and obtained initial control.

The moment this began, it meant that the Beyonder power was taking effect. Since there weren't any anomalies, it meant that there wouldn't be anymore!

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CHAPTER 1028
SAVING HIMSELF

No good… My Spirit Body Threads… have been controlled by him…
Having met Faceless Beyonders, Marionettists, or Bizarro Sorcerers, and even fighting senior Beyonders and demigods, Qonas Kilgor wasn't unfamiliar with the predicament he was in. He was even rather familiar with it and knew quite a bit.

Therefore, he knew very well that he had fallen into a lethal trap. The time he had left to save himself didn't exceed fifteen seconds!

And in these fifteen seconds, his thoughts would turn more and more sluggish, and the speed at which he could come up with solutions would slow down. Towards the end, just the thought of a solution would take him several seconds. Yet, his stiff and dull body would require plenty of time to actualize his thoughts. This also meant that he had about ten seconds to save himself!

Of course, he had considered the corresponding response for the last few seconds. It was to abandon his body's control and reveal his Mythical Creature form. Through this, he could delay the time it took to become a marionette and then use his existence to disrupt the enemy, dealing a blow to them to a certain extent.

However, by doing so, even if he escaped the fate of becoming a marionette and even manage to defeat his enemy, Qonas Kilgor didn't have much confidence in continuing to live.

He wasn't a demigod who could freely switch between his human form and Mythical Creature form. He didn't have the confidence that he could

maintain his rationale in a Mythical Creature form.

In order words, the outcome of escaping the fate of becoming a marionette by releasing his Mythical Creature form likely meant that the human, Qonas Kilgor, would die, while a monster of the same name would occupy his body.

Because of that outcome, Qonas Kilgor wouldn't make such an attempt unless it was necessary.

While his thoughts weren't too sluggish, and with how he could hear Réver's Shout of Despair in his ears, this demigod of the military quickly came up with his first plan to save himself.

He moved his right thumb at a speed that couldn't be considered slow.

Earl of The Fallen—Magnify!

Qonas Kilgor didn't wish to "Magnify" a particular state of his or the attack of a particular Sealed Artifact; instead, it was used to "Magnify" Réver's Shout of Despair's side effects!

This special revolver allowed the wielder to hear the roar of despair from time to time, a rather serious blow to creatures without godhood, easily pushing them to the brink of losing control, to madness, to a mental breakdown, or mind blanking. And at Sequence 4, the effects of the roar was greatly mitigated once his body possessed the characteristics of a Mythical Creature.

To Qonas Kilgor, this roar was enough to turn his mind adrift and generate irascible mood swings. It didn't have much of an effect on him, and he had already gotten used to it.

And at that moment, he wanted to "Magnify" the "roar of despair" to a state where even a demigod wouldn't be able to tolerate it. He wanted to use the

pain that came from this psychic piercing in his mind to escape the state of having his Spirit Body Threads being controlled!

As "Magnify" didn't need any obvious actions, it was quick to show its effects. Opposite him, Gehrman Sparrow, who held Death Knell and wore a half top hat, was floating in midair with strong gusts of wind swirling around him. He didn't make it in time to stop the Earl of The Fallen from successfully using this Beyonder power.

But in the next second, what Qonas Kilgor met in response wasn't a terrifying roar but silence.

The ordinary roar that was originally present had vanished!

This was a random anomaly brought about by the Concerto of Light and Shadow!

Seriously… How unlucky… Qonas Kilgor's thoughts slowly flashed past his mind. He didn't have the luxury of time to feel disheartened as he immediately made a second attempt.

He raised his right hand in an unsteady manner, aiming Réver's Shout of Despair at Gehrman Sparrow who stood 150 meters from him and was about to pull the trigger.

At the same moment, the strong winds that blew at his right hand suddenly disintegrated in an inward fashion, turning into scattered eddies.

Earl of The Fallen—Disorder!

Qonas had used this to withstand Gehrman Sparrow's interference.

Following that, there was a series of thumping sounds. Like a machine gun, Réver's Shout of Despair spewed out dangerous bullets without stopping.

Gehrman Sparrow's black trenchcoat covered body jerked repeatedly, but he wasn't hit.

The bullets grazed his outline and flew into the distance, shattering the windows and walls, causing one of the buildings to collapse in silence.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The subsequent bullet storm continued their barrage, and finally, Gehrman Sparrow was struck repeatedly!

Amidst splattering blood, Gehrman Sparrow kept struggling and shaking in the strong gust of winds like a paper figurine, looking as though he was about to tear apart at any moment.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The strange revolver finally stopped its "roar." And apart from his head, Gehrman Sparrow was riddled with nasty gaping holes.

Typically speaking, this was definitely a state that only the dead had. However, Gehrman Sparrow continued controlling the Spirit Body Threads as though he was unaffected.

The ridiculous wounds on his body slowly but resolutely healed.

This was the effect of Flower of Blood.

This Gehrman Sparrow was actually Enuni!

The reason why he didn't die in that storm-like attack was because he had released all his accumulated luck. It was also because Qonas Kilgor was sufficiently unlucky!

And the "roar of despair" that the bullets brought forth was nothing to a marionette.

Seeing that the violent attack failed to achieve the desired effect and that the amount of time he had left to save himself dwindled, Qonas Kilgor followed his thought out plan and slowly relaxed his five left fingers without any thought.

The iron-skinned pocket watch left his palm and dropped to the ground.

At such a critical moment, Qonas Kilgor decisively gave up the Concerto of Light and Shadow and made it stay far away from the battlefield so as to avoid the effects of its random anomalies.

Next, he might only have one or two chances to save himself. If another anomaly were to happen, the outcome was irreversible!

The Sealed Artifact which was a mixture of half order and disorder quickly plummeted to the ground. Qonas Kilgor moved his fingers with great difficulty as he faced Gehrman Sparrow, whose wounds were quickly healing.

He originally had two choices. One was to use the third method he had originally thought of to save himself, an action that only required a mere thought. The other was to "Magnify" his enemy's injuries and make him die on the spot.

However, when Qonas Kilgor was still able to think relatively quickly, he didn't expect "Gehrman Sparrow" to not die after suffering so many gunshots, even his control over the Spirit Body Threads wasn't affected. There was no subsequent followup to this plan.

And at this moment, his brain was already like a sluggish mush. He had no way of thinking too much. He didn't wish to waste any more time as he followed his plans.

Whoosh!

Around Gehrman Sparrow, who wore a transparent glove and iron-black revolver, the strong gusts of winds that held him up suddenly intensified and sent him flying up high.

Whoosh!

With the help of the strong winds, Gehrman Sparrow raced to the pitch-black sky under the watch of the gigantic crimson moon.

Earl of The Fallen—Magnify!

The strong winds that helped Gehrman Sparrow fly had been "Magnified" into a hurricane!

This way, the distance between him and Qonas Kilgor would stretch beyond 150 meters. That would terminate the process of turning the latter into a marionette!

Seeing his goal achieved, Qonas Kilgor, who had yet to regain his freedom, had his expression turn complicated bit by bit.

The hurricane rapidly expanded and swept over to him, engulfing him and throwing him high into the sky. It made it impossible for the distance between him and Gehrman Sparrow to open up.

He was truly unlucky.

Under the night sky, amidst the moonlight, the two figures became smaller.

Soon, the hurricane returned to normal as their momentum slowly diminished.

Seizing this opportunity, Qonas Kilgor's nearly frozen mind had another idea.

"Stop…”

He stopped maintaining his power of flight and used gravity to plummet down like a meteor, doing so in order to rapidly open up a distance from Gehrman Sparrow.

Then, he ignored Gehrman Sparrow's ability to control the wind and pursue him. He slowly pulled his left arm in front of his body like it was filled with rust.

It was the action of "closing a door."

He wanted to use an Earl of The Fallen's "Distortion" to create a wall-like seal in the air, putting an obstacle between Gehrman Sparrow and him, so that he couldn't carry out his pursuit.

At that moment, the marionettes, the Gehrman Sparrows who were still alive underneath him, raised their left arms and made the gesture of firing a gun.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bullets shot out, enveloping Qonas Kilgor in midair.

After the shockwaves dispersed, Qonas Kilgor was covered with several bloody holes.

Due to the pain and the jolting of his body from the first few bullets striking him, he had finally snapped out of the state of having his Spirit Body Threads being controlled. The speed of his thoughts rapidly recovered.

Following that, he "Disordered" the subsequent volley at the critical moment and "Distorted" his injuries, preventing himself from dying. All he suffered were serious injuries.

And Gehrman Sparrow, who had many mystical items and was swooping down from above, he was obstructed by the invisible wall. He failed to catch up.

With another "Distortion," Qonas Kilgor's descent speed slowed down as he gently landed on the ground.

Before he could do anything else, his body froze again as he stood stiffly on the spot.

He felt that his hands and feet were resisting him and not listening to his commands. He felt that there was an unfamiliar object hiding in his body!

Then, he saw a figure walk out of Maygur Manor's master bedroom under the gigantic crimson moon's illumination and stand on the balcony.

He had black hair and brown eyes, wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat. His facial features were pronounced, and he was another Gehrman Sparrow.

This Gehrman Sparrow's right hand had the gesture of firing a gun. He then pulled back his hand and blew at it.

That was Klein himself.

What he shot out wasn't an Air Bullet but a Parasite Bullet delivered with an Air Bullet's might!

It was a Parasite Bullet created from a Worm of Time that Amon's avatar had left behind!

It could create a Worm of Time that couldn't live too long, allowing it to "Parasitize" the target and be controlled by the user.

Klein had deliberately taken out the bullet and held it in his hand, specifically to wait for this opportunity. He was waiting for Qonas Kilgor to throw away Concerto of Light and Shadow and not have the ability to dodge or use Distortion.

The former was predictable when the Earl of The Fallen's Spirit Body Threads reached the state of initially being control. This was because he couldn't allow the random anomalies to influence his attempts to save himself, and the latter was all about patience.

Just moments ago, his patience had paid off. A chance appeared. Klein was the first to raise his hand and shoot. Without the random anomalies affecting the outcome, he had accurately shot a Parasite Bullet into Qonas Kilgor's body!

If the thing that had previously taken effect wasn't a Deceit Bullet but a Deprivation Bullet, then the strategy would be different.

Briefly unable to control his body, Qonas Kilgor looked at the Gehrman Sparrow on the balcony remove his top hat, press his hand to his chest, and bow slightly at him under the gigantic crimson moon.

As Gehrman Sparrow's trench coat fluttered, his thoughts had turned sluggish.

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CHAPTER 1029
RUINS NO. 1

No… Qonas Kilgor stood on the spot as a strong feeling of despair emerged in his heart.

As a military demigod who had experienced many dangers, he had a clear understanding of his current situation. He could already hear the footsteps of death approaching him.

He wanted to struggle and risk it by revealing his Mythical Creature form, but his orders didn't do a thing with his sluggish mind.

His body had been "Parasitized" and was no longer under his control!

At that moment, Qonas Kilgor wasn't even capable of shedding a tear.

Under the gigantic crimson moon's illumination, one second after another passed. Suddenly, Qonas Kilgor raised his left hand and touched his crew haircut.

He had already become Klein's marionette.

In fact, he still had a chance at the final moment. As the "Parasite" effect didn't last long enough for him to become a marionette, he had those two or three seconds to reveal his Mythical Creature form.

But the problem was that his body also had the effects of "Misdirection" and "Deceit." As time passed, his thoughts turned more and more sluggish and wasn't able to grasp that short opportunity.

Klein looked at his new marionette and exhaled silently. He looked up at the clear and bright red moon and said, "It's done."

Amidst the gigantic crimson moon, a black dot instantly appeared and descended from the sky. It was none other than the Church of Evernight's archbishop, Servant of Concealment, Arianna, who wore a simple robe with tree bark as a belt.

In this concealed world, this ascetic didn't use any Beyonder powers to float in midair. "She" cast her eyes at the Earl of The Fallen beneath.

"She" gently raised her right hand as Qonas Kilgor's slightly blurry soul emerged from the military demigod's head. Klein lost his control over his marionette as a result of this.

He wasn't too surprised by this because he hadn't sent a Worm of Spirit through the Spirit Body Threads over. His control over the marionette was essentially still at a Sequence 5 state and not at the demigod level.

"Where did you go just now?" Arianna asked calmly as she looked at Qonas Kilgor's soul.

Qonas Kilgor's expression twisted slightly before replying.

"Ruins No. 1."

…Is this a contractual promise or a psychological cue? Klein, who watched the spirit channeling from the side, sensed something from the Earl of The Fallen's reaction.

However, this didn't affect anything because they were in a concealed world, one which no one knew of or could sense.

"Where is that ruin? Who did it once belong to? What is it being used for?" As an archbishop of the Evernight Goddess and an angel of the corresponding pathway, Arianna shared a certain amount of authority in

Concealment. Therefore, "She" didn't start with the simplest questions but went straight to the point. "She" wasn't afraid of any accidents.

Qonas Kilgor's soul trembled slightly as he exuded a feeling as if he would automatically blow up, but ultimately, nothing happened.

He hesitantly replied, "That ruin is located deep underground at the *Sterlewen* segment of the Tussock River. It has a setup that interferes with the powers of divination and prophecy."

Sterlewen segment… This is quite far from the mountain where Mr. A was at and where you disappeared from. From the looks of it, you were very cautious. That point-to-point Teleport's effects are greater than I expected… Klein quickly conjured a picture of the terrain of Backlund's northwestern outskirts.

Qonas Kilgor continued replying, "That ruin used to belong to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. I'm not sure what it's currently used for. I'm unable to enter the depths of the ruins and am only in charge of sending in people and materials acquired via various means."

The name Blood Emperor Alista Tudor made Arianna fall silent. About three seconds later, she asked, "What materials did you acquire?"

This time, Qonas Kilgor didn't put up much of a resistance. He listed them down, including large amounts of mercury, iron ore, and ritual materials of different domains. Klein was unable to obtain any effective information from that because it was too well-rounded. It was possible to do anything.

They really are very careful. Using large amounts of sundries to hide what they're truly searching for. Even the demigod in charge of these matters isn't aware of the reason… This is very in line with the way a Spectator pathway Beyonder works. It was designed by the Psychology Alchemists? Klein nodded indiscernibly with a guess in mind.

Arianna didn't seem to notice anything as she asked, "Do you have any guesses on what they're doing? If so, what?"

"Yes, I suspect that they're digging up something and attempting to make sacrifices," Qonas Kilgor voiced out his judgment.

Arianna silently looked down at him for a while and said, "Who got you involved in the underground ruins?

"Who are the people who can enter the depths of the ruins?"

Qonas Kilgor struggled once again, but there were no anomalies.

He said hesitantly, "I received His Majesty's orders. I was able to become a demigod because he provided me with the formulas, ingredients, and the opportunity. He even bestowed me with the Concerto of Light and Shadow, allowing me to act as a Sequence 5 Beyonder even in situations where I can't hide my strength.

"Apart from His Majesty entering the depths of the ruins, only two other demigods of the royal family can enter. One of them is Prince Grove, and the other is Duchess Georgina."

They both have Augustus as their last names… But the royal family doesn't only have two demigods… Miss Justice doesn't know much of these two and mentioned that they seldom participate in social events. Even their seats as House of Lords Member of Parliaments are given to their children… Yes, at the demigod level, even if they lack the Beyonder characteristics of not dying and not aging, it wouldn't be a problem living for more than a hundred years. It's really not suitable for them to hold official posts and repeatedly appear in public… Klein tried hard to recall, but he failed to gather anything else.

Arianna was silent for a few seconds before suddenly asking, "Have you met Correns in the underground ruins?"

"Who is he?" Qonas Kilgor asked in confusion.

Arianna didn't answer and continued asking, "Besides them, who else have you met in the underground ruins?"

Qonas Kilgor maintained his sluggish state which was characteristic of spirit channeling.

"People from the Demoness Sect and Psychology Alchemists. The former was originally represented by Despair Nightingale Panatiya, but was changed to Saintess of White Katarina. The latter is Hvin Rambis."

"Did they enter the depths of the underground ruins?" Arianna asked meticulously.

"I don't know. I wasn't following them all the time." Qonas Kilgor shook his head. "At least when I met them, they were all in the periphery."

Arianna asked other questions in an attempt to draw out the general outline of the matter via other angles. However, it was obvious that George III's arrangements were flawless. Even a demigod like Qonas Kilgor only knew about the mission that he was responsible for and could only move about in designated regions. He was unable to learn more.

After some thought, Arianna flipped up her right hand and gently pressed down, pushing Qonas Kilgor's soul back into his body. Klein's control over his marionette was restored.

This made Klein sigh inwardly.

The authority of Concealment is really impressive! Even if Ma'am Arianna were to question my marionette one day, I wouldn't even know…

At this moment, Arianna turned her body and spoke to the Gehrman Sparrow on the balcony:

"A problem with George III has basically been confirmed, as well as where the underground ruins are.

"I will immediately meet with the archbishops of the Church of Storms and Church of Steam, convincing them to take action tonight and opening the ruins.

"Before I inform you, control Qonas Kilgor and pretend that everything is fine before making him vanish."

Are you worried that the enemy will notice a problem with Qonas Kilgor while negotiating with the Church of Storms and Church of Steam, making it so that they can seal off the underground ruins or activate other emergency plans? Klein had a general understanding of the matter and nodded.

"No problem."

Arianna, who didn't have adorned hair, didn't speak further. With a casual wave of her hand, the iron-skinned pocket watch flew over.

"This Sealed Artifacts was bestowed by George III. Perhaps we might be able to find some clues from its origins."

Does that mean you're taking it away? Klein replied without any objection, "I'll leave it to you."

He really didn't have any complaints about that, and he even believed that it was only right. After all, half of the battle's success was due to Arianna's contribution with the concealed world and "blessing" him with misfortune. In the event that "She" didn't take the Concerto of Light and Shadow, Klein would mention it. When it came to matters like this, he was always just.

And the Concerto of Light and Shadow was the spoils of war that he didn't want the most. This was because it was at complete odds with his combat

style as a Bizarro Sorcerer. The random anomalies would affect him, and the weakening effect was something worse than the enemy.

If Klein's spoils of war from this matter was the pocket watch, then he had considered tricking—no, promoting it to the Snake of Fate Will Auceptin. Only a Life School of Thought demigod who relied on luck to survive could commandeer the Concerto of Light and Shadow. And when that happens, with such a huge secret organization and a Sequence 1, they definitely had powerful Sealed Artifacts that could be used to trade for it.

Upon receiving his reply, Arianna gently nodded. She then threw the iron-skinned pocket watch back at Qonas Kilgor, making the Earl of The Fallen look no different from before.

"Her" figure vanished as though it had been erased by an eraser. Even the pitch-black world with the gigantic crimson moon hanging in the sky, the steeple, and chimneys were quickly wiped away.

In the blink of an eye, everything returned to normal. Klein was inside the master bedroom, and Qonas Kilgor was in a guestroom tens of meters away. Clenched tightly in his hand was Réver's Shout of Despair.

Then, this brigadier general of MI9 used "Disorder" to place the revolver back into his underarm holster and pick up the Maygur wine he had previously poured out and took a sip.

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CHAPTER 1030
JOINT OPERATIONS

Backlund, North Borough, Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The cardinal of the Church of Storms, archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus descended amidst the wind, landing inside the steeple with a huge clock to the left.

He donned a black robe with the Storm symbol and had thick facial hair. His hair was short and stood up, colored in a dark blue that was almost black.

This muscular demigod cast his gaze to the other side and said to the figure who was already waiting there, "Horamick, do you know what happened? Why did Anthony suddenly invite us over here?"

The person he spoke to was dressed in a white priest robe and a clergyman's bonnet. He had a genial and mild expression, and he was none other than the Church of Steam's Divine Council member, archbishop of the Backlund diocese, the demigod, Horamick Haydn.

Upon hearing Randall's question, Horamick calmly replied, "I didn't arrive here much earlier than you. In fact, I only left the laboratory for a few minutes."

He wasn't only a clergyman but also a famous scientist. He was an emeritus professor at Backlund University's physics department.

Randall Valentinus was just about to say something when he suddenly saw a figure walk up the narrow spiral staircase and arrive at the peak in the

darkness that the crimson moon wasn't able to illuminate.

This figure was dressed in a black clergyman robe with red accents. By his chest hung five Dark Sacred Emblems. He was clean-shaven, and his eyes were deep, dark, and tranquil. He was none other than one of the thirteen archbishops of the Church of Evernight, Backlund diocese's person-in-charge, Saint Anthony Stevenson.

"Is there something that can't wait until daybreak? Or do people from the Church of Evernight enjoy discussing matters at night?" Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus asked.

Anthony came to a stop after walking up the flight of stairs and said with a serious expression, "A very pressing matter."

"What is it?" Randall asked immediately.

At this moment, Horamick Haydn also cast his gaze at Anthony Stevenson, awaiting his answer.

In similar situations, Horamick especially liked the existence of people from the Church of Storms. This meant that they would take the initiative to ask questions and that there was no need to be euphemistic. It didn't require him to say anything else.

Anthony looked at them separately and said, "It's related to the royal family. I'll let Ma'am Arianna do the honors."

Just as he said that, a barefoot, bun-haired female figure in a simple robe with tree bark for a belt quickly outlined itself out of the shadows.

Upon seeing this figure, Randall and Horamick immediately bowed.

"Good evening, Ma'am Arianna."

Their expressions turned solemn at the same time, for they had a deep understanding of how important and crucial the matter that was happening tonight was.

It was definitely not a small matter for a Grounded Angel to appear!

Meanwhile, they couldn't help but be roused up. They realized that they had no idea when this matron of the Evernight cloister, the servant of Concealment, Ma'am Arianna, had arrived in Backlund.

Under normal circumstances, the three Churches, the royal family, and the military enjoyed a certain degree of tacit cooperation—Grounded Angels and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts wouldn't appear in Backlund.

"Good evening, Archbishops," Arianna answered without any signs of haughtiness.

She then raised her right hand and grasped onto thin air.

A faint light was emitted as it transformed into a scene along with the darkness. It was the entire conversation between Arianna and Qonas Kilgor.

This secret that appeared to have been kept for quite some time had finally presented itself before others.

As they watched, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus couldn't help but say, "He actually advanced to Sequence 4 and became a demigod."

This archbishop knew Qonas Kilgor. He originally believed that this deputy director of MI9 was only a Sequence 5 and had relied on a Sealed Artifact with severe negative effects to obtain combat strength at the demigod level. He never expected it to be a disguise.

The Church of Storms's influence on the military was greater than the two major Churches.

No one answered Randall. After the secret was fully revealed, Horamick said, "One involves a secret ruin of the Blood Emperor, and with large numbers of people sent in… These two points put together cannot be anything good."

"Indeed!" Randall nodded in agreement. "Let's head to the ruins now!"

Arianna looked around and calmly said, "This involves the royal family and the king. It's best if you seek permission from your own Holy See."

In this angel's choice of words, the Holy See referred to their respective Church's headquarters, the core seat of power of the Church.

"Alright," the two archbishops replied without any hesitation.

After a while, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus and Horamick Haydn received feedback from the Sealed Artifacts they carried. Together with Anthony Stevenson and Arianna, they headed for the Blood Emperor ruins that Qonas Kilgor had previously entered.

Arianna then took out an iron-black coat of arms with complicated symbols, and she tried to activate it.

"She" didn't make any disguise attempt, and she stood there calmly as though "She" wasn't worried that the guards in the ruins would recognize "Her."

Seeing this servant of Concealment's actions, Horamick seemed to be in thought. Randall wore a look of calm and didn't believe that it posed any problems.

In the underground ruins, on a strange metal pedestal, a ghostly-blue beam soared up and formed a door.

Four black-armored guards immediately observed the situation outside through the ghostly blue beam and planned on using a predetermined

method to confirm if the person who had summoned the Door of Teleportation was disguised, so as to decide whether the "door" was to be opened.

However, they didn't see anything. The area outside was empty.

Just as they felt intense unease and confusion, a figure quickly outlined itself behind them. It was none other than the leader of the Church of Evernight ascetics, Arianna, who wore a patched robe.

In the blink of an eye, the four guards fell into a deep sleep. Anthony, Randall, and Horamick entered the underground ruins one after another.

They didn't directly follow the path down. Instead, they passed through the hall, floating in midair as they overlooked everything.

This was a world ruled by darkness. Small amounts of light came from the strange moss growing in different spots, as well as the flaming torches that came from the human-sized buildings.

With their illuminating light, even Beyonders without night vision could grasp the overall appearance of the huge ruin.

On one side was a gray rock wall. It extended upwards without an end, and it seemed to be connected to the ground. On the other side, there was a bottomless dark valley as if it were the abyss where devils lived. A road paved with stone slabs lay in the middle connecting the halls and buildings together. From time to time, humans would come and go in silence.

The archbishops of the three Churches were just about to capture a few people who could enter the ruins to interrogate them about the situation inside when a figure flew out of the dark valley, heading straight for the demigods.

The figure had a long face and wore a white hairnet. Two curly mustaches grew above his lips, and he had thick brows. His eyes were slightly bigger

and looked rather similar to a certain poker card figure.

He wore a gown and had a huge cloak over him. The tips of his shoes were extremely long, and his attire was unlike the current times. It was as though he lived a hundred years ago.

Archbishops, like Anthony and Horamick, were no stranger to him. He knew that he was Prince of Sonia, Grove Augustus, one of the demigods of the royal family.

"How did you enter?" Grove asked first, his expression a little surprised and uncertain.

They looked at each other, and Anthony took the initiative to say, "We've always been investigating the large number of mysterious disappearances, and we had locked onto MI9's Qonas Kilgor. Through him, we found this place."

Grove's expression changed slightly as he looked at the woman who left one's heart feeling tranquil. He deliberated and asked, "Ma'am Arianna?"

"Yes, I was in charge of the disappearance case," Arianna answered succinctly.

Prince Grove smiled bitterly.

"We were too greedy. After discovering this ruin, we only thought of digging and retrieving the items inside. To keep it a secret, we even had certain connections with the Demoness Sect. Through the people they gathered, we built a passageway and held certain rituals.

"No, it's not what you think. They were just normal rituals, and they're still alive deep within the ruins.

"If you don't believe me, I can lead you down to take a look. Apart from the unopened seals and buildings, there's nothing."

Upon hearing his reply, Anthony, Horamick, and Randall exchanged looks, registering the puzzlement in each other's eyes.

This was completely different from their expectations!

This made them suspect that something was wrong. Things weren't as serious as they had imagined.

At this moment, Arianna said, "You even created the Great Smog."

"No," Prince Grove shook his head again. "That was a lesson we learned from cooperating with the Demonesses. They actually tried to control Edessak and used him to gain control over the kingdom. After it was seen through by us, they created the Great Smog. From that moment forth, we broke all contact with them."

Having said that, he pointed below and frankly said, "How could we do such a thing just to secretly dig up the Blood Emperor's ruins?

"As long as you head deep down and closely examine it, you will understand what I mean.

"Heh heh, don't worry. With Ma'am Arianna around, no traps will work. Besides, ignoring the fact that we lack such power, even if we were able to secretly bury you in the ruins, the Churches will discover a problem. I don't believe that you didn't report this matter to your respective Holy Sees before coming. If you don't return in a while, they will definitely take the corresponding actions."

Demigods like Randall and Anthony fell into thought as they cast their gazes at the simply-dressed Arianna.

Arianna calmly nodded. "Okay."

The angel and three saints then entered the depths of the ruins under the guidance of Prince Grove. They discovered that there was a ruin hidden in

the darkness, with no man having set foot there, as well as men and women who had been taught to form different rituals. Everything was orderly and serene.

Arianna, Horamick, and the other demigods acted according to their own thoughts and separately investigated the different regions. They even left and went further to investigate, but they failed to discover anything.

…

After receiving Arianna's notice, Klein changed Qonas Kilgor into a servant inside the manor, making the MI9 deputy director vanish.

Then, he unhurriedly held a sacrificial ritual. He sent the items he received above the gray fog for further research, patiently awaiting daybreak.

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CHAPTER 1031
POSSIBILITY

As the sky lit up, the manors along the Tussock River's north bank began to wake up amidst the morning mist.

The tall and portly Framis Cage came to the guest room where Qonas Kilgor slept last night. He knocked on the door and prepared to have breakfast with this MI9 deputy director.

However, there was no response.

Has the Brigadier General headed for the dining room? Framis Cage turned around in puzzlement and left the first floor.

After breakfast was over, everyone realized that Qonas Kilgor had vanished. Under Dwayne Dantès's lead, they headed outside the guest room and watched the land steward, Richardson, open the door with his key.

There was no one inside.

"Does Brigadier General Kilgor have a hobby of taking morning strolls?" Macht asked curiously as he pinched the two ends of his cheekbones.

Framis Cage shook his head without hesitation.

"No."

"Did you hear anything last night?" the chancellor of the Backlund University of Technology, Portland Moment, surveyed the area and asked.

Macht recalled for a moment.

"No, it was very quiet, perfect for a vacation."

Beside him, Hazel looked into the room curiously, but she couldn't think of any possibilities.

At this moment, Framis Cage raised his theory:

"Brigadier General Kilgor is an important member of the military, and he often needs to handle unexpected matters. Perhaps he had long left the manor and returned to Backlund."

This steam car tycoon was clearly trying his best to downplay the matter.

He seems to know something. Or at least, he guessed that Qonas Kilgor came to Maygur Manor for some private, personal goal… Klein listened to their conversation as he said to Butler Walter and Land Steward Richardson with a heavy look, "Ask the servants in the manor if they had seen Brigadier General Kilgor last night or this morning.

"If they haven't, send someone back to Backlund and visit Brigadier General Kilgor's family. Inform them of this matter and let them decide whether we need to immediately make a police report."

After giving his instructions, Klein stroked his white sideburns and said to Macht and his other guests, "Things aren't clear yet. Perhaps Brigadier General Kilgor left because of an urgent matter and didn't want to hold up everyone's vacation. Let's do this. We'll continue with our hunting plans and return when the police arrive."

As Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor's companion, Framis Cage had raised an excuse for the crisis, one that was rather convincing, Macht and company agreed with Dwayne Dantès's suggestion and left the area.

Hazel walked right at the back and glanced at Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor's guest room and its neighboring room. She had a nagging feeling that something wasn't right as she subconsciously wanted to use her powers as a Cryptologist to reconstruct the situation.

However, an intense sense of fear emerged deep in her heart. She had no idea what she was afraid of, so she eventually gave up on the idea.

She vaguely felt that she had some experience in such matters, and those experiences told her not to look at things she shouldn't see or listen to things she shouldn't hear.

After the guests and servants left that floor, a thick carpet that held the weight of the coffee table inside the room beside Qonas's guest room began moving.

Bit by bit, it pulled itself up from under the sofa and coffee table without causing much of a stir.

Following that, the yellowish-brown carpet stood up and revealed its other side.

It was solidified flesh!

The flesh was squirming and reorganizing itself, and it soon transformed into a person, a mixed-blood young man.

This was Dwayne Dantès's valet, Enuni.

And the one following Dwayne Dantès was Qonas Kilgor. He wore the same face and had the same build!

To Klein, there was no need to disguise Enuni in such a manner. He could get him to transform himself into another person and blend in with the servants, using an illusion to interfere with their senses, making them unable to discover the addition of this person. It was a simpler and more

reliable method. However, "acting" remained important to a demigod. It was key to accelerating the potion's digestion and for resisting the inclinations of losing control and madness. Therefore, Klein would deliberately try to be bizarre in his handling of many matters.

Of course, he didn't wish to harm the innocent. Even in creating bizarre and eerie situations, he would try hard not to let others notice it. It was to prevent them from being left with a mental scar due to excessive fright.

The bizarre and eerie atmosphere was mainly for himself, to gain the approval of the potion inside him. This would undoubtedly accelerate the digestion rate of his potion, but without the feedback of a spectator, it meant that the "acting" wasn't complete enough. This made the speed at which he digested the Bizarro Sorcerer potion not as fast as he imagined. Despite doing so many things and trying out so many acts, Klein didn't feel that it was possible for him to reach Sequence 3 by the end of this year.

…

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom rental apartment.

Xio sat on an unstable chair as she stared out of the window in a daze, her expression a little gloomy.

Fors swallowed her saliva and sat opposite Xio, blocking her line of sight.

"You seem to have lost all your motivation?

"Do you not know what to do after receiving that answer? It's because you have no access to the king?"

Xio's eyes fluttered as she slowly came to her senses.

"Whether it's to redeem my father's reputation or revenge, the chances are slim when facing the king. I can't think of a way to complete something like that…”

"That's because you're too weak. When you reach Sequence 4 and become a demigod, you'll discover many solutions, the only problem is that it'll be more dangerous!" Fors tried encouraging her. "In addition, you can still use others. Just like the person monitoring Shermane. She too wanted to know who Viscount Stratford was loyal to. She must be interested in the king's secret."

"Shermane…" Xio repeated the name as her state of mind suddenly recovered.

Beside them, there was a bronze cross and a ghostly-blue gem that resembled a vertical eye on the table.

The gem's exterior had thread-like patterns, the Beyonder characteristic that appeared after Shermane's death. It made the things around it appear mild, and it accentuated their beauty. However, with the bronze cross around, its glow was confined to a small area.

"That monitor is one of the culprits behind Shermane's death," Xio said rather seriously.

They had already found a spot to bury Shermane, and Fors had flipped through Leymano's Travels to placate the dead Shermane.

Fors immediately nodded.

"Yes, it's why she was instigated to investigate the king's secret and come into contact with the latent danger.

"Didn't you say that she might be able to monitor where we used to live? We can find an opportunity to return incognito, throw a letter into the mailbox, and write that Viscount Stratford is loyal to King George III and that he has a huge secret. This way, I believe she will be able to see it."

Xio thought carefully and nodded solemnly.

"Okay."

After discussing what they were about to do next, Fors stood up and pointed at the bronze cross.

"It's time for us to show our sincerity to Mr. Fool for all the help we received. I plan on sacrificing it to Mr. Fool now. You don't have any objections, right?"

"No," Xio replied without hesitation.

…

Maygur Manor. It was another evening. The news sent back by Qonas Kilgor's family was to wait since this MI9 deputy director often acted in such ways, involving himself in matters of national security; therefore, Macht and company didn't panic. They made use of the animals they hunted and roasted them over a bonfire at a party on the lawn behind the manor.

Seeing the gentlemen roll up their sleeves and busy themselves around the roasting rack, the ladies heading over to help from time to time, and the children running around eagerly, Klein held a cup of sweet white wine—a fine product of Maygur Manor—and sat on a white wooden chair, a smile suffusing his lips.

Beside him was his mixed-blood valet, Enuni, who stood upright while awaiting instructions.

And inside a particular room in the manor's main building, a pair of eyes were silently looking down. It belonged to a person who looked identical to Enuni.

The evening breeze blew past. Just as Klein was about to get up and showcase what it meant to roast meat from Desi at the roasting rack, he suddenly saw a figure phase into existence in front of him.

It was Arianna who wore a simple robe and tree bark as a belt.

This servant of Concealment looked at Dwayne Dantès and said, "There was nothing special in the underground ruins…"

"She" then recounted the main points of what "She" and the three archbishops saw, as well as the explanation given by Prince of Sonia, Grove Augustus.

That doesn't make sense… The first thought that appeared in Klein's mind was suspicion.

As Viscount Stratford had Saintess of White Katarina provide him with assistance, this clearly meant that the king's faction hadn't completely severed ties with the Demoness Sect.

Under the premise that the Great Smog of Backlund had already happened, their continued relationship with the Demoness Sect meant that it wasn't something that could be explained as hoping to keep the Blood Emperor's ruins for themselves.

With such in-depth cooperation, would the Demoness Sect and Psychology Alchemists not wish to split the spoils?

In that case, why wouldn't they directly seek the help of the three Churches?

Klein instinctively believed that the problem with the ruins hadn't truly been discovered. He suspected that there had been a leak during the entire process, allowing the king to make preparations.

With Ma'am Arianna around, the possibility of discovering something amiss via the methods of divination and prophecy can be eliminated…

From my killing of Qonas Kilgor to the three Churches' joint operation, the number of people who know of it doesn't exceed ten. Furthermore, they all

involve the high-ranking members of each Church. How is it possible that there was a leak…

Viscount Stratford's problem resulted in the people in the ruins deploying contingency plans? No, his standing wasn't at that level. Even Qonas Kilgor didn't know the exact situation, much less him. He was only in charge of liaising with the Demoness Sect and handling matters at the periphery. He might not even know of the underground ruins… Klein's thoughts raced as he sought the reasons.

He first eliminated the possibility of them being prepared due to Viscount Stratford; after all, the death of the captain of the royal guards wasn't that important or crucial.

As such, there were very few possibilities that could explain the situation. One, a person who knew of the secret amidst this sequence of events had deliberately or unintentionally leaked the matter due to particular reasons. Two, they had noticed something wrong with Qonas Kilgor's seemingly ordinary state, but Klein didn't notice anything.

The Psychology Alchemists are in cahoots as well… Could my thoughts be read and the secret revealed? But I have the gray fog augmenting me. No matter what, there will be some abnormality. It's just like when I faced that Spectator demigod with Anderson… The Psychology Alchemists originated from something Hermes left behind… Hermes is… As he thought about it, Klein's eyes suddenly widened.

He instinctively stopped himself from thinking deeper about it as he shot a look at Arianna and relaxed. He asked, "Is this place concealed?"

"Very," Arianna replied calmly.

People behind "Her" came and went, but no one noticed "Her."

Klein exhaled as he formulated his thoughts.

Emperor Roselle once said in his diary that the members of that ancient secret organization are all important figures…

Then, could it be possible that one of the high-ranking members of the three Churches is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order?

And could it be that the ruins which Arianna and the archbishops saw wasn't the real one, but one "imagined" by Adam?

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CHAPTER 1032
FORCEFUL PURIFIER

Restraining his thoughts, and looking at the angel of Concealment across him, Klein deliberated over his words.

"Is there a possibility that the ruins you saw was actually 'imagined'?"

He didn't directly mention Adam or the Twilight Hermit Order, afraid that discussing such matters in Arianna's Concealment zone would still be heard by the Adam who wielded the Spectator pathway's Uniqueness and recently obtained 0-08.

As he was inside Arianna's world of Concealment, Klein believed that thinking of Adam and the Twilight Hermit Order wasn't likely to pose any problems, but it wasn't necessarily the case when saying it out loud. After all, Mr. Door could freely discuss Adam with Emperor Roselle back then, not only because of the Beyonder powers of a Secrets Sorcerer's Secret Keeping, but more so because "He" was also a King of Angels, a level not lower than Adam and Amon, perhaps even higher.

"Imagined…" Arianna repeated Klein's keyword softly as though "She" had figured out something.

At "Her" level, "She" was no stranger to ancient history and the main characteristics of the twenty-two pathways.

Furthermore, "She" was also an angel that represented the authority of Concealment. She possessed the highest clearance in reading all the Church's confidential information.

A few seconds later, Arianna observed Dwayne Dantès who remained sitting there.

"Psychology Alchemists?"

From Qonas Kilgor's statement, it was obvious that the king's faction was working with the Psychology Alchemists. And this was an organization that had the Spectator pathway in its control.

Klein first nodded and then added, "Their higher-ups likely do not have the ability of turning imagination into a reality.

"In this world, there are only one to two people who have such authority."

Arianna nodded in thought.

"I understand.

"Now that the underground ruins are open to us, I will find a chance to verify it. If it's true, it means that one or several archbishops of the Church of Steam and Storms are working for 'Him.'"

"She" didn't raise the possibility that the Church of Evernight's upper echelons were problematic, as the Goddess wielded the authority of Concealment. It was very difficult to keep such matters from "Her" for prolonged periods of time.

Klein couldn't help but ask in surprise, "The underground ruins will be left open to the three Churches?"

"Yes, if it truly is 'imagined,' it means that their cooperation is on the brink of success and that they just need to delay things a little longer," Arianna simply explained her theory.

This is also what I'm thinking… The tide of the times is coming in a bid to drown out everything… Thankfully, I'm a lot more prepared than before. I

now have a demigod-level marionette, and in certain areas, he's stronger than me. After all, he can use my Beyonder powers, while I can't use his… Since I can't digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion anytime soon and seek my advancement, strengthening my marionette is also an effective measure to protect myself… I can also take note of the Sanguine's and Miss Sharron's plot against the Rose School of Thought… Klein's thoughts instantly turned clear.

He reined in his thoughts and casually asked, "Do all three Churches doubt Prince Grove's explanation?"

"They don't." Arianna frankly shook "Her" head. "Qonas Kilgor had mentioned Katarina."

But you don't have evidence. After all, they can explain that, after they split with the Demoness Sect, Katarina was sent to discuss things and attempt to make amends, but was cruelly rejected. During this process, as they knew each other's secrets, none of them took action at the meeting. It could then be explained that Qonas Kilgor, a demigod who wasn't privy to the matter, made the mistake that the cooperation effort was still in place…

And faced with an angel family, one that wields at least half the forces in the military, the three Churches won't immediately lose decorum with them unless there's evidence. Firstly, they aren't united, and they have to consider that if a civil war were to erupt, countries like Feynapotter, Intis, and Feynapotter, as well as the Churches of Eternal Blazing Sun, God of Combat, Earth Mother, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom might try to take advantage of the situation… Klein quickly came up with an analysis of the present situation.

He simply mentioned, "There were signs of Saintess of White Katarina appearing over at Viscount Stratford's side. I will try to find her."

Apart from that, Klein still wanted to find the dangerous Trissy and eliminate her, making up for his mistake of letting her go just because he wanted to use her.

Her value was clearly not as dangerous as her!

"I'll try to do so as well." Arianna indicated that "She" would investigate the clue regarding Katarina.

Hmm… I have to say that Ma'am Arianna's attitude when discussing matters with me is rather comforting. "She" doesn't exude that condescending attitude an angel or archbishop has. "She" completely treats me as an equal… After hearing Arianna's words, Klein felt a baffling sense of poignancy.

He instead asked, "Has Hvin Rambis of the Psychology Alchemists been captured?"

This was one of the key figures mentioned in the information from Qonas Kilgor's testimony, one of the clues that exposed the machinations of the king's faction.

"He has gone missing," Arianna answered succinctly.

As expected… The possibility of a leak has increased again… Hvin Rambis has gone underground, but that doesn't mean that he can't contact Miss Justice and other members directly… When the time comes, heh, Miss Justice has already hated him for some time… The only problem is whether Adam will appear in Backlund and "imagine" fake ruins. If that were the case, attacking Hvin Rambis might mean a non-zero probability that he's being watched by this King of Angels. It might even be the case that "He" will sit beside Hvin Rambis without anyone knowing… The more Klein thought, the more of a headache he had.

It had to be said that in an era in which deities rarely descended upon the real world, the two brothers, Adam and Amon, were the limits to one's level and strength. They were synonymous with being terrifying, powerful, frightening, and formidable.

A King of Angels was an existence closest to that of a deity!

Compared to Amon, I'm more afraid of Adam. "He" might be sitting beside you, listening to you and watching you smile while "He" reads your most truthful thoughts, making you die in the most natural, logical, but baffling manner… At this thought, Klein couldn't help but look around, afraid that the simple priest with pure-looking eyes and beard would be holding a tray, standing beside the roasting rack as "He" waited for the food and watched him with a smile.

Without a doubt, Klein didn't discover anything.

Noticing his reaction, Arianna calmly added, "'He' isn't here."

Phew, thankfully, there's the blessings of an angel of Concealment… Klein controlled his thoughts and nodded gently, "I will take note of Hvin Rambis's whereabouts."

Arianna nodded and said, "After this matter is over, you can attempt to pray to the Goddess for a bestowment."

That is to say that the Goddess is very satisfied with my performance up to now? When the time comes, "She" will bestow me with the Scholar of Yore potion formula? Klein roughly understood Arianna. He stood up and tapped his chest four times.

"Praise the Lady!"

Arianna also drew the crimson moon.

"Praise the Lady."

"Her" figure disappeared bit by bit as though she had been erased. Yet, the guests at the bonfire party didn't notice the arrival of the ascetic at all.

Klein sat down again and continued analyzing his situation from another angle.

Qonas Kilgor disappeared without any warning. From the evidence presented by Ma'am Arianna and the words "She" said, it implied that the MI9 deputy director is in "Her" hands. In other words, the assault on Qonas Kilgor is definitely related to the Church of Evernight.

Qonas Kilgor disappeared in Maygur Manor which belongs to Dwayne Dantès, and he is a believer of the Evernight Goddess…

From what the king's faction and the Psychology Alchemists know, Dwayne Dantès can likely be confirmed to be a secret informant of the Church of Evernight…

This way, my safety can be guaranteed, but I can't avoid being observed and monitored. I have to be careful… I have to think of a reason to add a new servant. I can't keep having Qonas Kilgor or Enuni hide in this manner. This will make it easier for a problem to be discovered. Or maybe I can make one marionette turn into human-skin clothes, fusing with the other marionette…

As he thought, Klein stood up and placed the glass of sweet white wine on the table beside him. He then turned to walk to the main building of the manor and entered one of the bathrooms.

He then took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog. He summoned the Sea God Scepter and used the prayer point he marked as Enuni to observe every corner of Maygur Manor.

During this process, Klein's mind was somewhat tense, worried that he would see a priest wearing simple clothes while having a beard and golden eyes.

Of course, compared to seeing this priest, he was more afraid of the priest looking up and smiling back at him, raising the cup of wine in his hand.

Fortunately, after a series of inspections, he confirmed that there was nothing unusual with Maygur Manor.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief and retracted his spirituality. He then cast his gaze at the bronze cross on the long mottled table.

This was an item that The Magician and Judgment had recently sacrificed. They said that it was to thank Mr. Fool for "His" blessings, and hoped to please this existence.

It doesn't look like its level is low… Klein picked up the spiky cross and used divination to quickly figure out the mystical item's Beyonder powers and negative effects.

Both of them were one and the same.

The bronze cross could cleanse powers of degeneration, corruption, corrosion, darkness, evil, ailments, and other domains, quickly causing them to dissipate until nothing was left.

Due to this reason, this mystical item could also clear the mental corruption of Beyonder characteristics.

And it was precisely because of this potent purification that the bronze cross couldn't coexist with other mystical items or be in contact with other Beyonder characteristics. It couldn't exist on the same person. Furthermore, it also repelled the wielder's Beyonder characteristic, albeit not in a manner that was as obvious. Over the passage of time, it would slowly cause a Beyonder's characteristic to seep out!

This also meant that if one were to carry or wear the bronze cross for more than an hour, the Beyonder's Sequence would drop by at least one Sequence. Beyond three hours, non-demigods would definitely be reduced to an ordinary person. Exceeding six hours, Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 saints would also lose their Beyonder powers. It was almost ineffective against angels because "They" had the ability to shatter Beyonder characteristics. "They" had extremely strong control over "Their" source of power.

It can be used to retrieve the characteristics of Beyonders who failed to advance without dying or from those who lost control… This cross's powers resemble the Sun pathway's Unshadowed… Klein nodded thoughtfully.

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CHAPTER 1033
LET THERE BE LIGHT

Scrutinizing the bronze cross in hand, Klein was certain that it was at least a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact.

Apart from its purifying effects, this mystical item also possessed Flaring Sun and other demigod-level spells of the Sun domain. As for its negative effects, they weren't a problem to resolve if one used it properly. For example, helping people who stumbled into the Beyonder world and hoped to escape this madness to become normal humans again. It could also be used for people who consumed additional potions to secrete the Beyonder characteristic—though this required precise timing; otherwise, it easily caused one's Sequence to drop.

Of course, the body and soul that had been reconstructed by potions would definitely suffer from frequent conflicts with an ordinary human's essence. Beyonders who relied on this bronze cross to retreat from this "circle" would undoubtedly suffer residual effects, and the exact circumstances would be different depending on their pathways and Sequences.

This made Klein sigh. This was the most useful and valuable negative effect he had ever seen.

To him, the only problem was that this bronze cross couldn't be carried with him for extended periods of time. He couldn't hand it to his marionette either, as it would expel the marionette's Beyonder characteristic and drop its Sequence. And a marionette could no longer consume potions for advancements, as their Spirit Bodies were essentially dead.

As for letting ordinary creatures turn into marionettes, they would "praise the Sun" by wearing this cross for extended periods of time and escape his control.

I can only leave it above the gray fog and take it out when I need it… To a Bizarro Sorcerer, this side effect isn't much. After all, I don't perform unprepared… I'll later confirm if it corresponds to an Unshadowed. If it does, I'll sell it to Little Sun after he finishes digesting the Priest of Light potion. I believe that the City of Silver's six-member council's Chief wouldn't be miserly to not exchange it with a Sealed Artifact of equal value. The Sun pathway is clearly more suitable for the Forsaken Land of the Gods than the other pathways… Klein thought in a good mood as he placed the bronze cross back on the long mottled table.

He didn't immediately make a confirmation and planned on leaving it until he returned to 160 Böklund Street. When that happens, he would also use dream divination to figure out the origins of the Sealed Artifact. As Maygur Manor was too close to the underground ruins, he was afraid that the royal family's angel or maybe even Adam was observing the area. If his experiments were to trigger some change and create a stirring in the gray fog, his biggest secret might be exposed.

Even if this Sealed Artifact doesn't correspond to an Unshadowed, it's definitely from the Sun pathway. At most, it's mixed with other Beyonder characteristics. No, it will be expelled, and the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun's trademark is a Sacred Emblem made of gold, an abstract sun, having nothing to do with a cross. Hmm, after eliminating this possibility, the only one related to the Sun domain is the City of Silver's Creator, the ancient sun god, Adam and Amon's dad, the suspected transmigrator…

It appeared in the hands of Viscount Stratford, so does this mean that, in a particular sense, it's the Twilight Hermit Order who's cooperating with the royal family, and the Psychology Alchemists is just a ruse? Of course, there are too many other possibilities. It might've been found by the Augustus family since they're quite a famous angel family in the Fourth Epoch and

have a long history. Finding certain items of the ancient sun god is rather normal…

If this Sealed Artifact really was provided by Adam, could it be part of "His" arrangements?

Faced with Demoness Trissy, who is clearly involved with an evil god, and her partner, Viscount Stratford, who chose to use this purifying cross and gave up using other items. That arrangement is very reasonable. Upon deciding to eliminate Shermane, since he wasn't sure if she had been corrupted by an evil god and was afraid of accidents happening, he didn't use any direct offensive means and instead wasted time activating this Sealed Artifact. That too is also very reasonable… Yes, it's all very reasonable. I'm just not sure if there are signs of this outcome being arranged…

With this in mind, my phobia for 0-08 has reared its head again… Yes, Miss Magician and Miss Judgment had privately discussed Adam before. It involved matters regarding the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the Giant King's Court, and King of Angels…

This… even if it was arranged by Adam, why does "He" want to give this item to them?

Klein felt his scalp tingle as he thought about it. Composing himself, he decided to do further experiments after returning to Böklund Street.

He didn't hesitate and immediately returned to the real world.

As for the items on Qonas Kilgor, he relied solely on his divination powers without the gray fog's enhancements to gain an initial grasp on the situation.

Apart from the Concerto of Light and Shadow which Church of Evernight ascetic leader, Arianna, had taken, and the badge used to open the underground ruins, Qonas Kilgor had two other mystical items.

One of them was Réver's Shout of Despair which Arrodes had mentioned. It originated from a failed sacrifice and had two modes. One was an ordinary shot, its might was slightly weaker than a Clown's Air Cannon. The other was a machine gun sweep. It could spew out large numbers of bullets in one to two seconds. These two modes came with the shout of despair, having a certain level of influence on demigods at the saint level, but it wasn't too effective. Of course, not every demigod could withstand such an attack. Just like Klein himself, he didn't have a ridiculous body or defense to withstand it head-on.

The other item was Lucky Grass. It looked very simple, a four-leaved clover that had been made into a protective charm. Its power was to accumulate one's chance of success after a subsequent failed attempt. The negative side effect was that it magnified the wearer's character flaws.

Klein's appraisal on it was to change its name to "Mother of Success."

These two mystical items were of little value to Klein. He continued keeping them on Qonas Kilgor's person.

Instead, it was this demigod marionette that was his greatest harvest.

Lawyers had an acute grasp and knowledge of how to make use of loopholes in law, with the ability to guide and convince the target; Barbarian provided strength and a constitution that broke the rules; Briber had "Bribe"; Baron of Corruption had "Distortion"; Mentor of Disorder had "Disorder"; and Earl of The Fallen had "Bestowment,""Magnify," and "Exploit." They were all pretty good powers. If he hadn't obtained detailed information from Arrodes and made sufficient preparations and formulated a plan, together with the help from an angel of Concealment, Klein believed that he had no way of restraining Qonas Kilgor even if he had items like Fate Siphon.

In fact, instead of turning him into a marionette, using Creeping Hunger to Graze Qonas Kilgor would be a lot more discreet, making it harder to be discovered. But if that's the case, I can only use three of the Earl of The

Fallen's Beyonder powers… As Klein thought about it, he walked out of the bathroom and returned to the bonfire party.

On the lawn, Macht was standing in front of the roasting rack, trying hard to make East Balam-styled roasted meat while sweat dripped down his forehead. Hazel was standing a short distance away, her eyes looking on brightly. She no longer had the arrogance from before and had a few black marks across her face—a result of the smoke. Portland Moment was holding a cup of wine, smilingly watching the relatively "young lad" being busy. From time to time, he would raise a metal skewer with chunks of meat and bite at it.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein's heart suddenly calmed down.

…

On Sunday afternoon, the group of people who went to the Böklund Street suburbs returned to Böklund Street.

Before dinner, Klein headed above the gray fog once again and picked up the bronze cross.

He first confirmed that the cross corresponded to the Sun pathway's Sequence 4 Unshadowed and had, rather uncreatively, named it Unshadowed Crucifix. Following that, he picked up a pen and wrote a new divination statement:

"The origins of this cross."

Klein didn't immediately divine if Unshadowed Crucifix had any traces of being "arranged," afraid that it might point to Adam and place "Him" in a state of vigilance. He planned on investigating the situation by figuring out the Sealed Artifact's origins. If the Unshadowed Crucifix's owner or former owner was Adam, the truth of the matter would undoubtedly point towards a "deliberate arrangement."

Putting down the pen, Klein looked down at the cross and exhaled heavily.

"I'm courting death again…”

He suspected that the Unshadowed Crucifix originated from the City of Silver's Creator, the ancient sun god, a powerful deity that was stronger than the ancient gods like Dragon of Imagination. Sneaking a peek at "Him" would cause damage that exceeded Klein's previous divination of Groselle's Travels.

However, things were no longer the same. Klein was now a Sequence 4 Bizarro Sorcerer, a demigod. The damage he could withstand as well as the amount of power of the mysterious space above the gray fog that he could use far exceeded his previous state back when he was a Sequence 5.

After spending a few seconds to calm his emotions, he leaned back in his chair, holding the Unshadowed Crucifix in one hand and holding the piece of paper in the other. He softly repeated the divination statement.

Over and over again, Klein used Cogitation as a jumping board to enter a state of deep sleep.

In the hazy world, a building whose original form was obscured by layers of grayish-white stood in a pitch-black environment. Surrounding it were monsters.

A crack opened up on the grayish-white building's surface as a palm that had almost white skin reached out.

A figure walked out—a man. He wore a black clergyman robe and had a silver crucifix hung on his chest.

This man's hair wasn't long and was mainly raven-black in color. There was a faint hint of blond at the roots of his hair. His eyes were pure gold in color, and his skin was rather white. He had a deep outline and pronounced

eye sockets. He looked quite similar to the people of the Northern Continent.

He took two steps forward, reached his hand out, and grabbed the very ordinary crucifix. His eyes gradually lost their look of confusion as the ends of his lips curled up slightly.

He said in a deep voice, "Let there be light!"

The pitch-black surroundings of the grayish-white building were immediately pierced by bright lights, revealing what it really looked like.

This was a deep valley where nothing could be seen above it; yet, the infinite light filled every corner.

And there was light.

The image of the next scene flashed.

A drop of golden blood that emitted light and heat dripped onto the silver cross.

Above the drop of blood seemed to be a figure that was formed of dazzling light. The face that he couldn't see clearly was looking up, seemingly being effused with pain and a sense of distortion in a very real manner.

He cast his gaze over towards the area above the gray fog, casting it at Klein, who was seated at The Fool's high-back chair. His deep voice sounded once again:

"Mysteries…”

Suddenly, without any forewarning, Klein's thoughts erupted with a boom.

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CHAPTER 1034
GAINS

The boundless gray fog boiled as the ancient and majestic palace burned.

The blazing flames condensed into a fiery blob, as though a blinding sun had risen out from this mysterious space.

A howling hurricane flipped the long mottled table, snapping the thick stone columns and causing half the palace to collapse.

Sitting at The Fool's seat, Klein's brain was boiling before holes exploded out of it. Charred maggots then began crawling out of the cracks.

He didn't die, and he had even very calmly reached out his right palm and tapped the armrest of the chair.

Above the gray fog, this mysterious space quaked in an obvious manner. Waves of power surged out one after another, calming the hurricane and extinguishing the flames. The blazing sun evaporated, inch by inch.

The thick stone pillars stood once more as the long mottled table returned to its original state. The magnificent and holy palace appeared as though it had never collapsed or suffered any damage.

Klein's head recovered instantly, and the charred maggots that had drilled out had turned transparent again before crawling back inside.

As expected, stronger than Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt… Klein muttered to himself as his expression couldn't help but warp. He couldn't

help but massage his forehead. *It's painful… This pain is also clearly stronger…*

While muttering, he rapped the edge of the long mottled table and made the mysterious space above the gray fog quake once more.

Amidst the quakes, a pitch-black shadow abruptly emerged out of the palace's floor.

This shadow twisted and struggled before being wiped clean by the gray fog's powers, leaving nothing behind.

After nearly a minute, Klein calmed down completely and recalled the scene he had seen.

That should be the ancient sun god, the City of Silver Creator, Adam's and Amon's dad…

From the crucifix "He" wore, and that line, "Let there be light," there's a high chance that "He" is the first transmigrator. Perhaps he's Caucasian with a religious background…

"He" used a language that can stir the powers of nature. It's similar to Jotun, but it's also different. It doesn't belong to Elvish, Dragonese, and ancient Hermes… Yes, it has similarities with the ancient Feysac of the Northern Continent and the Dutanese of the Southern Continent. This allowed me to barely understand what "He" was saying despite me not knowing this language… This is the language "He" learned from that strange giant building?

"He" transmigrated there and inherited a rich inheritance?

The second scene was of "Him" suffering a betrayal, the scene of him being eaten by the Kings of Angels, White, Wisdom, and Wind?

To a deity who claims to be a Creator, that kind of corporeal pain and that distortion can only appear in such a situation…

Yes, the divine blood "He" dripped before "His" death fused with the silver crucifix, and it later turned into the latter's form, becoming a rather powerful Sealed Artifact.

From the looks of it, the Unshadowed Crucifix was obtained by one of the three Kings of Angels, or it landed in Amon's or Adam's hands. To "Them," this is an important item "Their" father left behind.

The previous possibility isn't too high. The cross's effects are extremely useful. Furthermore, its origins are a secret that needs to be kept. No one would give it to the Augustus family… From the looks of it, was it really arranged by Adam?

Why did "He" give the Unshadowed Crucifix to Miss Magician and Miss Judgment in a very reasonable manner?

"He" had discovered that the two ladies believe in The Fool after observing them for some time?

This cross was meant for The Fool that doesn't belong to this era?

"He" wishes to know where "His" father, who also doesn't belong to that era, came from? But the problem is how does "He" plan on raising that question and obtaining an answer?

That City of Silver's Creator's level is extremely high. "He" was able to sense my prying despite the long stretch of history between us. He cast his gaze above the gray fog and cast it on this mysterious space. Furthermore, the influence "He" created not only openly caused destruction but also secretly invaded this place, creating a special shadow. It nearly lurked here, hidden…

Doesn't this mean that, once one obtains the authorities of several domains, a deity's level will also undergo a qualitative change?

What does the uttering of "Mysteries" mean? Is it pointing to me, or the original owner of this mysterious space?

Questions flashed past Klein's mind, making him come up with several theories, but the final answer eluded him.

Due to his fear of Adam, he believed that the best outcome for the Unshadowed Crucifix was to have the City of Silver's god-like Sealed Artifact shatter it and reform it into a pure Beyonder characteristic.

Reining in his thoughts and suppressing his questions, Klein conjured a new pen and paper and wrote down the knowledge he had learned from looking straight at the City of Silver Creator:

"Sequence 4: Unshadowed

"Main ingredients: One drop of the Sun's divine blood, or three adult Sun Divine Bird's feathers and a piece of Holy Brilliance Rock.

"Supplementary ingredients: 60ml of Sun Divine Bird's blood, 30 ml of Holy Brilliance Rock liquid. 7 drops of mutated fingered citron juice, 10 grams worth of powder of the heart of magma.

"Ritual: Extract the strongest emotions that one is most unwilling to abandon before consuming the potion. Inject these emotions back again during this process."

"Sequence 3: Justice Mentor…

"Sequence 4: Black Knight…

"Sequence 3: Trinity Templar…”

After doing all of this, Klein picked up the bronze cross again and observed it with a heavy expression.

He then threw Unshadowed Crucifix into the junk pile and stirred the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog to suppress it. He didn't wish to see the paper figurines he cut begin to praise the Sun the next time he came.

…

In front of an ordinary house in Cherwood Borough.

A postman riding a bike braked and stopped at the door.

He then settled down his bike and took out a letter from his bag, glancing to check if the address was correct.

"It's here… For Xio…” The postman briskly walked to the mailbox and threw the letter in. Following that, he didn't delay as he got on his bike and kicked off.

After a while, a pitch-black flame suddenly spewed out of the mailbox's mouth.

This flame burned quietly and quickly disappeared.

…

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

Audrey, who had brought Susie to the garden for a stroll, had just returned to the foyer when she saw her father, Earl Hall, come in from the outside. He had his brows knitted, seemingly in deep thought.

"Father, did something happen?" Audrey asked with concern.

This was the most basic of observations which she didn't need to hide at all.

Earl Hall restrained his frustrated expression and said with a smile, "It's nothing important. I just never expected Hvin Rambis to be a member of a cult."

"He's a member of a cult?" Audrey expressed her surprise appropriately.

She knew that Hvin Rambis was actually a member of the upper echelons of a secret organization known as the Psychology Alchemists, but she didn't understand how this was suddenly exposed.

Earl Hall nodded solemnly.

"Yes, he's wanted by the three Churches. I'm still not sure which cult he's involved in."

“…Has he been caught?" Audrey's eyes darted around as she asked "curiously."

"No, he disappeared before the warrant was issued." Earl sighed. "It's really hard to imagine that he's a cult member. He's of excellent character and is knowledgeable. He's rational and objective in various matters and is filled with wisdom."

That's just the side he wants you to see… Audrey inwardly mumbled. Then, as usual, she entered the small prayer room at home before dinner. She faced the Sacred Emblem of the Evernight Goddess and got into a prayer gesture.

However, her low chanting was:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…”

After chanting the honorific name, Audrey succinctly reported:

"Hvin Rambis has gone missing.

"He has been identified as a cultist and is wanted by all three Churches…"

With that said, Audrey was about to solemnly pray to the Goddess when a boundless gray fog appeared before her.

In the middle of the grayish-white fog, a blurry figure sat on the chair, looking down from above and gently nodded.

"I'm aware."

Just as this secret existence said that, the scene before Audrey's eyes changed suddenly. It presented a figure who was concentrating on praying.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, the Church of Evernight has obtained intelligence from Qonas Kilgor and confirmed that King George III hides an extremely huge secret. For the obtaining of a Blood Emperor ruins in the Sterlewen segment of the Tussock River, he colluded with the Demoness Sect and Psychology Alchemists to partake in human trafficking, creating the human disappearance cases that ultimately led to the Great Smog of Backlund…

"The Demoness Sect's former representative was Despair Nightingale Panatiya and was later changed to Saintess of White Katarina. For the Psychology Alchemists, it's Hvin Rambis…

"Please remind Miss Justice to be careful when she meets Hvin Rambis again. She needs to be constantly prepared to seek help."

His Majesty… Audrey's eyes widened as upheavals went through her heart. She found it difficult to control herself.

This was partly due to the fact that this news was shocking for a noble like her. In addition, it had to do with Lie which magnified her emotions.

Almost at the same time, a news report flashed in Audrey's mind. It was one that had left an unerasable impression on her:

"*…According to preliminary estimates, a total of over 21,000 people died in the smog, and the subsequent plague took the lives of close to 40,000 people. Among the deceased were young children, healthy young men, and women…*"

So that's how it is… What is the king plotting… The three Churches likely don't have any actual evidence; otherwise, Father wouldn't only be frustrated to this degree… Audrey felt an inexplicable sense of anger and sadness. It felt like particular principles she had upheld in the past had been ruthlessly trampled, or that values that had stood up to time were silently crumbling.

She subconsciously lowered her head and closed her eyes.

Then, she exhaled and whispered, "Thank you, Mr. Fool. Please convey my gratitude to Mr. World."

After her prayer, Audrey sat in the tranquil darkness and didn't move for a long time.

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CHAPTER 1035
DIARY PAGE IN ADVANCE

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom apartment.

Fors picked up a fountain pen and wrote on a piece of paper.

This was a letter for her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham. It was to tell him that she was in danger and had no choice but to leave where she used to stay. Replies were not to be sent there, and if he had sent a letter, he was to quickly change his address and change identities if possible.

After writing plenty of words, Fors put down her pen, folded the letter, stuffed it into an envelope, and adhered a stamp on it.

Then, she changed into outdoor attire and left the room with the letter she wanted to send.

She wasn't inclined towards heading out, but this new residence of hers not only didn't have alcoholic beverages, but it didn't even have coffee beans, instant coffee, black tea leaves, daily newspapers, the latest magazines, or novels.

For these, she had no choice but to personally head out to send the letter and buy some groceries outside East Borough.

As for Xio, she had already gone out. She wanted to mail a letter to her former rental apartment, indicating that Viscount Stratford's loyalties lay with the king. She wanted to see if it could drive Shermane's observer to take certain actions.

Seriously, after everything was over, I was so afraid that I nearly forgot to write to Teacher. If I had finished it earlier, I could've gotten Xio to do the mailing… Fors wore a bonnet that had a fishnet, walked down the dark staircase all the way to the bottom, and walked out the condominium.

This was in the periphery of East Borough where technical workers and low-level managers mainly lived. It was relatively safe and even had paperboys around.

As Fors heard chimes from time to time, she walked slowly along the side of the street.

At this moment, a postman stopped his bike, took out a stack of newspapers from his bag, and entered a condominium beside her.

Fors casually glanced at it and discovered that the copy at the top was News at Sea.

People who live here will actually subscribe to such a newspaper? Their job has something to do with maritime trade? Fors retracted her gaze as she mumbled in surprise.

However, this wasn't something that was worth paying attention to. She quickly walked towards the mailbox when she saw it at the end of the streets.

The postman entered the condominium and found a few targets from the rows of mailboxes, stuffing the corresponding papers into them.

Shortly after he left, a mailbox was opened and the newspaper inside was taken out.

The person who retrieved the newspapers walked up to the third story, opened a room, and sat in a simple reclining chair, rocking in it as he read through it.

By the side of the reclining chair, there was a black wooden table with a stack of papers placed on it.

Some of them were stacked neatly with their front page facing up. Some were bent asymmetrically, revealing the articles. On them were the corresponding reports:

"Shocking! Crazy Adventurer Made Fugitive"

"Crazy Adventurer Appears Again; An Incredible Hunt"

"The Man Closest to The Kings At Sea, Adventurer Worth 90,000 Pounds"

"Story of Gehrman Sparrow And Three Female Pirate Admirals"

"Shooting To Fame In One Battle, Gehrman Sparrow Attempts Assassination Attempt on Vice Admiral Ailment At Night"

…

…

Shortly after Fors finished her purchases and returned to her rental apartment, Xio had finished her trip and returned.

The reason for their timely return was because it was Monday and it was almost three in the afternoon.

Gong! Gong! Gong!

The nearby cathedral's bells resonated as a crimson red beam of light surged at Fors and Xio at the same moment.

Inside the majestic palace, by the sides of the ancient mottled table, figures appeared simultaneously, taking corporeal form.

Like always, Justice Audrey stood up first, faced the seat of honor of the long bronze table, curtsied, and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

Miss Justice seems rather down… From the looks of it, the news last night is still affecting her… The Fool Klein nodded indiscernibly and acknowledged the Tarot Club members' greetings.

At this moment, Audrey, who wasn't in a good mood, noticed with her sharp observational skills that there was a bronze cross beside Mr. Fool's right hand.

Where did this cross come from? To be placed on the table by Mr. Fool, it's an item that's at least the level of a Card of Blasphemy… Who does it originate from? What use does it have? Questions flew through Audrey's mind, making her feel an irresistible sense of curiosity.

This was the first time Mr. Fool was placing something in front of him that wasn't a Card of Blasphemy!

Immediately following that, Alger, Cattleya, and the other Tarot Club members also noticed the bronze cross that was more eye-catching than a card. Like Miss Justice, they couldn't help but guess at the item's origins, level, and use.

Amongst them, Derrick felt a subtle calling from it. He felt that the bronze cross was drawing him in.

He then recalled a basic rule taught in lessons at the City of Silver:

Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence!

This is a high-level Sealed Artifact of the Sun pathway? Derrick suddenly came to a realization.

Fors and Xio recognized the bronze cross to be the Sealed Artifacts that they had sacrificed. Their pupils dilated as though they were trying to take a

better look.

Mr. Fool places so much importance on this item? I-it's more important than what Xio and I imagined? Fors was stunned and couldn't hide her curiosity.

When it came to matters involving gods, her thoughts would never develop towards romance.

Xio shared similar thoughts with Fors, but she didn't say a word. She believed that Miss Justice would definitely take the initiative to ask.

Just as Audrey was deliberating about raising her hand, Cattleya closed her eyes, turned her body, and faced the seat of honor.

Before she bowed and spoke, The Fool Klein suddenly chuckled, "Don't worry. The glasses you conjure can seal your Eye of Mystery Prying."

He knew very well that Ma'am Hermit had already become a demigod by obtaining godhood, turning into a Mysticologist.

This was partly because Cattleya had prayed to The Fool before she held the ritual and consumed the potion, hoping to advance under "His" watch. This way, even if she ultimately failed, she could be blessed and not lose control or go mad. She could always think of expelling the excessive characteristic and redo the attempt.

Towards this matter, Klein wasn't too confident about it, because he had never attempted it before. Divination also didn't give any answers, but since he had agreed, he believed that if she failed and didn't die, it was definitely all thanks to Mr. Fool. If she were to lose control or go mad, she wouldn't care if Mr. Fool was really a cheat. In short, Klein's main purpose was to give her confidence so that she was in the best conditions for an advancement attempt. After all, Admiral of Stars wasn't able to find other existences to give similar blessings.

After witnessing Ma'am Hermit's advancement to a demigod, Klein heaved a sigh of relief while lampooning inwardly.

At times, acting as a god is harder than acting like a human. When believers encounter trouble, there are usually two outcomes—life or death. Their survival is naturally due to the blessings of deities, and no one would care if death occurs…

On the other hand, after becoming a demigod and being able to use more of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog, The Fool Klein could easily see the Astral Projections of the Tarot Club members; thus, reading their current Beyonder pathway and Sequence.

After sealing her Eye of Mystery Prying, Cattleya heaved a sigh of relief and reverently said, "Mr. Fool, there is one page of Emperor Roselle's diary this time."

Emperor Roselle's diary? Queen Mystic is done with her matters? But nothing abnormal happened in Backlund… Yes, no one noticed the infiltration of Amon in Böklund Street or the demigod battle in Maygur Manor… The Fool Klein nodded in an unperturbed manner and said, "Good. You can think of a question or request."

As he spoke, Audrey, Alger, and company sharply learned something from this conversation.

Ma'am Hermit was worried that the glasses she conjured was unable to seal her Eye of Mystery Prying, and this wasn't a worry she had in the previous gatherings.

This means that Ma'am Hermit's Eye of Mystery Prying has been significantly boosted… Hmm, why would there be a sudden boost? S-she advanced to become a demigod? She's our Tarot Club's second demigod? Audrey connected this matter to Cattleya's purchase of the Mythical Creature's blood and immediately had a guess.

She then swept her gaze at the male members opposite her and realized that Mr. Hanged Man's seating posture had unknowingly changed. He had apparently figured that Ma'am Hermit had become a demigod. Little Sun's gaze was still staring at the bronze cross without any reaction. The Moon Mr. Emlyn hesitated for a few seconds before looking up at Ma'am Hermit. Mr. Star was like Little Sun, his eyes somewhat vacant as though he was waiting for the diary part to pass.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, can this question be accumulated with the next one?" Cattleya asked.

Accumulated with the next one… Queen Mystic still doesn't want to have her mood affected? Then why would she suddenly provide a diary page? Has she foreseen something? To maintain his image as The Fool, he didn't ask why and nodded gently.

"Sure."

Cattleya didn't speak further as she conjured that diary page, only to see it flash into Mr. Fool's hands.

Klein scanned it seemingly casually, taking in most of the information.

"19th July. Night of the Blood Moon.

"Mr. Door's answer allowed me to confirm one thing. In that ancient secret organization, the second Blasphemy Slate I saw wasn't complete!"

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CHAPTER 1036
"EXPECTED" DEVELOPMENT

"According to Mr. Door, the main difference between the second Blasphemy Slate and the first Blasphemy Slate isn't that the latter has many unique Sequence names, but that the former had many additions. It was a secret the ancient sun god caught a glimpse of towards 'His' later years. Alright, as a true god, there's no such thing as later years. I'm just using the human concept of the period from 'His' birth to fall, so that would be considered 'His' later years.

"In other words, the second Blasphemy Slate's creator was the ancient sun god?"

"Towards this question, Mr. Door answered with almost certainty. 'He' told me that the ancient sun god's fall resulted in the birth of the Blasphemy Slate.

"Does that mean that it's considered a key relic of the ancient sun god?

"Then, who was the one who created the first Blasphemy Slate? The original Creator who truly created everything? And what were the additional pieces of knowledge that appeared on the second Blasphemy Slate?

"Mr. Door didn't answer, only saying that it involves too many secrets. It cannot be explained in just a few words. If 'He' were to return to the real world, 'He' would be able to tell me in detail.

"Heh, do you think I'll fall for it?

"As the Blasphemy Slate was mentioned, I recalled two questions that had been bothering me since a long time ago. What does it mean to be the trend of the times? Who defines the trend of the times?

"Mr. Door's reaction was very odd. 'He' laughed for nearly twenty seconds before telling me, be careful of the 'Spectator.'

"What has this got to do with my question?

"With 'His' reminder, I carefully recalled the contents of the second Blasphemy Slate and discovered an unusual problem. As a Beyonder of the Savant pathway, my memory is something I can be proud of due to my eidetic memory. However, I only recalled that Sequence 0 of the Spectator pathway is Visionary, but I have no impression of its ritual to become a god!

"I can clearly remember all the rituals for the other twenty-one pathways, but this is the only one where, not only do I lack an impression of, I have even subconsciously neglected it.

"I tried asking Mr. Door what the ritual is for becoming a god for the Spectator pathway.

"Mr. Door laughed and said with a teasing and leisurely tone, 'didn't you already say it?'

"This… The ritual for a Spectator to become a god is to make the development of the times to be in line with one's expectations. Then, consume the potion for their advancement when it's at a certain time node in that trend?

"I believe that's the truth!

"Compared to 'the times is part of the original Creator; only when the times develop according to a certain expectation can 'He' draw energy from it and revive,' this seems more objective. Heh, I knew that among the founders of

that ancient secret organization, there had to be someone with their plans apart from the zealots!

"On careful thought, this is really quite a terrifying matter. It's fine when stuck in the Low- and Mid-Beyonder levels, but once someone is of a high standing, they might suffer an unknown and sudden destruction simply because their particular thoughts, ideas, or matters that they would like to push forward disagrees with a particular existence's expectations…

"Be careful of the 'Spectator'!

"I'm very curious how Mr. Door knows what's on the second Blasphemy Slate, as well as the various rituals needed to become a god. 'His' answer was that 'He' had seen the complete second Blasphemy Slate, and with 'Him' were Solomon, Zaratul, Tudor, Trunsoest, Augustus, Einhorn, Sauron, Castiya, Zoroast, Stiano, Constantine, and company… These were families who reigned over all the Beyonders in the Fourth Epoch!"

The secrets contained in this diary page made Klein feel as though he was facing a Mythical Creature's form, embroiling his mind in a storm of knowledge.

The Spectator's ritual to become a god is to make the times develop according to one's imagination? If that's the case, Adam has been subconsciously preparing for this since the beginning of the Fourth Epoch… So the secret that King George III is hiding, and the possible developments, are in line with "His" expectations, to the point of "Him" giving a helping hand? Once the tide of the times come rushing in, with things not being capable of changing in short time spans, "He" will be able to become a god?

In that case, engaging in a deep investigation of the Great Smog is abnormally dangerous. Even if I'm currently a Blessed of the Goddess, having an official Beyonder's background and being able to cooperate with angels anytime, my safety can't be guaranteed. After all, the Goddess isn't

able to descend for quite some time… Amidst his thoughts, Klein suddenly had the intention of cowering back.

If this were in the past, he could relax after reporting the matter to the Church of Evernight and even leave Backlund for a vacation. But now, as a Blessed of the Goddess, he had already promised to seek out Hvin Rambis and Saintess of White Katarina, making it very difficult for him to escape.

It was truly a case of "you win some, you lose some."

Furthermore, Klein didn't know how Adam wished for the times to develop. If a Great Smog of Backlund happened again, he really had no way of extricating himself. There were people he cared about, and he yearned for peace.

At the very least, I have to know what the king's secret is before deciding what to do… On the second Blasphemy Slate, apart from the Beyonder pathways and Sequence potion, what are the secrets it has? Klein retracted his gaze and made Roselle's diary page vanish.

Then, he looked around with a calm expression and said with a smile, "You may begin."

At this moment, Audrey didn't hide her curiosity. She raised her hand slightly and asked, "Honorable Mr. Fool, is there any special meaning to the cross beside your hand?

"If the answer requires an equivalent exchange, you can directly make the request."

Klein placed the Unshadowed Crucifix on the table precisely because he wanted the Tarot Club members to ask. He could then use this opportunity to inform Little Sun and The Hanged Man, who might have a chance of using the cross, of the news. After all, such matters were beneath Mr. Fool to expect him to raise them.

Therefore, he smiled at Miss Justice.

"This question is nothing.

"It's something left behind by the sun god of ancient times."

Sun god of ancient times… Ancient sun god? The Creator that the City of Silver believes in? T-this cross actually has such origins? A captain of the royal guards who's just a Sequence 5 or 6 actually had a relic of the ancient sun god on him? Isn't that too much a coincidence? Fors couldn't believe her ears when she heard Mr. Fool's answer.

At this moment, The Fool Klein mentioned in passing, "Its level isn't too high, corresponding to an Unshadowed. It's greatest use is to eliminate the mental corruption of Beyonder characteristics and help people who have consumed excessive potions to expel the excess characteristics. It will allow those who do not wish to remain in the mysterious world to return to normalcy."

This power is rather fascinating… It's no wonder Mr. World once asked me if given a chance, will I be willing to completely leave the mysterious world… Audrey felt that her curiosity was satisfied.

Strange… It really is an item that makes me uncomfortable… Emlyn made a judgment as he looked to the side at The Sun.

Derrick was surprised and delighted, having a feeling that he had his dream fulfilled.

His dream was to free all the residents of the City of Silver from the curse and return under the Sun, and not constantly suffer the madness, pain, and torture.

And if such a dream could be fulfilled by the relic inherited from the ancient sun god—the Creator who the City of Silver believed in—it would truly appear to be destiny and inevitable.

He spoke before The Hanged Man.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, can I find a way to trade for this item?"

"As long as you pay a sufficient price," Klein said with a slight nod.

…*Mr. Fool really is the best, the greatest!* Derrick praised from the bottom of his heart.

As long as a sufficient price is paid… Alger gained inspiration from Miss Magician's rental of the notebook and hurriedly asked, "Honorable Mr. Fool, is it possible to rent the cross for a day or a few hours for a fixed price?"

He currently didn't have any plans on renting it. As his Wind-blessed potion had digested relatively quickly, he planned on considering the problem of purging the excess characteristic after he consumed the additional Ocean Songster potion.

"Yes," The Fool Klein answered simply.

It can be rented? The Star Leonard had benefited quite significantly from borrowing Leymano's Travels previously. After he heard Mr. Fool's answer, he focused, seriously thinking if he had any need for the ancient sun god's relic.

A few seconds later, he realized that he didn't have such a need.

Not only was the Sun pathway good against wraiths and specters, the Evernight pathway was good at it too!

Furthermore, when he returned from Tingen to Backlund, he had already obtained four Flaring Sun Charms, planning to give half of them to Klein who had provided him the information, keeping the other half for himself.

As for purging the excessive Beyonder characteristics and leaving the mysterious world, he didn't need it. He was about to hold the ritual to become a Spirit Warlock!

At this moment, Fors glanced at Xio and felt pangs of regret.

She wasn't regretting them sacrificing the cross to Mr. Fool, but rather that she didn't attempt to use her powers or Leymano's Travels to "Record" the corresponding powers before sacrificing it.

Of course, this was mainly because she was rather timid. Without being able to use an Astrologer's means to determine the cross's uses and effects, she didn't dare to rashly make attempts.

After all, I can still rent it from Mr. Fool in the future… She tried hard to cheer up.

Noticing no further requests, The Fool Klein retracted his grace, gesturing to the Tarot Club members to begin the transactions and discussions.

In fact, the Unshadowed Crucifix had someone who potentially needed it. It was the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter Anderson. This fellow had undergone various experiments after boarding the Golden Dream under Vice Admiral Iceberg's arrangements, doing so in a bid to digest the alien object inside him. There was already a certain level of success, but it wasn't enough to completely eliminate the latent problems.

Upon thinking of this, Klein silently mumbled, *I'll get Danitz to ask later…*

At this moment, Audrey raised a request for a transaction.

"Ladies and gentlemen, which one of you has a Dreamcatcher's heart, mind illusion crystal, or an adult mind dragon's complete brain?"

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CHAPTER 1037
GEHRMAN'S PROBLEM

After hearing Miss Justice, Derrick very enthusiastically replied, "Our City of Silver's warehouse likely has the complete brain of an adult mind dragon. I'll inform you after confirming it when I return."

He originally wanted to say that even if there was the complete brain of an adult mind dragon, it was most likely filled with madness and distorted mental corruption, but after seeing the bronze cross, he felt that it wasn't a problem.

That simple? Audrey's eyes lit up when she heard that. Her depressed mood from last night had brightened up significantly.

Indeed, compared to the outside world where dragons are decreasing in number, the City of Silver, which has a history dating back to the Second Epoch, will likely possess such ingredients. Hmm, it's mainly because they do not have the higher Sequences' formula for the Spectator pathway, so even with the ingredients, they are of little use. Furthermore, they lack an Artisan and are unable to turn Beyonder ingredients into mystical items. At times, they'd rather just store them… Many thoughts ran through Audrey's mind as she asked with a faint smile, "If you do have it, what would you exchange it for?"

"I haven't thought of it…" Derrick felt a little embarrassed as he raised his hand and scratched the back of his head.

His main goal now was to obtain the Creator's relic from Mr. Fool, but he didn't have anything of equal value.

In the past, he would definitely be worried, but now, he quickly came up with an idea despite his worries.

He decided to ask the Chief because he was certain that the Chief was interested in the Creator's relic.

Due to having such thoughts, he really didn't know what payment he needed from Miss Justice. He planned on figuring out the other matter before telling her.

"Alright, confirm it first. It's best if you can check if there's any blood of an adult mind dragon." Audrey didn't press as she nodded gently.

It was the hardest supplementary ingredient she needed in the Dreamwalker potion formula.

Audrey immediately looked around, indicating that she was done.

You don't have to look at me. Although I do have some savings, there's nothing I wish to buy. It mainly has to do with Teacher not having given me the Traveler's potion formula… Among the first five Sequences of Apprentice, I like Traveler the most. I've always been looking forward to heading to different places to take in their vistas and delicacies. But thinking of the long journey, the crowdedness or crude transportation tools, and the inns whose level of hygiene is questionable, I'll definitely be obstructed by all the bulky baggage… After I become a Traveler, these won't be a problem… Fors's thoughts gradually wandered as she fantasized about her future life.

Xio pondered for a moment and said, "Everyone, please look out for the potion formula for the Arbiter pathway's Sequence 6 Judge and Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin."

She had a chance of obtaining the Judge formula from her MI9 contact, but she believed that Viscount Stratford's death would definitely cause a storm in Backlund, and when that happened, many things might change.

Therefore, she planned on getting the Tarot Club to make additional preparations. After all, it was only for them to be on the lookout and not to search for them.

Besides, at Sequence 6 and 5, that would make her a quasi-high-ranking member of MI9. For informants in the peripheral to apply for the potion formula, there was a high probability that she needed to undergo a new round of investigations. This wasn't something she could skip because of the contact who had been very friendly to her.

To Xio, who was anxious to advance to a High-Sequence Beyonder and figure out the secret of the king, she undoubtedly couldn't place her hopes in the military.

"Alright." Alger was the first to reply.

Due to the influence from the royal family and the military, the Church of Storms likely had some of the potion formulas of the Arbiter pathway. Of course, this wasn't something a "Sequence 6" captain responsible for acting as a pirate would know. He only had a chance of knowing them after he officially became a Sequence 5 and was summoned back to the Church or was assigned to deal with more important missions.

Following that, Cattleya said, "The potion formula of the Arbiter pathway is strictly controlled by the Loen and Feynapotter royal families and military. They seldom appear in the wild. However, I can try to help you obtain it, but not able to guarantee you success. Also, if you need it, I can provide you with a Judge pathway's mystical item. After its shattering and reformation, it will become the corresponding main ingredient."

When she mentioned the words "shattering" and "reformation," Cattleya subconsciously thought of turning her body sideways as a hint to Miss Judgment that she could seek Mr. Fool's help, but ultimately she held back.

As for the method to obtaining the potion formula, it was actually very simple. It was to take the initiative to listen to the ravings of the Hidden

Sage and accept the knowledge "He" imbued. At Sequence 4, her level of tolerance as a demigod had undergone a qualitative change.

However, the Hidden Sage was definitely not an existence that lacked intelligence. "He" could attach negative influences in the knowledge in "His" ravings, and even send "His" powers down from above, corrupting the listener. Therefore, such actions were still dangerous. Cattleya had the courage to attempt it, not because she was rash and overly confident, but because she was a member of the Moses Ascetic Order.

As an ancient organization that believed in the Hidden Sage, the Moses Ascetic Order's upper echelons had gradually found a relatively safe method to "listen" while under this existence's influence. Likewise, the Hidden Sage didn't have a ridiculous level of malicious intent towards members of the Moses Ascetic Order. "He" seldom brought harm, and most of the time, "He" was simply imbuing knowledge and letting them pursue "His" believers.

To her, as long as she controlled the frequency and quantity, she could obtain knowledge from the Hidden Sage in a rather safe manner. As for the tiny influence and corruption that came with it, she suspected that the process of entering the area above the gray fog every time she participated in the Tarot Gathering allowed them to be eliminated in a natural and simple manner.

The only problem was that the knowledge she received each time wasn't something under her control. It depended on the Hidden Sage's mood and thoughts at that particular point in time.

In a sense, this was a passive and irresistible secret deed ritual.

As for the Judge pathway mystical item that she was willing to provide, it came from the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter Anderson—a button. After she became a demigod, some of the items she held had little use. One of them was the button.

After hearing that, Xio didn't hesitate to agree.

"Alright, I'll consider purchasing it after obtaining the Judge potion formula."

I hope I can raise my Sequence again by then, allowing me to use the gray fog's powers that isn't just close to the level of an angel, but that of an angel. Only then can I shatter items and let the characteristic reform. Otherwise, I'll still have to bother Ma'am Arianna or Will Auceptin. Yes, if Mr. Azik were to awaken, things would be a lot simpler…

I wonder if the Unshadowed Crucifix can purge an item's Beyonder characteristic out. I don't think it will work. It can't coexist with those items, preventing them from even coming close… Other than this restriction, it should be possible in theory. I'll later try to use the gray fog's powers to force the Unshadowed Crucifix to be bound to other mystical items… Klein, who was listening by the sidelines, thought.

After discussing Miss Judgment's matter, the other members didn't seem to have any needs to make a transaction. Leonard had already covered up the weaknesses of his mystical item. Alger was working hard to become "legal." Derrick was only thinking of the Creator's relic. Emlyn and Cattleya had just advanced recently, so they had nothing they needed for now.

Amongst them, Cattleya had the intention of renting the cross to see if she could cleanse the remnant corruption in Artisan Cielf. However, the Roselle diaries she gathered came from Queen Mystic and were used for obtaining answers. She believed she was temporarily unable to produce anything that would garner Mr. Fool's interest.

I'll try to gather the emperor's diary out at sea… Cattleya secretly made the decision. After some thought, Emlyn said to The Magician, "Ma'am, in the next two weeks, I might need to rent that notebook."

"No problem." Fors was originally thinking of spending money to get Mr. Moon to add Abyss Shackles and other Beyonder powers to the spellbook, so she was very happy to permit his request. This meant, not only would she not be spending money, but she would even earn some money.

At this thought, she couldn't help but add, "Try not to record 'Full Moon.'"

She would be very troubled if Leymano's Travels's powers were mainly filled with "Full Moon."

While Emlyn nodded in agreement, Alger interrupted as though in thought, "Is the Sanguine's hunting of the key members of the Rose School of Thought about to begin?"

"Yes." Emlyn didn't hide the truth at all. "Once the plan is finalized, I'll get everyone to provide me with suggestions."

"No problem." The first to answer wasn't The Hanged Man, but The World Gehrman Sparrow who had been sitting silently at the bottom end of the long bronze table.

He's interested in this? Not only did Emlyn think this, but the other members also had the same idea no matter how slow they were.

With The Hanged Man, The Hermit, and Justice agreeing to help Mr. Moon in plotting the Sanguine operation, the Tarot Club's transaction segment came to an end, ushering in the free communication segment.

The World Gehrman Sparrow sat up slightly and looked at The Star Leonard.

"Help me ask if that person has seen the second Blasphemy Slate."

"Blasphemy Slate?" Audrey and the other members immediately grasped the peculiar term.

They immediately had astonished thoughts:

The second Blasphemy Slate?

Mr. Star isn't as simple as he appears! He knows someone that has seen one of the most important items in mythical legend!

Other than his identity as a member of the Church and official Beyonder, he had other secrets!

No wonder he has joined the Tarot Club…

Leonard jumped in fright as well, never expecting Klein to raise such a request.

After a few seconds of silence, he exhaled and said, "Okay."

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CHAPTER 1038
NAME LIST

After answering, Leonard snapped to his senses and grasped the hidden message contained in Klein's request.

Does he mean that Old Man has once seen something like the Blasphemy Slate?

Without giving Leonard the chance to think, The World Gehrman Sparrow surveyed the area and mentioned something else:

"The Church of Evernight has confirmed that Loen King George III hides a particular secret from the intel they received from MI9's deputy director, Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor… He secretly sent people to dig up the Blood Emperor's ruins and colluded with the Demoness Sect and Psychology Alchemists…”

Klein controlled the fake person and described the matter which he had previously told Miss Justice in greater detail. After he was done, he made special mention:

"The three Churches don't seem to have found enough evidence. With Hvin Rambis's disappearance, the matter seems to have calmed on the surface… There is reason to suspect that there's a traitor amongst the upper echelons of the three Churches."

…Something so major actually happened in Backlund this week? Klein seems to have obtained information from the Church… Why don't I know any of that? As he listened, Leonard shot a look at The World Gehrman Sparrow with an odd expression. He temporarily had his thoughts adrift,

unsure as to who was the Red Gloves of the Church of Evernight and a target who was about to become a high-ranking member to be nurtured.

Recalling the past, he seemed to grasp something, but he was unable to fully grasp that spark of inspiration and develop the idea fully.

Xio, who had planned on sharing her encounter with Viscount Stratford and his testimony at the Tarot Club and seek assistance, was stunned to realize that the matter Mr. World was investigating overlapped greatly with her goals.

If I had known this would happen, I would've sought Mr. World's help when following Viscount Stratford to the dock area. We might've been able to circumvent the restrictions and obtain more clues… Xio looked around and deliberated over her words, preparing herself to speak.

At this moment, while Alger was feeling shocked, he connected it to the period three-to four-months ago, a period before The Star and Judgment had joined the Tarot Club. Back then, The World Gehrman Sparrow had requested the Tarot Club members to help take note of information regarding Qonas Kilgor, and he had accused Hvin Rambis of being the mastermind behind Cuarón's suicide.

Indeed, a simple suicide case by Cuarón wouldn't make The World expend so much of his time and energy. Matters he's investigating and the people he takes note of are very likely secrets that have an influence on the global situation… Also, there might be a traitor amongst the three Churches' upper echelons? Which cardinal or high-ranking deacon could it be? Alger could sense the surging undercurrents and the scent of an opportunity.

Normally, he wasn't someone the Church of Storms placed a great importance on. The best outcome of a Beyonder who acted as a pirate for prolonged periods of time was to become a Sequence 5 Ocean Songster. After returning to the Church, they could become an assistant to the Mandated Punisher's upper echelons. It was almost impossible for them to wield holy artifacts and become demigods.

Only with the situation changing and through frequent developments could he rely on the Tarot Club to showcase his capabilities and make great contributions. That way, he would be made a target to be nurtured.

Likewise, Cattleya seemed to see the dark clouds accumulating in Backlund, as well as the strong winds brewing there. She vaguely understood why the Queen had been staying in Backlund over the past half-year. As for Emlyn, he frowned, feeling once again that Backlund was no longer a safe place for the Sanguine to live in.

I can only hope that it doesn't affect my hunting operation of the key members of the Rose School of Thought… Also, I hope it doesn't make Father and me be that busy like the period after the Great Smog last year… Emlyn's frown deepened upon recalling that episode.

He swept his gaze from the corner of his eye at The Sun and discovered that the youth was sitting upright, his eyes vacant. He couldn't help but scoff inwardly.

"I will take note of Hvin Rambis's whereabouts." Audrey broke the temporary silence.

Judgment Xio also looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and said, "I'm investigating a matter that involves the king's secret. If you need my assistance, please don't stand on ceremony."

Having said that, she briefly mentioned the problem of someone monitoring Shermane.

"Alright." Klein knew that it was Demoness Trissy and made the fake person, The World, nod and chuckle hoarsely. "Be it taking note of Hvin Rambis's whereabouts or investigating the king's secret, take note of any matters that seem too coincidental around you. If there are any coincidences, immediately inform me."

He didn't directly mention the Twilight Hermit Order or Adam, afraid that Miss Justice and company couldn't help but think about it in private and be overly anxious. If they were to reveal any problems, they might attract unneeded attention.

Too many coincidences… Fors and the other Tarot Club members repeated this phrase in their minds as they made their own guesses.

After about ten seconds of silence, Derrick said, "I'll be following the expedition team to the Afternoon Town camp after a period of making preparations and adjustments. This time, we might attempt to enter the Giant King's Court."

To Audrey and company, this wasn't something too sudden. They had long known that the City of Silver would launch such an operation after The Sun advanced to Sequence 5.

Therefore, they weren't shocked or surprised. Instead, they had the feeling that their patience had paid off, as though a mythical legend was about to unfold before them in a real, corporeal manner.

Alger thought and gave a vague reminder:

"When the time comes, listen to your Chief's arrangements and try your best to pray to Mr. Fool frequently. If you're stumped, you can request a mini-gathering for a discussion like The Moon."

"Alright, Mr. Hanged Man." Derrick had no problems with that since those were things he usually did or thought of doing.

After this matter was over, Alger turned to the seat of honor at the end of the bronze table and reverently said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I have the answer to the matter you wanted me to investigate."

Under the other members' looks of puzzlement and curiosity, he continued, "There were five Feysac colonels who participated in the Konotop Sea

battle in 1338. Two of them died in battle, and one died two years ago due to excessive drinking after being discharged due to age. One was promoted to Commodore and was transferred to the Imperial Navy College and became its vice-chancellor. One became a Rear Admiral and is currently serving as commanding officer of the Feysac Subjugation Fleet's second squadron.

Just as he said that, Alger requested for the right to conjure a piece of paper filled with the detailed intel.

The Fool Klein allowed it to flash in his palm and quickly scanned through it.

He had made The Hanged Man investigate the Feysac Enmat's colonel in the 1338 Konotop Sea battle mainly to seek out Creeping Hunger's original owner. That naval officer had captured the Enmat's second mate, Andy Haydn in that sea battle and "Grazed" him. He was one of the absolute victors, so it was impossible for him to have died in battle.

As for his subsequent discovery and encounter in that primitive island with The Hanged Man, they made Klein suspect that Qilangos had been given the glove by the Twilight Hermit Order.

Be it an official or periphery member, it's impossible for him to die that easily or die from alcoholism… Of course, I can't eliminate the possibility of being silenced… Klein thought quickly and remembered three names on the piece of white paper.

Boris… Died in 1347. Cause of death: Excessive drinking…

Suzdal… 48 years old. Commodore. Feysac Imperial Navy College's vice-chancellor…

Dmitriev… 45 years old. Rear Admiral. Commanding officer of Feysac Subjugation Fleet's second squadron…

Retracting his gaze, The Fool Klein nodded gently and said to The Hanged Man, "Continue gathering detailed information of the latter three. Figure out everything about their lives."

"Yes, Mr. Fool." Alger agreed without hesitation.

This was an opportunity for him. After the mission was completed, he could attempt to request to borrow the cross.

After another round of exchanges, the week's Tarot Gathering came to an end. Leonard then returned to the real world.

Sitting on the sofa, he hesitated for a moment before placing his feet on the coffee table. Then, he asked with a suppressed voice, "Old Man, have you seen the second Blasphemy Slate before?"

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast's slight-aged voice sounded:

"No. The one who saw the second Blasphemy Slate was my great grandfather. Heh heh, who mentioned this?"

Leonard didn't answer Pallez Zoroast's question as thoughts resonated in his mind.

The Blasphemy Slate really exists!

Old Man's great grandfather had seen the second Blasphemy Slate!

No wonder "He" could become an angel!

After a few seconds, Leonard asked curiously and expectantly, "Old Man, do you know the potion formula of Nightwatcher?"

Pallez Zoroast immediately scoffed.

"Naive! According to my great grandfather, it was an urgent situation and a limited opportunity. The Blasphemy Slate could disappear at any moment. Any smart person will know to grasp a complete Beyonder pathway before looking at the rest.

"In addition, the knowledge of the Blasphemy Slate appeared in its essence and not in textual form. Everyone who saw it needed some time to interpret it. When the Blasphemy Slate was taken away, not everyone managed to memorize a complete Beyonder pathway, so how could they care about the others?

"I do have quite a number of potion formulas of the other pathways, but they were slowly gathered by the family over long periods of time. There aren't many High-Sequence formulas among them."

"Is that so…" Leonard chuckled dryly and asked, "Who took the second Blasphemy Slate away?"

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a second before saying, *"If my great grandfather's description isn't wrong, that should be King of Angels Adam."*

"The seven deities—no, it should've only been six deities back then, didn't participate in this matter?" Leonard pressed in puzzlement.

Pallez Zoroast laughed in an ambiguous manner.

"At least not on the surface."

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CHAPTER 1039
HOPE

A bolt of lightning streaked across the deep, dark sky, illuminating the entirety of the City of Silver. However, it didn't last too long, and it soon disappeared into the darkness, returning the world to its pitch-black state.

After Derrick Berg opened his eyes, he immediately got off the bed and dashed for the door.

He slowed down his pace as he walked, his expression clearly conflicted.

How should I mention the Creator's relic to the Chief? Directly tell the Chief that an item has caught my eye? No, no. Although, according to Mr. Hanged Man, the Chief has a tacit understanding towards such matters, I can't be too direct… Derrick was always a thin-skinned youth. Even when his parents were alive, he seldom made requests for items.

He paused in place, seriously trying to recall the discussions with Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, and the rest of the Tarot Club members, hoping to imitate them and find a reasonable excuse.

After simulating the possible developments all day, Derrick bit his lip and decided to be direct.

Carrying Thunder God's Roar, he pulled open the door, entered the streets, and headed for the twin towers that was north of the city.

Along the way, many City of Silver residents came out of their houses, wearing smiles as they gathered at the training field.

This period of time was the harvesting season for Black-Faced Grass, a "festival" for the City of Silver to offer sacrificial offerings to the Creator. It was also one of the rare days when people could feel happy deep down in a darkness with harsh survival conditions.

Seeing children who were skipping about and adults wearing Black-Faced Grass amulets and rings while hearing their discussions and singing, Derrick's heart calmed down as his footsteps grew firmer.

Coming to the spire of the twin towers, he passed the message and met the Chief of the six-member council, Colin Iliad, in a particular room at the top of the tower.

This Demon Hunter was messy and grizzled as always, having not put effort into combing it. The wrinkles on his face were rather deep, leaving behind either deep or distorted old scars. His light blue eyes were deep with experience as though they could see through a person.

After Derrick saluted him, he nodded and said, "How's your grasp of the Priest of Light potion?"

This was referring to the spirituality convergence and the corresponding familiarity with the various theurgical spells.

Derrick answered in a frank manner, "Almost grasped it."

"Yes, there's no rush. The other members of the expedition team have yet to make preparations. They still need a certain amount of time, just like Lovia. She's gathering and searching for the ingredients needed for her advancement." Colin Iliad gave a casual mention.

Indeed, Elder Lovia will also participate in the expedition to the Giant King's Court… She's trying to become a demigod? Derrick was taken aback as he asked without hiding anything, "Elder Lovia has the subsequent potion formula?"

This was a problem that had plagued this Shepherd Elder all this time, preventing her from becoming a demigod for years.

"Yes." Colin gave an affirmative answer, but he didn't provide an explanation.

He instead asked, "Is there something this time?"

Derrick turned anxious when he heard this. He didn't make a request, but rather directly said, "Your Excellency, I discovered a relic of the Creator. It corresponds to the Sequence 4 Unshadowed of the Sun pathway."

The tall and muscular Colin in a linen shirt narrowed his eyes as the look in his eyes changed.

Those complex and indescribable emotions made Derrick freeze on the spot, causing him to momentarily forget what he was about to say next.

Amidst an indescribable silence, Demon Hunter Colin said in a deep voice, "Relic?"

Derrick's pupils constricted as he realized that he accidentally mentioned something of great significance.

He had felt pained that the Creator had been eaten for a very long time, knowing that "He" had completely fallen, never to return again. This made him develop the illusion that it was common sense.

Faced with the Chief's question and gaze, Derrick fell silent, momentarily at a loss for an explanation.

He hesitated for a few seconds and finally opened his mouth with great difficulty.

"Yes, relic.

"The Kings betrayed the Lord…”

He subconsciously used the term the ecclesiastic at Afternoon Town had used in referring to the Kings of Angels.

Colin looked at Derrick, his light blue eyes seemingly losing focus temporarily.

This Demon Hunter remained silent for a long while, and after nearly a minute did he calmly say, "Got it."

His voice subconsciously turned deeper. He didn't ask where the relic of the Creator that Derrick had discovered, or what it looked like and what its use was.

His eyes regained their depth as he didn't continue the topic. Instead, he said, "You've already become a Sequence 5. You have the right to know what holy Sealed Artifacts the City of Silver has. Once you're able to converge your spirituality and fully grasp the theurgical spells, I'll give you the corresponding information and take you to the place where they're sealed.

"If you have an affinity with one of the holy Sealed Artifacts and can reduce its negative effects, you can wield one."

The affinity he mentioned here referred to the similarity between Derrick's psyche and the remnant High-Sequence Beyonder's psyche mark on the Sealed Artifact. It could reduce the terrifying negative effects by deceiving it to a certain degree.

In the City of Silver, there wasn't a lack of common Beyonder characteristics and ingredients. Furthermore, everyone knew the acting method. The only thing preventing them from advancing was the rituals. At times, without a potion formula, it didn't stop a Sequence 8 from advancing to Sequence 7, or Sequence 7 to 6. As long as one had advanced correctly via consuming potions the previous time and had completely digested it, if

one was willing to take the risk, they could attempt to directly consume a Beyonder characteristic to advance. The chances of success weren't too low, but from Sequence 6 to 5, without the help of a ritual, the chances of success were very low.

Therefore, in the City of Silver, there were a lot of Sequence 6 Beyonders, but Sequence 5 and up became rare. It was a level that earned serious considerations.

Why did the Chief suddenly mention this… He means that I can choose a holy Sealed Artifact to exchange for the Creator's relic. I haven't even mentioned this yet… Yes, I'll first offer the information to Mr. Fool and see which item will please him… Derrick was stunned for a moment before he came to a realization. He nodded heavily.

"Yes, Your Excellency."

He didn't say anything else as he bade farewell and prepared to participate in the harvest.

Demon Hunter Colin watched his figure disappear as he slowly walked to the window and cast his gaze at the altar near the training field.

There were already many people gathered there. They were circling the Creator's altar, and they were using ancient dances to please the deity. Others were singing praises of the mighty existence.

They had obvious smiles on their faces, their eyes brimming with hope and anticipation. It was as if the Creator would return if they held on for a few more years, and all hardships would come to an end.

Such expectations had been repeatedly shattered in the past two to three millennia, but it rose up, again and again, to support their hearts in resisting the despair and burdens.

Colin Iliad stood by the window and watched intently.

…

Backlund, Böklund Street.

After returning from above the gray fog to the real world, Klein's heart felt heavy.

Emperor Roselle's diary page allowed him to understand the secrets of the Spectator. He understood how dangerous it would be for him to continue investigating the king. Even with the Church of Evernight and the Goddess's blessings, it wouldn't be completely safe.

It mainly has to do with the Goddess's digesting of the Death pathway's Uniqueness. "She" won't be able to descend for quite a long period of time… I hope the Lord of Storms and the God of Steam and Machinery can react in a timely manner at the critical moment… Regardless, with Ma'am Arianna, Will Auceptin, and Pallez Zoroast, even against a King of Angels, it isn't an outcome that spells certain doom. Even if I were to die, "They" still have a chance of grabbing my corpse… The longer I hold on, the higher the odds of my survival will increase… Klein relieved his stress by making a self-deprecating comment.

Previously, above the gray fog, he had already decided the focus of his investigation. It was to pursue Saintess of White Katarina and Demoness Trissy whose current Sequence was unknown. As for Hvin Rambis, as long as he didn't take the initiative to contact Miss Justice, he wouldn't try to seek him out; otherwise, he might encounter an accident he couldn't fend off.

On the one hand, I'm waiting for Miss Judgment's feedback, and on the other hand, I should try to see if I can find Vice Admiral Ailment. By using their blood connection, I can try to lock onto the Saintess of White. This isn't too realistic. The three Churches will definitely come up with this method, so the Demoness Sect will definitely counter this… I'll later get Danitz to search for items related to Vice Admiral Ailment, and I'll use the gray fog's ability to interfere and screen… Yes, I'll also ask him about

Anderson. This isn't too pressing. The Unshadowed Crucifix is still being experimented with.… Klein retracted his thoughts and got out of bed.

He had already used the gray fog's suppression to bind Unshadowed Crucifix and the mystical item, Broken Finger, together. He wanted to see if the Beyonder characteristic would be purged.

After resting at home for a while, Klein changed his clothes and went out with his valet, Enuni. He planned on praying at Saint Samuel Cathedral before visiting the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

This valet wasn't actually the Winner, but Qonas Kilgor. The real Earl of The Fallen had been turned into flesh with the Flower of Blood and was hiding inside the Earl of The Fallen's stomach.

Backlund's weather these days was often gloomy. The gas lamps lining the two sides of the road had yet to be lit up, but the houses on both sides of the street had already been lit up.

Klein watched all of this expressionlessly. He rode his carriage from Böklund Street to Phelps Street. He first headed to Saint Samuel Cathedral to pray before he wore his top hat and cane and walked to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

As he approached the door, he heard a ringing sound. He saw Miss Audrey riding a modified bicycle which didn't have a horizontal bar and was rather exquisite. She had come out from an alley.

She was wearing a plain white dress and a pair of black leather shoes. Her blonde hair was tied up as her green eyes were peeled on the road. Sitting on the seat harness behind her was a golden retriever who could maintain her stability no matter how much the bicycle shook.

Upon noticing the elegant gentleman with white sideburns, Audrey smiled brightly and greeted in a cheery tone, "Good morning~ Mr. Dantès."

"Good afternoon, Miss Audrey. You seem to be in a good mood?" Klein watched as she hit the brakes and used her foot to support herself.

Audrey pursed her lips as her smile brightened a little.

"You're right. I am indeed in a good mood. After riding this for a while, all my troubles have disappeared."

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CHAPTER 1040
THE TRANQUIL SURFACE OF THE SEA

Not bad, a Spectator's ability to adjust their own emotions are rather impressive… Klein commented inwardly as he looked at the golden retriever on the back seat of the bicycle. He then sized up the bicycle that looked different from the bicycles on the street. He casually asked, "Is this a new bike designed specially for women?"

"What do you mean specially designed for women? If you wish to ride it, you can too," Audrey replied with a smile. "I only told the people at the Bike Company that they needed to consider the requirements of the different demographics. This is their latest product they designed. It has yet to be industrialized. I was given a prototype to give them some feedback."

"An excellent idea," Klein praised with a smile before asking thoughtfully, "Do you know the owner of the Backlund Bike Company?"

Audrey's eyes narrowed a little as she answered, "Of course, I'm one of the major shareholders of the Backlund Bike Company."

Major shareholder… I almost forgot about that… She ultimately succeeded… Klein seemed to understand something as the corners of his lips curled up slightly as he shook his head in a self-deprecating manner.

"I see. My imagination still isn't good enough.

"How is it? How does it feel after riding it?"

Audrey held the bicycle's handles and darted her eyes about slightly, recalling as she said, "It's great. It's very suitable for women."

Honorable lady, that wasn't what you said a moment ago… Klein pricked his brows, but he didn't interrupt the girl.

Audrey smiled and continued, "To me, it can help me adjust my mood and relieve stress. It's like riding a horse. However, that requires special equipment, and I have to do it at the horse ranch in the suburbs. It's impossible to get the horse to gallop at full speed at home or on the streets. It lacks that feeling, but bicycles don't have that problem. I can even head into the alleys which horse carriages can't enter. It allows me to take in different sights. Just now, I rode past a house and saw their garden blooming with flowers. It made me feel especially happy.

"Oh, when I encountered other people on bicycles, I feel very happy too. They work hard to live, carrying that little bit of hope. Although they're busy and in a rush, they don't appear listless. Alright, don't laugh at me. I know you want to say that those who can afford bicycles are definitely not those at the lowest rungs of society. I'm just happy for them.

"I hope that one day, I can ride through every street in Backlund."

Klein listened quietly as his mood improved.

With Miss Justice's description, it seemed possible for the scene to appear in front of him. And this was a trivial change he had brought to this world.

He laughed and said, "No, I have no way of refuting it. It sounds very interesting. This is what I wish to see in Backlund—the more the merrier.

"I originally had doubts about certain things, but now, I seem to have fewer doubts."

With that said, he pointed at 22 Phelps Street, the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation's door.

"Let's go in. It looks like it's going to rain soon."

"Alright, I'll park the bicycle." Audrey got off the bicycle and pushed it and her golden retriever towards the back door.

There was a parking spot for bicycles which had been specially demarcated. It was indoors, so there was no need to be afraid of the rain. In an organization like the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, more and more of the staff who often needed to travel deep into East Borough were beginning to ride bikes. Of course, none of them dared to venture too deeply into East Borough on such a transportation tool, as everything could be stolen there.

As they approached the back door, Susie jumped off the bicycle. She turned back to look at the spot from before and said in puzzlement, "Audrey, that Mr. Dantès person had a mixed tone when he heard you say that you were one of the major shareholders of the Bicycle Company, but I failed to decipher his true meaning."

Audrey pursed her lips and chuckled.

"I previously heard that Mr. Dantès was one of the people who attempted to compete with Hibbert for buying the shares of the Bicycle Company."

"I get it now!" Susie revealed an obvious smile and felt happy for the accuracy of her observation.

Inside the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, Klein very gentlemanly waited until Miss Audrey returned with her Beyonder dog and followed them to the second floor.

At this moment, a staff came forward and said to Audrey, "Director, Chancellor Portland Moment from the Backlund University of Technology is waiting for you in the reception room."

"Why is Chancellor Moment here?" Audrey asked in surprise.

The staff first greeted Director Dwayne Dantès before answering, "He didn't say…”

Before the staff could finish his sentence, the stout and ruddy Portland Moment walked out of the reception room while combing his white hair.

He then pressed his hand to his chest and bowed.

"Honorable Miss Audrey, please forgive me for rashly paying a visit."

In Loen, after getting to know each other, they greeted noble ladies by their last names and greeted the young ladies by name.

"It's my pleasure," Audrey replied politely.

Portland Moment was a chancellor who paid more attention to academics. Without any further flattery or pleasantries, he bluntly said with a smile, "This is the thing: I wish to add a mechanical laboratory to our technical university. The goal is to invent and promote various mechanical technologies that aids businesses and daily life. I wonder if you're interested in donating or investing in them?

"Heh heh, Dwayne. How about it? Do you have any thoughts of working together? Don't worry, I'll definitely get a grant from the Higher Education Commission."

It's a very good idea, but Backlund and the entire kingdom might be falling into a maelstrom afterward… Klein was a little dazed after hearing Principal Moment's words.

Audrey nodded slightly and said with a smile, "It sounds interesting, but I need to see more information. This is a responsibility for myself and my responsibility towards you."

"I think so too," Klein added.

Portland Moment chortled heartily.

"No problem. I'll arrange the information when I get back."

…

In the Fog Sea, on the Golden Dream.

Gehrman Sparrow is actually concerned about Anderson's situation… Also, what's the meaning of searching for items related to Vice Admiral Ailment? Many pirates are wildly going after something similar, but they have never succeeded… Danitz, who had received Gehrman Sparrow's message, was completely puzzled.

But regardless of his puzzlement, he thanked Mr. Fool seriously and carefully.

Following that, he put down his fishing rod and turned to enter the cabin, heading straight for the room where Anderson was residing.

He knocked on the door and opened it in one fell swoop. With his arms crossed, Danitz stood at the door and said to Anderson, who was composing a portrait, "How is it? How's the digestion of that thing in your stomach?"

Anderson put down his brush, glanced at Danitz, and replied heavily, "It already knows how to call me Daddy."

"…” Danitz subconsciously took two steps back.

Anderson immediately returned to his relaxed state as he said with a smile, "Just joking. It's not bad. Your captain has ideas and the drive. The only problem is that we've met with failure too many times.

"Uh, the object in my stomach has been isolated. It won't affect me for a long time."

As he spoke, he rubbed his belly.

Danitz pricked up his brows and curiously asked, "There was originally some sort of effect?"

Anderson sized up Danitz a few times.

"You should've heard that some Beyonder characteristics or potions will seep into items that are in prolonged contact with them and transform them into Sealed Artifacts that are difficult to use. However, a human's body is just a relatively special item.

"At times, I really do suspect that you obtained Beyonder powers through contact with potions and not through consumption. That's why your brain has rotted."

In the past, Danitz would definitely be furious, but now, all he did was chuckle.

"In other words, if you don't isolate it, the thing in your stomach will gradually fuse and reconstruct your body, including your brain?"

Anderson was amused when he heard that.

"Very good. Continue, don't stop. I think you can attempt to advance to Sequence 6. Yes, you're usually very skilled at setting up fires."

Danitz replied disdainfully, "I'm only lacking in the ingredients."

Thinking of Gehrman Sparrow's instructions, he pressed unwillingly, "How is the matter supposed to be dealt with after its isolation?"

Anderson stroked the first button of his shirt as he chuckled.

"Two possibilities. One, is to seek the help of a demigod, such as an Unshadowed, allowing the object to seep out bit by bit. In this aspect, your

captain knows someone who can do it. The only problem is that my Beyonder characteristic might be purged while purging that object. It will drop my Sequence and even turn me into an ordinary person.

"The second line of thought is to think of a way to obtain the Iron-blooded Knight potion formula. Prepare the corresponding ritual and supplementary ingredients and see if there's a way to accommodate that object and use it to become a demigod."

"That sounds very dangerous." Danitz gave an objective assessment of the second line of thought.

Anderson's smile became more obvious.

"Indeed, this is very dangerous. I don't even know if it will work.

"But don't you think it's interesting to have such a challenging task? At least, this is more consistent with my aesthetic judgment than the first method."

Danitz shook his head seriously and said, "No."

Following that, he asked in a provocative and probing manner, "Don't you have a large inheritance—no, wealth? I can bring back your ashes."

Anderson wasn't annoyed at all as he solemnly nodded.

"When the time comes, you can consider eating my ashes directly."

…*Why isn't it possible to provoke this guy at all…* The corners of Danitz's mouth twitched as he decided to give up. He wanted to seek the captain and ask how he could obtain items related to Vice Admiral Ailment.

…

Late at night, at 160 Böklund Street, just as Klein was about to sleep, he saw Miss Messenger walk out while holding four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand. One of them bit on a thin envelope with a letter stuffed in it.

"Who's it from?" Klein asked out of habit as he extended his hand to receive it.

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke one after another:

"Sharron…" "Who…" "Doesn't Like…" "Nicknames…"

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CHAPTER 1041
KING’S DAUGHTER

Sharron who doesn't like nicknames? How did she know? She's interacted with Miss Sharron before? Upon hearing Reinette Tinekerr's answer, Klein was first taken aback before questions emerged one after another in his mind.

From his point of view, a messenger and a mailer wouldn't communicate under normal circumstances. The entire process would be the messenger's appearance, the retrieval of the letter, and its departure.

Besides, when did Miss Messenger need to obtain the permission of the other party when she gives nicknames? Did Frank Lee and Patrick Bryan agree to it?

A few seconds later, Klein instinctively had a guess—Miss Messenger and Miss Sharron definitely had some kind of connection, and Reinette Tinekerr didn't wish to hide anything.

Reining in his thoughts, Klein opened the envelope, unfolded the letter, and quickly scanned the contents.

"There's something I hope you can help me with. Let's meet at the Bravehearts Bar to discuss in detail…”

Compared to before, Miss Sharron isn't that stingy with her words. She's slightly improved in this aspect for the better. Is this a change that resulted from a demigod advancement? Klein thought for a moment and walked to his desk. Picking up a pen, he wrote:

"When do you wish to meet?"

Putting down his pen, he glanced at Reinette Tinekerr, who was standing by the side, seemingly waiting to write the reply. Klein felt even more certain again.

He folded the letter, handed it over, and casually said, "For Miss Sharron."

One of Reinette Tinekerr's heads bit on the letter while the remaining three said, "You…" "Haven't…" "Paid…

"No…" "Postage…" "Payment…"

"…"

Klein cleared his throat, took out a gold coin, and handed it to Miss Messenger.

Seeing Reinette Tinekerr disappear, he revealed a pensive look as he walked to the reclining chair and waited patiently.

Less than a minute later, Miss Messenger walked out of the void again in her complicated dress. She was biting the letter from before.

Klein didn't inquire as he received the reply letter and unfolded it.

"If you don't have any problems with it, it would be best if it happens tonight."

Tonight… Klein nodded thoughtfully and flicked his wrist, causing the letter to ignite into scarlet flames, quickly turning it black.

The flame burgeoned and enveloped his body as well.

By the time the flames extinguished, Klein's figure had already disappeared from the reclining chair. The floating ashes hovering in midair

automatically fell into a nearby trash can with the help of an invisible wind.

In the houses that were connected together in Backlund's North Borough, Cherwood Borough, and the Bridge area, the wall gas lamps brightened slightly before returning to normal.

Before long, Klein appeared in a room he had privately rented at the periphery of East Borough. He changed his clothes, put on gold-rimmed glasses, and went out with the appearance of Sherlock Moriarty, heading straight for the Bravehearts Bar.

This time, he didn't seek out Ian, who was in the card room playing tabletop games with a bunch of people. He listened for a few seconds before pushing open the door to one of the billiard rooms and entered slowly.

Just as he flipped open the door, he saw figures outlining themselves on two sides.

Sitting on a high stool to the left was the blonde, blue-eyed Sharron. She was wearing an exquisite bonnet and a regal dress. Compared to the past, her face was no longer as pale as before. It just looked like she was anemic, making her look less like a female ghost and more like a doll.

Standing to the right of the billiard table was Maric. This young man who liked to play cards with zombies had turned increasingly pale. The malice in his eyes had become unobvious, but it gave a suppressive feeling to others.

"Good evening." Klein took off his hat with a smile and bowed.

"Good evening, Mr. Detective." Sharron's body seemed to float up weightlessly as she seriously bowed. Maric did the same.

At that moment, the billiard room seemed to be filled with paranormal events.

Klein casually pulled a high stool chair and sat down. He chuckled and said, "What is it this time?"

"I'm very sorry to trouble you again." Sharron bowed again.

Maric quickly said, "We made an agreement for a cooperative effort with the Sanguine to deal with the key members of the Rose School of Thought in Backlund.

"We will definitely carry out the bulk of it ourselves. It will include how we lure them out, how we ambush them, and how our attack will happen. We just hope that you will watch the entire process by the side and aid in our escape when an accident happens.

"If you want anything, just mention it. We can discuss it."

That is to say, I'm a contingency to prevent any accidents… What if that fellow, Emlyn, also enlists The World to secretly help? When that happens, they would have two demigods in their contingency plans… Uh, I think it might work. I can be Sherlock Moriarty while letting Qonas Kilgor be Gehrman Sparrow… Klein considered for a few seconds without immediately agreeing. Instead, he said, "Let me ask a few questions."

Maric glanced at Sharron and nodded.

"Okay."

Klein looked at Sharron, who was sitting on a high stool like a doll.

"The Tutanssess II mummy we previously obtained was a preparation for you to advance to Sequence 4 Puppet, and you've already become a demigod?"

This was something he had previously learned from their conversations and letter exchanges. His main goal was to make a confirmation and start the subsequent topic.

Sharron quietly looked back at him as she said with an ethereal and inhuman voice, "Yes."

Klein nodded slightly and directly asked, "What's your relationship with Reinette Tinekerr?"

Sharron's blue eyes darted about almost indiscernibly as she said, "'She' is my teacher."

Teacher…"She"…Although Klein already had some guesses, he nearly drew a gasp. He felt his head aching.

In the blink of an eye, although his expression remained the same, countless thoughts were bubbling in his mind.

…Miss Messenger was originally an angel?

I'm actually using an angel as a messenger? Isn't that too exaggerated?

"She" is even Miss Sharron's teacher… It probably wasn't that simple when "She" requested to be my messenger!

From the looks of it, "She" definitely isn't on the same side as the Mother Tree of Desire. Miss Messenger signed the contract with me because the Mother Tree of Desire was coveting me? No—that "She" is bound to be my enemy?

It's no wonder Miss Sharron was able to obtain the puppet potion formula and the corresponding ingredients with the help of her teacher…

As his thoughts raced, Klein decided to ask another question. He wanted to use the process of Miss Sharron's or Maric's replies to calm his emotions.

He deliberated and said, "What's the exact situation?"

This time, it was still Sharron replying. Compared to Horamick's mechanical dolls, she appeared more lifeless as she calmly said, "Early in the Fifth Epoch, Death perished. There was resistance stirring against the Balam Empire in places like the Southern Continent's Star Highlands and Paz Valley.

"During this process, the Chained God appeared, and the Rose School of Thought was born. My teacher was originally the daughter of the ruler of the local highlands, but 'She' later became the Blessed of the Chained God, assisting 'Her' father in establishing the Highlands Kingdom.

"Later on, 'She' became a Sequence 2 angel, one of the leaders of the Rose School of Thought. 'She' advocated temperance and using austere and few desires to resist the madness in life.

"About 922 years ago, the 'Son of God,' Suah, was born. Everything began to change as the indulgence and bloody rituals gradually took over the dominating faction.

"At first, Teacher was barely able to maintain it, preventing the temperance faction from being affected. However, as time passed, the influence of the Mother Tree of Desire grew. Suah also successfully advanced a few years ago, becoming a true Abomination.

"An internal war broke out. Teacher protected us as we escaped from the highlands, valley, and grasslands. I watched 'Her' fall under the siege of Suah and the other high-ranking members.

"However, 'She' didn't completely die because of prior preparations. 'She' resurrected in a special state in the spirit world and now yearns to complete 'Her' body."

Is that so… In other words, Miss Messenger is currently, in essence, an angel without the corresponding powers. "She" is in a weakened state. It's no wonder she wasn't able to easily deal with the Rose School of Thought demigod, Shanks… Wait, although there are many angels cooperating with

me, why are they all incomplete or weak? Apart from Ma'am Arianna, all of them are in such states… Mr. Azik, Pallez Zoroast, Will Auceptin, Miss Messenger… Is there a problem with my title as The Fool? Are they all waiting for me to give them the charms corresponding to Scholar of Yore? Klein came to a realization as he felt rather poignant.

He didn't ask why Reinette Tinekerr still desired money, as he thought for a moment before saying, "Miss Sharron, the Rose School of Thought definitely has no lack of the Puppet potion formula. After you obtained the Tutanssess II mummy, they would likely view you as a demigod. In addition, Ma'am Reinette Tinekerr had once appeared before the Rose School of Thought's demigod and engaged in a battle with them. This also means that the Rose School of Thought definitely knows that 'She' is alive, and they wouldn't not be prepared against 'Her.' And your relationship as master and disciple with 'Her' is no secret to them.

"In such a situation, isn't it a little too naive to use yourself and Maric as bait to fish out the key members of the Rose School of Thought in Backlund?

"Do you think they will only send one or two demigods to deal with you? Up to what degree of help can the Sanguine provide?

"Also, I previously mentioned that due to one of my identities, the Mother Tree of Desire places a great deal of importance on me. Even Abomination Suah was sent to attack me. And your teacher's cooperation with me is something they are similarly aware of.

"Summarizing all these points, if you and Maric appear, the kind of assault you would invite is unpredictable."

Having said that, Klein's expression turned serious as he asked, "Do you wish to cause a divine descent in Backlund?"

The entire billiard room instantly turned abnormally quiet, but there weren't any changes to Sharron's expression.

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CHAPTER 1042
PLAN FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE

After a few seconds, Sharron calmly replied to Klein, "It's not bait, but a ploy to lure them out."

Just as Klein was about to ask what the difference was, Maric explained in detail, "Back when we were pursued by the Rose School of Thought, we discovered that they had quite a number of members in Backlund. However, due to our lack of strength and our fear of traps, as well as to not attract the attention of the Church, we didn't take any action against them.

"This time, we plan on attacking one of the more important ones. We'll deliberately miss some out, allowing the hidden ones to secretly escape and pass the information to the Rose School of Thought's person-in-charge in Backlund.

"In secret, the Sanguine's demigod will be watching them. Through the message chain, they will find the person in charge. That person must be a key member of the Rose School of Thought.

"Once he's killed or even captured, we'll take the next step in our operation based on the information we manage to obtain."

That's more reasonable. The main point is to use your own understanding of the Rose School of Thought to create a plan instead of using yourself as bait. That's a way to effectively control the situation and not destroy Backlund… Klein nodded gently and said, "If that's the case, I can participate."

He didn't say that he needed to think about it or return to confirm the level of danger. This was because this matter wasn't something that needed to be done anytime soon for Sharron and the Sanguine. When he divined problems, he could always call it off as a participant.

"What kind of payment do you need?" Maric's standing posture relaxed as he asked.

Klein smiled.

"If there aren't any accidents the entire time, I wish to receive one instance of free assistance from Ma'am Reinette Tinekerr. If I have to involve myself in the operation, I can always add the condition of having priority on the spoils of war.

"You can discuss this with Ma'am Reinette Tinekerr before writing to tell me the answer."

In fact, he was still a little puzzled. He believed that with such a plan, there was no need to seek him out. With Miss Messenger hiding in the shadows, it was enough to prevent any accidents that Sherlock Moriarty could deal with!

"There's no need." Sharron, with her exquisite looks and pale face, shook her head gently like a doll. "I can agree to it now."

Has she already discussed it with Miss Messenger? Klein thought for a few seconds and honestly asked, "Then why don't you directly ask Miss Reinette Tinekerr for help to prevent any accidents from happening?"

Sharron's hair remained motionless as though bound tightly by the petite bonnet. She replied in an ethereal and fleeting voice, "'She' doesn't wish for the Sanguine to discover 'Her' existence."

Is that so… Klein deliberated for a moment and raised another question:

"You advocate temperance, so why are you seeking out the key members of the Rose School of Thought?

"Is revenge not within the limits of temperance?"

Sharron looked at him with her blue eyes and said, "In recent decades, the Rose School of Thought has been trying its best to let the Mother Tree of Desire descend into the real world. This will bring about an unimaginable disaster.

"In addition, Teacher also desires 'Her' body to be complete."

If the Mother Tree of Desire were to descend into the real world, it would be an unimaginable disaster for me… However, what has this got to do with the completeness of Miss Messenger's body? Her—"Her" body was once torn apart and is being held by different key members of the Rose School of Thought? Or can the bodies High-Sequence Beyonders of the same Sequence and their characteristics be made into a part of "Her" through some ritual? Klein mumbled inwardly as he probed, "Is Abomination Sequence 1 of the Mutant pathway?

"Then what are Sequence 2 and Sequence 3?"

He had asked Miss Sharron the first question before, but he had only received a vague answer.

Sharron answered without any hesitation. She didn't speak too fast, but her voice remained ethereal and inhuman.

"I wasn't too sure about it in the past. Now I can confirm that Sequence 1 is Abomination, Sequence 2 is Ancient Bane, Sequence 3 is Cursed Artifact but is now known as Disciple of Silence."

Does that mean that you weren't certain when I asked you the last time? That is to say, when you summoned Miss Messenger and reunited with "Her," you managed to learn more secrets? Klein nodded in enlightenment.

"I have no more questions. After confirming the time for the operation, write to me."

"Thank you." Sharron once again floated up and bowed.

Maric pressed his hand to his chest and slightly bent his back.

"There's no need." Klein stood up from the high stool and wore his top hat with a smile.

This time, without a smacking sound, scarlet flames rose and engulfed him.

Under the night sky, countless lights silently lit up in Backlund, as though they were stars that were covered in clouds descending upon the land.

With the few "stars" twinkling, Klein returned to the rental apartment at the periphery of East Borough.

After changing his clothes and preparing to return to North Borough's Böklund Street, he heard a series of illusory pleas.

It was from a man.

After nodding in thought, Klein immediately took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog. He extended his spirituality towards the constantly expanding and shrinking crimson star.

As he expected, this corresponded to The Moon Emlyn.

The vampire who was already become a Viscount prayed sincerely, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to apply for a mini-gathering that includes me, Mr. Hanged Man, Ma'am Hermit, Miss Justice, Mr. World…"

To Emlyn, these people are the Tarot Club's representatives in intelligence, experience, and knowledge… Poor Leonard… Klein chuckled silently as he leaned back into his chair and agreed to Emlyn's request.

…

Above the grayish-white fog, inside the ancient palace.

Five dark red beams of light appeared on both sides of the long bronze table, forming different figures.

"Mr. Moon, has the Sanguine's plan been finalized?" Audrey greeted everyone before asking with interest.

Emlyn surveyed the area and frankly said, "Yes, the detailed plan is this. Through two temperance faction members who escaped from the Rose School of Thought…"

He recounted the plan Sharron had described to Sherlock Moriarty from a different angle to The World Gehrman Sparrow and company. When he was done, he said, "If we can obtain effective information, we Sanguine plan on seizing the opportunity to launch a surprise attack on the Rose School of Thought's headquarters. We hope to take an important item from them."

"What important item?" Cattleya asked curiously.

This was an item that could spur an ancient faction into an attempt on attacking a secret organization's headquarters. It definitely wasn't simple!

"Its" importance might even exceed that of an ordinary angel, stronger than some Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts!

Emlyn didn't hide anything.

"It's a Holy Artifact left behind by our Sanguine ancestor. I'm not sure what particular accident led to the Rose School of Thought obtaining it."

A Holy Artifact left behind by Lilith… In the hands of the Rose School of Thought… The Sanguine has placed great importance on it… This time, Klein, who was acting as The World Gehrman Sparrow with his true body,

had key points flashing through his mind. Then, together with his understanding of many secrets, he quickly had an unconfirmed theory.

That might be the key to the Mother Tree of Desire's ability to intrude and control part of the Moon domain's authority!

This is something Miss Sharron and the others didn't mention. The Sanguine have kept things from them as well and have quite great ambitions… Yes, I can't use ambition to describe them. That Ancestor Lilith whose identity is unknown seems to have foreseen the chaos from the situation and the coming of the apocalypse. Therefore, the Sanguine was made to change its style and become more proactive, so as to have more things to rely on? This is the acquisition of a lifebuoy in preparation for the apocalypse… Klein didn't say a word as he listened silently.

The others were also taking in the important information that The Moon had revealed, and Alger was no exception. He pondered for a few seconds before saying, "In other words, you Sanguine will be hiding in secret this entire operation and won't be targeted by the Rose School of Thought?"

"Yes," Emlyn answered rather casually.

The Sanguine's plan was jointly decided by Duke Olmer and Marquis Nibbs, as well as a few Earls in Backlund. Many problems had undoubtedly been brainstormed and reconsidered. Regardless, even if a pig were to live for more than a millennium, it would definitely gain a certain level of wisdom and experience.

Alger nodded slightly.

"I have another question. How are you so sure that the Backlund person in charge of the Rose School of Thought is only a saint? There might be more demigods or even an angel hiding.

"You should know very well that the situation in Backlund is very complicated. It's not impossible for the Rose School of Thought to increase

the number of powerhouses it has to plot certain matters. If that's the case, you will end up resembling thieves who wish to steal something, only to storm right into Sivellaus Yard."

Sivellaus Yard was another name for the Backlund police department.

Emlyn became more relaxed.

"This time, Duke Olmer will personally watch over the entire process. Even if the Rose School of Thought's angel descends, we can easily escape.

"In addition, no matter which side, they're not actually willing to create an intense conflict in Backlund. Without any crushing advantage or the confidence to not cause a huge commotion, they will naturally cease any fighting."

Upon hearing his answer, the corners of Cattleya's mouth curled up indiscernibly as she warned, "To Beyonders who aren't demigods, even a slight clash between angels would produce aftershocks that are enough to destroy them."

Emlyn snapped out of his state of drowning in pride from experiencing the potency of the Sanguine. He was momentarily at a loss for words.

At this moment, Audrey's eyes darted around as though she was thinking of something.

"Mr. Moon, what do you need to do in this plan?"

What do I need to do? Monitoring the secret members of the Rose School of Thought and locking onto the true target from the information received will be done by Earl Mistral… The one who will ultimately take action is Marquis Nibbs, Earl Mistral, and the Rose School of Thought temperance faction's demigod… Duke Olmer will be the one monitoring in secret to prevent any accidents… M-my only job is apparently to contact that Wraith

named Maric and maintain communications between both parties… Uh… The more Emlyn thought about it, the odder his expression became.

It seemed like there was nothing for him to do, or at least, nothing particularly important…

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CHAPTER 1043
EACH HAVING THEIR OWN PLANS

Emlyn blinked as he leaned back in his chair. He spoke unhurriedly and with a hint of a smile, he answered Miss Justice's question, "What I need to do is very simple. My role is to ensure that both parties can complete the collaboration successfully."

That means you don't need to participate in the battle, right? Audrey had originally wanted to press with such questions, but after sizing up The Moon, she reflected on the words said and said with a faint smile, "Since that's the case, there's only one thing you need to do to ensure your own safety."

Makes sense. I can't affect myself because of this matter. Anyway, there's nothing that needs my assistance… I'm not in charge of the risky parts of the operation. I'll later rent Leymano's Travels and spend money to get The World to record a few pages of Teleport. My safety will basically be guaranteed… Emlyn thought for a few seconds and said with a nod, "Excellent suggestion."

As there were no other members of the Tarot Club participating in the Sanguine's hunting operation and wasn't under their control, the private min-gathering quickly ended and the participants returned to the real world.

Klein wasn't in a rush to leave. After his figure disappeared, he appeared in The Fool's chair again and beckoned for the Unshadowed Crucifix and the Marauder pathway mystical item, Broken Finger.

At that moment, the surface of the two grayish-white "tweezers" that resembled the polishing of finger bones had produced a piece of gravel that sucked all the light around it, making it look pitch-black. It slowly swirled and gathered as though it was trying to form a new shape.

As for Broken Finger, the grayish-white color had turned transparent as it reflected some light, producing tiny holes.

The Unshadowed Crucifix can actually slowly purge the Beyonder characteristics from mystical items and Sealed Artifacts and let them combine together. Of course, the premise is that there's a power similar to the mysterious space above the gray fog to suppress it, allowing it to willingly "make contact" with items with Beyonder characteristics… Klein nodded in satisfaction.

At this moment, the grayish-white Broken Finger suddenly began to belt out in a fervent voice:

"Oh, my Sun!

"Praise you!

"Praise the Sun!

"…”

As the tweezer-like object sang, a cracking sound emitted from it as though it would shatter into pieces at any moment.

But this did not affect its praise of the Sun.

"…” Klein gaped at the scene, momentarily at a loss for what expression to show.

After a few seconds, he sighed. He separated the Unshadowed Crucifix and Broken Finger and threw them to the corner of the junk pile in different

spots. He then suppressed the former using the powers of the gray fog.

Then, he prepared to leave and return to the real world.

At this moment, the point of light, which represented The Fool's only believer, emitted ripples of light as the sounds of stacked prayers were heard.

Klein reined in his thoughts and extended his spirituality over. Immediately, the scene of Danitz praying in his room surfaced before his eyes as a corresponding voice echoed in his ears:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, your faithful servant wishes you to pass the following words to Gehrman Sparrow:

"According to my captain, there are many items at sea that's rumored to belong to Vice Admiral Ailment, but without any exception, they're all fake. And ever since she was injured after that assault, this pirate admiral has placed great care in the secrecy of her course and seldom plunders. The last time her ship appeared was two months ago at Theros Island west of the Berserk Sea. Later, it cruised into the massive ocean, her whereabouts unknown.

"The foreign object in Anderson's stomach is now controlled to some degree and is separated from his body to a certain extent. It won't be able to penetrate his flesh for a very long period of time.

"There are two ways to completely resolve this latent problem. One is to seek the help of the Sun pathway's Sequence 4 Unshadowed. However, this has quite a high possibility of cleansing most of his Beyonder characteristics. The second is to find the Hunter pathway's Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight potion formula. Through the help of the ritual and ingredients, he can directly absorb the foreign object.

"Anderson is inclined toward the latter choice. He's happy to take the risk."

It's obvious that Danitz is forwarding me Vice Admiral Iceberg's answer by imitating her style. This isn't his usual style of speech… However, some of his terms aren't precise enough. Could it be that Danitz had secretly modified it to use terms he understands better? I-is he worried that Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't be able to understand? Klein pricked up his brows and cast his attention back onto the content itself.

Vice Admiral Ailment adhered to the advice from the Demoness Sect and has hidden in this relatively critical period? If that's the case, it's basically impossible to capture her in a short span of time. In one or two months' time, perhaps the matter will completely blow up and I wouldn't have a need to seek her out…

I'll first send Danitz to look for her and keep some hope… My focus will be on finding Demoness Trissy. I have a way to contact her and can consider using the excuse of working together to deal with Saintess of White Katarina to make her meet with Gehrman Sparrow. I'll see if I can control her and use her to fish out Katarina…

The elimination of Anderson's latent problem has two solutions, both of which I can help with. Since he's inclined toward taking risks by advancing to absorb the foreign object, I don't have to worry about using Danitz to promote the option of leasing the Unshadowed Crucifix to him… That's good. At least I don't have to worry about the crucifix given by Adam creating some nasty chemical reaction with the foreign object Adam left in him…

As for the potion formula for Iron-blooded Knight, with how Anderson had played an important role in luring Ince Zangwill, it's not like I can't give it to him. The foreign object in his stomach is Adam's payment… Hmm, I can't directly bestow it to him since he isn't a believer of The Fool… Gehrman Sparrow has no reason to give him something at such a high level…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein quickly made a decision. He conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him take on a prayer stance.

…

In the Fog Sea, on the Golden Dream.

Bang!

The wooden door was pushed open and slammed heavily into the wall.

Amidst this loud commotion, Anderson, who had been flipping the pages of a book, looked at Danitz, who was standing by the door, with his usual expression.

"There's a very good mission for you." With a cloak draped over his shoulders, Danitz raised his chin and chuckled.

Anderson sized up the pirate opposite him and tsked.

"You seem to be very smug…

"What's the mission?"

Danitz glanced at Anderson and said, "Accompany me to Theros Island and help me seek out Vice Admiral Ailment's whereabouts.

"In addition, help me gather the Beyonder ingredients needed for Conspirer. Heh, you'll have to pay for it."

Anderson nodded in thought.

"Then, what is the reward?"

The corners of Danitz's mouth widened as he said in a condescending manner, "The Iron-blooded Knight's supplementary ingredient list and the advancement ritual."

Anderson didn't respond. He didn't say a word as he focused his gaze on Danitz for nearly ten seconds.

Then, as though he was burning with impatience, he threw away the book in his hand and stood up. He said with a bright smile, "When do we set off?"

…

Backlund, East Borough, in a rental apartment that had its curtains drawn.

Trissy, who was dressed in a black dress, packed her luggage, preparing to head to her next hideout.

Her slightly round face was a little slimmer than before. Apart from her sweet smile, she had an indescribable, elegant, and beautiful look. Even though she was in the dirty and chaotic East Borough, she seemed to be untainted by any dirt.

Trissy didn't immediately pick up her black suitcase. After looking around, she walked to the desk and unfolded a piece of paper. She picked up a pen and wrote:

"Mr. Gehrman Sparrow, I've obtained the information I need from that captain of the royal guards: He is truly loyal to King George III.

"You should understand what this means.

"Next, my goal is to figure out what this king wants. For that, I plan to oppose the Demoness Sect's Saintess of White Katarina. She definitely knows the corresponding secrets.

"She's a Sequence 3, a Demoness of Unaging. She's very difficult to kill, and it's very difficult to capture her.

"I have to admit that just my strength alone isn't enough to deal with her. If you're interested and confident, we can try cooperating.

"You know how to contact me.

"Trissy."

Putting down the pen, Trissy folded the letter and began setting up the ritual to summon Gehrman Sparrow's messenger.

She had only written to the crazy adventurer now because she was worried that he would lock onto her hiding spot with the help of his messenger, and then Teleport over, bringing help to launch an assault. Therefore, she waited until she was about to move before making the attempt.

Although Trissy wasn't sure what Gehrman Sparrow's motives were and couldn't determine if he would launch a surprise attack on her, out of habit, she chose the most reliable method for her, just to be safe.

After handing the letter to the messenger, I'll leave and wait for Gehrman Sparrow to contact me. I'll try not to meet him until we begin taking action… I wonder what faction is hiding behind him. I have to focus on mobilizing and using him, and not to trust him too much… This is indeed troublesome, but it's sufficiently safe… As Trissy thought, she ended what she was busy with and took two steps back. Looking at the candlelight, she chanted in ancient Hermes:

"I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow."

Just as she finished speaking, the candlelight burgeoned and turned abnormally pale.

Following that, a figure stepped out of the candlelight and wore a dark and complicated robe, holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

The four heads had eight bloodshot eyes that darted around simultaneously as they cast their gaze at Trissy.

Trissy's pupils dilated as though she saw something extremely terrifying.

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CHAPTER 1044
PLACING HERSELF IN THE TIDES

Backlund, St. George Borough, in a factory room filled with junk.

Light flashed in a mirror filled with obvious cracks. Its surface turned dark and deep, as though it was connected to another world.

Suddenly, a white hand reached out from under the mirror, as though it had penetrated through layers of aqueous waves.

A figure walked out from the shadows—she was none other than the sweet and beautiful Demoness Trissy in a long black dress.

There was a rare paleness to her face, as though her face had lost all its ruddiness. Her forehead was covered in dense beads of sweat.

With a smacking sound, the suitcase in Trissy's hand fell to the ground. She could hardly suppress the horror in her eyes.

She then muttered to herself blankly, "His messenger is actually an angel…”

At that moment, Trissy felt a chill run down her spine, as though a cold wind had blown at her.

She had never expected how dangerous it would be to summon a messenger previously. Thankfully, the woman holding the four heads in her hands watched her silently for a while before she left without doing anything.

…

160 Böklund Street, inside Dwayne Dantès's mansion.

"Who's it from?" Klein asked with anticipation as he received the letter from Miss Messenger.

The four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand spoke one after another:

"Vessel…" "Of…" "Dirtiness…" "Darkness…"

This nickname… Klein was taken aback when he heard that. For a moment, he didn't immediately figure out who Miss Messenger was referring to.

In his mind, the people who knew how to summon his messenger quickly flashed past, one by one, as he filtered through them.

In a few seconds, he had the corresponding guess.

Trissy!

From what Klein knew, this Demoness, who had been renamed to Trissy Cheek, might very well be one of the mediums for the Primordial Demoness's awakening or descent upon the world.

In such a situation, calling her a "vessel" wasn't wrong.

And people who knew enough about the mysterious world knew that the Primordial Demoness was an evil goddess, one that was known as the ultimate bringer of the apocalypse that would end everything. "She" had the creation of the apocalypse and the destruction of everything as "Her" mission. She also wielded authorities such as desires related to feelings and emotions. It wasn't very apt to describe "Her" with dirtiness and darkness, but it was understandable.

Similarly, dirtiness and darkness could also describe Trissy, who had been corrupted by the evil goddess to a certain extent.

As expected of an angel. "She" actually dared to say that about the Primordial Demoness… Klein secretly marveled as he opened the letter and quickly read it.

At that moment, he suddenly recalled something. He hurriedly looked at Miss Messenger and said, "What reaction did the sender have when she saw you?"

"She…" "Was…" "Very scared…" Reinette Tinekerr's three heads spoke one after another without giving the last one a chance to speak as its head was simply left agape.

Klein's expression turned slightly heavy as he deliberated and asked, "Did you mark her?"

The head of Reinette Tinekerr, which failed to speak previously, rushed to speak.

"No…"

The remaining three blonde, red-eyed heads added, "Because…" "She…" "Had…"

"The aura…" "Of…" "Primordial…"

Klein fell silent for a few seconds before nodding.

"I understand."

After watching Miss Messenger step into the void and leave, he unfurled the piece of paper and quickly read Trissy's letter.

She actually sought me out to deal with Saintess of White Katarina… Isn't this exactly what I wanted to do? Klein's eyes shimmered a few times as he immediately rummaged for a black sticky blob.

Right on the heels of that, he transformed into Gehrman Sparrow and smeared the blob uniformly onto a tiny mirror in the room.

After patiently waiting for nearly ten minutes, the black sticky blob vanished into thin air, leaving nothing behind. Klein had failed to contact Demoness Trissy.

As expected, Trissy, who has been corrupted by the Primordial Demoness to a certain extent, managed to identify Miss Messenger's level and was given a fright… She probably wouldn't communicate with Gehrman Sparrow anytime soon… Sigh, if I had known Miss Messenger is a special angel, I definitely wouldn't have let "Her" appear in front of Trissy, or I would've informed "Her" that if a Demoness were to summon "Her," she can bring both the person and letter over… Klein sighed silently and could only blame it on his luck.

At that moment, he suddenly heard a series of illusory pleas.

…

In a dark alley in the Backlund Bridge area.

Xio hid Wintry Blade and entered the area, looking around warily.

"Not bad, you're getting more and more experienced."

A deep male voice sounded, and a figure walked out from the darkness around the corner.

He stood tall, wearing a golden mask that revealed his eyes, nostrils, mouth, and cheeks. It was none other than the MI9 member who had contacted Xio before.

"Why did you contact me so urgently?" Xio asked.

The golden-masked man didn't make any small talk and directly asked, "You still seem to be monitoring Viscount Stratford's surroundings. Have you discovered anything unusual recently?"

Xio thought and said, "Yes.

"He had intimate contact with a girl of unknown origins. He made her visit him at his residence late at night several times.

"I tried to track that woman down, but I failed both times.

"Also, Viscount Stratford suddenly went out in the middle of the night two days ago. I don't know where he went because I didn't manage to follow him."

The golden-masked man tersely acknowledged this as he went deeper into the details. Xio answered according to the details she had seen back then. She only concealed the fact that she had met Shermane in the carriage and how she had followed Viscount Stratford all the way outside the warehouse.

"Not bad. Your persistence was rewarding." The golden-masked man nodded slightly. He didn't seem to doubt what Xio had said.

He sighed and said, "With this, your contributions to us will increase significantly.

"To be frank, if this continues, you'll soon be able to accumulate the contributions needed for the Sequence 6 potion. However, before that, there will definitely be a strict examination. And with your background, heh heh, it will fail the examination without a doubt. After all, I know it very well.

"Actually, there's no need for you to seek the truth. I know that this was the motivation for you to persist in continuing the mission regarding Viscount Stratford, but my personal suggestion is to put the matter aside.

"With your current Sequence and abilities, it's enough to let your mother and brother lead a very good life. Don't worry, no one will cause you trouble.

"And if you wish to continue persisting, I cannot guarantee what will happen."

Although Xio had already expected such an explanation, she was helpless in resisting her emotions and throbbing heart. She blurted out a question:

"Who exactly are you?"

"I'm just an ordinary Mid-Sequence Beyonder," the golden-masked man said with a smile. "You might not know that the post of 'captain of the royal guards' has the corresponding authority in MI9. It's equivalent to a deputy director that handles matters related to the royal family. Back when your father was alive, I was his subordinate and had received his help in various aspects. After his passing, I, who didn't commit any wrongs or hide any matters, was removed from the core of MI9. See, heh—I'm only responsible for informants on the outside like you."

Upon saying that, the golden-masked man sighed.

"Your father helped me a lot. So, after I recognized you, I deliberately made you become an informant under me. With the extent of my power, I provided you some help. I have a family of my own and my own life, so I can't take excessive risks or do anything too dangerous for you.

"Let's do this, I'll help you get the potion formula for Judge. Afterward, stop your contributions and your pursuit to advance your Sequence. Do something that will improve your life. As for what you want to do or plan to do in private, I don't know, nor do I want to know."

Xio fell into a daze. Her lips trembled as she said, "What kind of person was my father?"

The golden-masked man sighed as he replied, "He was a really brave, noble, and just aristocrat, but he wasn't that perfect. He was impulsive, eager, prone to anger…”

Xio silently listened and had planned on asking further, but all she said was a phrase:

"Thank you."

"Go back. After obtaining the Judge formula, I'll leave you a message to meet me," the golden-masked man said with a wave.

After Xio completely disappeared from the alley's entrance, the golden-masked man was just about to turn around when a slightly ethereal voice sounded in his ears:

"She's lying.

"She had tailed Viscount Stratford to the scene back then. It's something that can be confirmed."

The golden-masked man fell silent for a moment before saying to the shadow beside him, "She might've only been worried that this would arouse suspicion.

"How can she defeat Viscount Stratford at her Sequence? Besides, wasn't it said that Viscount Stratford carried a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact?

"I believe that she likely didn't dare approach. Otherwise, she wouldn't even be able to survive!"

The slightly ethereal voice replied, "No matter what, since there is a doubt, we need to do further investigations. Don't inquire about it in the future."

Outside the alley, Xio walked calmly along street lamps.

She deliberately didn't mention that she had followed Viscount Stratford.

This wasn't to hide the truth, to clear herself of suspicion, or to not invite trouble; in fact, that was contrary to her true motives.

Before the Tarot Club, her plan was to say that she had followed Viscount Stratford to a particular warehouse in the dock area. Outside, she was scared off by a terrifying hurricane. This was more convincing and made it less prone to suspicion. However, after knowing that this matter piqued The World Gehrman Sparrow's interest, she secretly changed her mind and decided to use her explanation to garner suspicion.

She felt that if she wanted to investigate the king's secret at her level, it might take another three to five years, or even longer. Perhaps, there wouldn't be any hope forever. But with The World's help, success was a possibility.

As such, she was willing to bear the risks and place herself right in the middle of the tides.

And today, before meeting the golden-masked man from MI9, Xio had prayed to Mr. Fool so that "He" could inform The World Gehrman Sparrow of her thoughts.

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CHAPTER 1045
DREAMWALKER

Above the endless gray fog, in the magnificent and ancient palace.

With one hand holding the Unshadowed Crucifix, and the other holding the Sea God Scepter, he was observing the real world through the crimson star that represented Judgment.

In his spiritual vision, apart from the short Miss Xio and the golden-masked MI9 officer, there was another person hidden in the dark alley.

This was a man in his thirties. He didn't have any special features, and he looked like the typical Loenese man from the mid-north area. Not only did he blend into the shadows, but he also had the characteristic of automatically making people dismiss his existence. If he weren't above the gray fog and had true vision, Klein suspected that even he wouldn't be able to discover the person if he were there in person. He would only be able to outline the person with his spiritual intuition when the person took any abnormal actions.

Hiding in the shadows with Psychological Invisibility? Half of it depends on an item, while the other half depends on his Sequence… In conclusion, this isn't a demigod…

That's right. In the eyes of the king's faction, Ms. Xio is only a Sequence 7 and doesn't have any notable mystical items. If the matter concerning Viscount Stratford was really related to her, there must be a mastermind behind her, or even a faction. In this situation where there are undercurrents surging about, letting a demigod who might know too much perform the investigation might throw them into a trap. And if a demigod who knows

little of the situation were to do it, there might be a chance that the information to be leaked to the three Churches and result in an impetus for them to be investigated…

In this case, a Sequence 5 or Sequence 6 Beyonder with trustworthy strength while also not knowing too many secrets due to his limitations in rank is an excellent choice… Klein silently said to himself, giving up the thought of "Teleporting" over as Gehrman Sparrow to capture him.

He couldn't get any useful information for now!

He decided to wait patiently, waiting for the situation to change.

Of course, it wasn't possible for him to continue monitoring from above the gray fog. If that happened, his physical body in the real world would be defenseless for prolonged periods of time. An accident would be disastrous. Hence, he created a batch of charms and handed it to Judgment, The Magician, and the other Tarot Club members. They were to immediately activate the charms if the situation deteriorated. That way, they could receive the help of The World.

This would be simpler than directly reciting the honorific name of The Fool to get "Him" to forward the information!

This was inspired from the Evernight coat of arms that the ascetic leader of the Church of Evernight, Arianna, had provided him. It was equivalent to a solidified ritual that pointed to him. From a mysticism angle, the principle wasn't complicated. The difficulty needed in carrying out the ritual was that the target could react upon receiving the news from a distance away. This was to mean that for a limited distance, a Sequence 3 saint was fine, but for unlimited distances, it needed to be at the angel level.

As a newly-advanced demigod, Gehrman Sparrow was able to allow the charm to be useful because, when he made it, he used the corresponding honorific name and symbol of Sea God Kalvetua, and with the help of the gray fog, he could respond throughout the world.

It sounded a little complicated, but simply put, he had made use of his other identity's level.

As for the materials used for the charms, they were mostly tin—extremely easy to obtain and cheap.

…

In the Backlund Bridge area, Xio had both hands in her brown jacket pockets as she strolled leisurely along the streets.

Under the light of a street lamp that was quite a distance away, her expression was relatively calm, but she was unusually tense.

The hands in her pocket either held the handle of the Wintry Blade through a hole while the other was holding onto a charm made of tin with some force.

That was the "summoning charm" provided by The World Gehrman Sparrow.

As she walked, she made several detours without suffering from any ambush. The night remained quiet and tranquil.

Initially, she was worried that the king's faction would be able to openly capture her through MI9 or other official organizations and bring her back for an investigation. In this case, summoning Mr. World would only lead him into an extremely awkward and dangerous situation. It was equivalent to being at odds with all the official factions in Backlund. But later, she realized that such a development wouldn't occur. This was because her existence would be exposed to the three Churches. When that happens, the ones doing the investigation definitely wouldn't be the king's faction inside MI9.

The investigation must be done in secret. The person that appears might not even be someone from the military… Well, they're still watching, afraid that

I'm only bait? Mr. World said not to trouble him if we can resolve it ourselves… Xio looked around her without letting down her guard. She didn't continue loitering outside and returned to the periphery of East Borough and entered her rented condominium.

Frankly speaking, she didn't want to involve Fors in this risky endeavor. However, the two of them were the ones who had been following Viscount Stratford. This meant that Fors had also been put on the investigation list.

Although, as long as Fors hid in East Borough and seldom went out, it wasn't certain that MI9 could find her. Doing so would lead to the corresponding investigations to reach out further. Based on her past experience, family and friends, as well as people communicated by letters would definitely be investigated. This easily affected others. Furthermore, if the two of them hid separately and didn't stay together, the feeling of them being bait became too obvious. It made it difficult for them to hook up any targets.

After getting Fors's approval, Xio finally chose to face the subsequent development with her friend.

Opening the door and entering the house, Xio had just taken off her cap when she saw Fors put down the magazine. She stood up, curled her hair, smiled, and asked, "You weren't followed, right?"

This was a secret signal that the two of them had agreed upon ahead of time. On the surface, it showed their concern about being followed, but they were actually asking if they had been investigated.

"No." Xio shook her head seriously.

Fors didn't continue this topic. Instead, she went on and on, grumbling about how she couldn't buy any good tea leaves or alcoholic beverages in the vicinity. It required her to walk very far to find them.

This warm and peaceful atmosphere continued till late at night. The two of them entered the bedroom and slept in a bunk bed.

After the candles were extinguished, Xio was about to say something when a holy light suddenly appeared in front of her.

The light instantly condensed into a silhouette, and twelve pairs of wings formed from scarlet flames appeared on its back.

The figure descended and the layers of wings closed, enveloping Xio.

Mr. Fool's angelic blessing… Xio was instantly enlightened.

This was also a matter that she had solemnly asked Mr. Fool when she made the prayer to contact The World Gehrman Sparrow, as she already knew that, apart from the Demoness Sect, the Psychology Alchemists was also working with the king's faction. And not only were Beyonders of the Spectator pathway capable of hypnosis, but they could also dreamwalk. They needed to be careful of any investigations that used these two powers.

If she didn't prepare herself, she suspected that she wouldn't even detect an investigation that had been carried out, let alone be able to inform Mr. World.

Everything quickly calmed down. Xio opened her mouth and said to Fors who was sleeping in the bunk beneath her, "Goodnight."

"…Goodnight." Fors didn't react in time, as though she was almost falling asleep.

This made Xio realize that she had also received the angelic blessings.

Time ticked by and the two fell asleep.

After an unknown period of time, the dazed Xio suddenly snapped awake, aware that she was dreaming.

Right on the heels of that, she felt something shadowy floating in the dark sky, and all kinds of thoughts from deep within her heart surged out to form a dream.

These thoughts were mainly things that she had been most keenly aware of recently, including the night she barged into the warehouse and attacked Viscount Stratford.

At first, Xio was a little frightened. She wanted to wake up from her dream, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't extricate herself from that state. It was as though she was still in a dream even when she opened her eyes.

She quickly calmed down and tried to control those thoughts, only to realize that it wasn't difficult.

Thus, the memories of the attacks on Viscount Stratford were buried. However, after some consideration, Xio deliberately didn't do it well, leaving some clues behind.

In the dreamland, she and Fors discovered that something weird had happened inside the warehouse, but it wasn't the same account she gave to MI9 that the tornado tore through the roof. Furthermore, they didn't escape immediately.

Xio believed that this would allow the person who invaded her dreams to notice a problem but be unable to resolve it. After this, the investigators would confirm that there was a demigod or some faction behind the two of them. They would then believe that they weren't too difficult to deal with because the level of the secret wasn't too high.

This way, it was likely that they would send a demigod to deal with the aftermath. And this was a development that Xio anticipated. After all, every demigod had a high probability of knowing the king's secrets due to the positions they occupied.

At this moment, Xio's dream began to turn scattered, as though she had escaped some sort of guidance.

She knew that this was a sign of the intruder leaving.

For the rest of the night, nothing abnormal happened to her and Fors.

…

The sky lit up and the morning sun's rays started to emanate through the thin fog.

After breakfast, Audrey brought along her big golden retriever, Susie; her personal servant, Annie; and her bodyguard. They boarded their carriage as usual and headed for the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation at 22 Phelps Street.

The chiming of bells rang out from the outside occasionally, bringing with them some sort of special energy. It made Audrey turn to look at the street and take in the sights of people coming and going.

This calmed her down and made her feel more energized. She only felt that the whole world was filled with vibrancy.

Just then, from the corner of her eye, Audrey saw a figure in the carriage.

The figure was wearing a black three-piece suit, a dark red bow tie, and held a top hat in his hand. His hair was completely white, but it was still thick, His light blue eyes seemed to contain infinite wisdom.

This was Hvin Rambis, the Psychology Alchemists councilor, a demigod from the Spectator pathway!

Suddenly, Audrey fell into a daze, as though she had lost all her vigilance and wariness. In the carriage, Susie, Annie, and the others wore vacant looks as though they had entered a state of blankness.

Hvin Rambis's gentle voice rang out:

"Two things.

"Firstly, don't you know Fors and Xio? Arrange to meet them and hypnotize them…”

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CHAPTER 1046
A "TEST"

That gentle voice seemed to resonate with the thoughts deep in Audrey's heart. She only felt a little resistant to it before feeling as though it came from her heart, and that it was her truest thoughts.

Hvin Rambis looked at her emerald-green eyes and said unhurriedly, "Secondly, in the upcoming banquets and balls, don't be as opposed as before to the few princes who take the initiative to show their fondness. Also, praise them a few times in front of Earl Hall and his wife.

"Remember all of the above, this is the reflection of your subconscious. Then, forget that I once said these things to you. Forget that this behavior is different from your usual behavior. Don't try to seek blessings, and stay away from key spots in the Church of Evernight's Mass…"

With that said, Hvin Rambis retracted his gaze from Audrey's eyes. He turned to cue Annie and the rest, preventing them from being surprised by their mistress's subsequent odd behavior.

After dealing with all these things, he disappeared from the carriage without causing a stir.

Ring!

Another bike passed by the window as Audrey's slightly anxious eyes recovered their luster.

She looked at the people on the street coming and going when she suddenly let out a soft exclamation.

Then, embarrassed, she turned her head to say to Annie and the rest, "I forgot something. I have to visit Glaint first."

At this moment, the carriage hadn't left Empress Borough and wasn't too far from Viscount Glaint's residence. The servants like Annie didn't find it strange or become put in a difficult position. They quickly instructed the coachman to turn into another street.

This continued until twenty minutes to ten in the morning. Audrey finally arrived at Phelps Street. She walked into the second floor of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation and entered her director's office.

Looking at Annie and the others either organizing documents or using the spring water they brought alone to prepare black tea, Audrey brought Susie along to the lounge that was attached to her office. It was as though she wanted to check on her face to determine if she needed her lady's maid to help touch up her makeup.

During this process, Audrey glanced at the keyhole and asked Susie in a relaxed manner, "Was there anything abnormal with my behavior today?"

This was a habit that she had only gotten in the past few days. It had only started from the moment Hvin Rambis disappeared!

She knew that Mr. Fool's angelic blessing wasn't permanent. It could only be sustained for some time, and she wasn't able to determine when Hvin Rambis would visit her. When that happens, she wouldn't have the time to pray to Mr. Fool and do the corresponding preparations. Therefore, from her understanding and cautious attitude towards psychology and mysticism, she not only checked her behavior three times a day for any abnormalities or for any excessive coincidences, but she also instructed Susie to take note of her condition and be her mirror.

This was a precautionary measure of being hypnotized by Hvin Rambis and cued without realizing it!

Susie sat by the side and thought seriously before saying, "Yes."

"…" Audrey's smiling expression stiffened. She quickly looked at Susie and waited for her explanation.

Susie wriggled her nose and looked around before continuing, "You didn't plan on paying a visit to Viscount Glaint when you left the house, but you changed your schedule halfway.

"You'll inform me of the general schedule ahead of time over the past few days. Also, you said that you would discuss it with me if you decide to suddenly change or add to the schedule."

Upon hearing Susie's reply, Audrey's expression turned grave.

She still didn't feel that there was anything unusual about this matter, but this situation was extremely abnormal!

This made her almost certain.

Hvin Rambis had been here before, right after she left her house and before she headed for Glaint's residence!

The other party had already cued and hypnotized her and removed all traces!

However, he didn't "exhort" a dog, making "it" feel like everything that it saw was normal… Audrey subconsciously wanted Susie to leave so that she could pray to Mr. Fool, but she was hesitant.

Would my current behavior be monitored by Hvin Rambis? Will he be sitting somewhere in this room and quietly be watching me… No, if that were to happen, he would've discovered a problem when I asked Susie. Praying wouldn't make the outcome any worse… Even if he's here, Mr. Fool would also discover it. I can promise a future sacrifice and pray that "He" directly send divine punishment… However, why don't I wish to pray and

ask for help… Audrey stood there, all kinds of feelings running through her as she instinctively wanted to escape.

This made her realize the contradiction, and she realized that there was a bit of resistance in her heart.

From the perspective of psychology and mysticism, she had a vague guess. She quickly put aside the idea of seeking help, allowing herself to be in her usual state of praying to the Goddess without the desire of getting a response.

This greatly reduced the conflict in her heart.

Audrey instantly became confident. She gestured for Susie to leave first, then she looked into the mirror and began softly hypnotizing herself.

"You're not asking for help. You're only doing your usual prayers…

"You're not asking for help. You're only doing your usual prayers…”

After repeating it over and over again, the vortex deep in the light greenness of Audrey's eyes that could suck a person's soul slowly dissipated, and her eyes returned to normal.

She then raised both her hands and placed them between her mouth and her nose. Then, she chanted in ancient Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era… I might've met Hvin Rambis…”

As she spoke, she didn't mention any desire for any help but described her discovery.

After waiting for a while, a deep red light appeared in front of Audrey, drowning her like a tidal wave.

Suddenly, her thoughts became clear, and images flashed across her mind.

It was Hvin Rambis in his black three-piece suit, who was sitting in a horse carriage, sitting opposite her;

It was the elder who had exhorted her with a gentle voice;

It was the demigod from the Spectator Pathway whose light-blue eyes that seemed to contain infinite wisdom and vortices.

At the same time, those words resounded in Audrey's ears again, making her remember everything that had happened.

After the crimson glow disappeared, she saw the long bronze table in front of her. Sitting at the seat of honor at the end of the table was a figure shrouded in the grayish-white fog.

As emotions of fear, horror, and panic surged through her, she stood up, lifted her skirt, and curtsied to the great existence.

"Thank you for your blessings, Honorable Mr. Fool."

Klein nodded and smiled approvingly.

"You handled it well."

Upon hearing this, Audrey suddenly felt at ease, no longer as nervous as before. She sat down and calmly described what had happened to her.

As The Fool, there was no way for him to directly discuss things with Miss Justice, analyze it for her, or give suggestions. All he did was smile and say, "This is a test of fate."

A test? Only through this test will I have the qualifications to become a demigod, so that I can protect the people I want to protect in Backlund which is in a state of turmoil? Audrey interpreted Mr. Fool's hint and nodded seriously.

"I understand."

Without another word, Klein sighed and smiled.

"Go back and welcome it."

Audrey was about to express her gratitude again when the crimson light appeared before her eyes, blurring everything she saw.

In the blink of an eye, she returned to the real world, but she didn't forget or ignore anything.

A test? Does that mean that I have to resolve the danger of Hvin Rambis without exposing my secrets? Even if I cause the death of Hvin Rambis, I still wouldn't be suspected by the Psychology Alchemists? How should I do that… Audrey looked at the abnormally beautiful blonde in the mirror. She turned her head slightly and glanced slightly to the side.

There was a large lounge in that direction. It belonged to the director who didn't have any responsibilities in the foundation. Just ten minutes ago, Audrey had seen Mr. Dwayne Dantès inside when she was heading up the stairs.

…

Above the gray fog, Klein's fingers tapped on the edge of the long mottled table as he analyzed what had happened between Miss Justice and Miss Judgment last night.

That's not right. Adam had given me the Unshadowed Crucifix through Miss Judgment and Miss Magician. How could he not know which existence is behind them? What other test needs to be done?

Last night, I thought that the investigation of Miss Xio was purely an action from the king's faction where they only used the help of a Mid-Sequence Beyonder from the Psychology Alchemists. And for some reason, Adam

didn't share any information of The Fool with the king's faction or the Demoness Sect. After all, "He" still hopes that I can give "Him" some feedback…

But from the looks of it, this probe has Adam involved in it. Otherwise, Hvin Rambis wouldn't be involved in this matter. Even for the Twilight Hermit Order, a saint is rather precious and important. They wouldn't give one up so easily as a sacrifice…

What is Adam trying to test? "He" is testing to see if Miss Judgment's investigation of Viscount Stratford and her subsequent actions were purely by her own choice, or if it had the will of The Fool involved?

If The Fool gets the Unshadowed Crucifix and realizes that the king's secret is related to Adam's scheme while still insisting that "His" subordinates investigate it, that will be making the Twilight Hermit Order an enemy. And Adam knows that Gehrman Sparrow is a Blessed…

But with Adam's abilities, there's no need to test out anything. Just sitting next to Miss Judgment and listening to her true thoughts will be enough to grasp the actual situation. There's no need to go through so much effort…

Unless "He" has already left Backlund, or rather, to avoid certain problems, "He" doesn't dare enter this big city again, and can only investigate it through "His" subordinates…

My warning to Ms. Arianna and the Church of Evernight has taken effect, causing Adam to sense the danger of a divine descent?

Probably. Even though "He" knows that Gehrman Sparrow has something to do with the Death Consul, "He" probably wouldn't notice that something has happened to Artificial Death. Even the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction hasn't noticed a thing; therefore, with the authority of Concealment augmenting this, "He" has no idea that the Goddess wouldn't be able to carry out a divine descent for a long period of time…

Next up, I'll have to deal with Hvin Rambis. I must make sure that Miss Justice is steered clear so as to not have any relations and isn't suspected.

Just as this thought crossed his mind, he saw Miss Justice Audrey enter the director's lounge through her prayer light in search of Dwayne Dantès.

He quickly reined in his thoughts and returned to the real world.

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CHAPTER 1047
BRAINSTORM

"Good morning, where's Mr. Dantès?" Audrey smiled politely as she asked the young male valet that was of Loen and East Balam descent.

Enuni bowed and said, "He went to the washroom and will be back soon. Honorable lady, do you wish to wait here?"

"Alright." Audrey found a single-seater and sat down with all sorts of thoughts running through her mind.

Frankly speaking, if she only had to deal with Hvin Rambis, she had already come up with a concrete plan. It was to hypnotize herself in advance. When Hvin Rambis came to gather feedback, she would activate the The World Gehrman Sparrow's charm without any ill intent. Then, she would work with the crazy adventurer to hunt the demigod.

Humph, in order to ensure that there aren't any problems, I can also make a request to Ma'am Hermit for help. She's already a demigod and can lurk in the darkness. She can then combine forces with Mr. World at the critical moment. That way, Hvin Rambis likely wouldn't be able to escape… Audrey pursed her lips as she held back from grinding her teeth.

As for how The Hermit was to come to Backlund, she didn't find it problematic. She could rent Leymano's Travels and get Mr. World to record Teleport before requesting Mr. Fool to pass it to her.

But this way, even if Hvin Rambis didn't manage to escape, the Psychology Alchemists would have ample reason to suspect that the murderer was the last person the demigod had interacted with—Audrey herself.

And this means that there would be countless troubles in the future… Audrey's eyes shifted slightly as she tried hard to calm herself down.

At that moment, the white-sideburned and elegant Dwayne Dantès returned from the washroom. He smiled and greeted the noble lady who was waiting for him.

After letting his valet, Enuni, guard the door, this tycoon looked around before finally turning his gaze to Audrey.

"You seem to have encountered some difficulty?"

Audrey didn't interpret Mr. World's actions and replied frankly, "Yes…”

She gave a description of what she had encountered and said, "What should I do to solve the problem?"

What she really meant was how she could avoid leaving behind any remnant problems for the future.

Klein smiled and said, "Why don't you discuss it with the two ladies?"

That's right! like Mr. Moon, we can request for a private mini-gathering… Oh, Judgment Xio, The Magician Fors will definitely participate. Apart from them, I can also invite Mr. World, Mr. Hanged Man, Ma'am Hermit, Mr. Moon—uh, I can count him out… Audrey felt excited for some baffling reason.

At this moment, she felt as though she wasn't fighting alone.

"I understand." Audrey nodded with a smile.

She then thought of another problem and quickly took the opportunity to ask, "Hvin Rambis has made me no longer reject the princes and praise them in front of my parents. What's his motive?"

Klein thought for a moment and said, "Perhaps it's to show some kind of friendliness on the surface. It's to rope in your father and make a hint to the Church of Evernight behind him. Regardless of the king's secret, whether it succeeds or not, he will definitely need at least one orthodox Church's support so as to reduce the opposing forces."

"Is that so…" Audrey didn't really reject Mr. World's explanation. This was the politics she was familiar with if she stripped off the outer shell that involved Beyonder powers.

She didn't stay any longer and returned to her own office. After settling her daily affairs, she grasped her afternoon break and prayed to Mr. Fool and applied for a mini-gathering to be convened.

…

Above the endless grayish-white fog, dark red beams rose up around the long bronze table.

Audrey looked around, stood up, and curtsied to the other members.

"Everyone, I have something I wish to hear from you."

"It sounds urgent," Alger nodded gently and replied.

Audrey sat down and said, "Yes."

She then looked at Xio and Fors.

"I met Hvin Rambis this morning. He hypnotized me to do two things for him and to forget his appearance.

"Fortunately, I was quite careful and cautious. I quickly discovered something odd, and thanks to Mr. Fool's blessings, I remembered everything.

"One of the things Hvin Rambis asked me to do was to arrange for a meeting with Miss Magician and Miss Judgment and take the opportunity to hypnotize them. I'll then obtain intel on the instigator for the actions they had recently taken and also get them to leave Backlund as quickly as possible."

What? Fors was originally worried about Miss Justice's safety, but she never expected things to make one rotation before coming back at her and Xio!

To think they targeted Miss Audrey. It's really hard to guard against them! She's targeted by a demigod… After a moment of shock, Fors felt more astonished and afraid.

She couldn't help but look at her friend and saw Xio sitting calmly, but her hands had unconsciously clenched into fists.

Cattleya didn't understand something as she frowned and asked, "The Psychology Alchemists, or should I say Hvin Rambis, discovered that Miss Judgment and Miss Judgment are members of our Tarot Club?"

This was a very serious and crucial matter.

Audrey shook her head and said, "No, it's only because I know them in the real world."

At that moment, she no longer tried to hide her identity from Fors and Xio.

In fact, ever since Xio joined the club and obtained the Judgment card, Audrey knew that she would be exposed sooner or later. Through repeated observations, she had confirmed that her two friends had already guessed it, but they tacitly didn't expose her.

"You know them?" Cattleya asked in surprise as she adjusted her heavy glasses.

Audrey nodded.

"Yes, they were actually recommended by me. Mr. Hanged Man can testify…”

Ah? Didn't we chant Mr. Fool's honorific name because we wanted to save ourselves and get pulled in here? How did it become a recommendation process? Fors looked at Miss Justice blankly before glancing at Xio, her face blank and confused.

Xio also had that rare, similar expression because the word "recommended" had exceeded what she knew as well as her speculations.

Audrey felt a little embarrassed. She blinked and explained to her two friends:

"Because all of you have your own special qualities, and I also hoped that the Tarot Club will develop and expand, I recommended the two of you to Mr. Fool. However, this was just a chance for you. If you hadn't passed Mr. Fool's test, 'He' wouldn't have pulled you in."

Test? What kind of test did I undergo? Fors was still confused. As for Xio, she thought of many things, especially the origins of the paper that had Mr. Fool's honorific name, as well as her frantic search for an exorcism.

No wonder I had an inkling that they knew each other… No wonder Miss Judgment only entered the club after so long. This was probably due to their different individual experiences… Each of them has their own specialties. This "specialty" is the selection criteria? Do I have one? Cattleya came to a realization as she came up with a theory.

Upon seeing this, Alger, who had some level of judgment regarding this, wasn't at all surprised as he chuckled and said, "We can talk about this in the future. Miss Justice, the problem you would like to ask about is how to deal with Hvin Rambis?"

"Yes." Audrey returned to the topic and asked seriously, "If we not only have to deal with Hvin Rambis, but also prevent the Psychology Alchemists from suspecting me, what should I do?"

Alger didn't have any experience in dealing with a demigod, so all he could do was rely on his insight that had been built up over the years. He deliberated and said, "Lock onto the whereabouts of Hvin Rambis. Only take action after he has interacted with someone else?"

"How do I lock onto him?" Audrey asked the question herself before giving the answer. "After getting the answer from Miss Judgment and Miss Magician, I'll wait until Hvin Rambis leaves after I meet him again. Then, I'll recite Mr. Fool's honorific name and ask 'Him' to cast 'His' gaze on the demigod?"

Theoretically it's possible. My true vision above the gray fog has a radius of nearly ten kilometers. As long as Hvin Rambis doesn't know Teleport, I can confirm his location and trajectory for a short period of time. Then, I can return to the real world and directly "Teleport" over. Hmm, this will require the help of divination… But the problem is that it requires The Fool to personally intervene… As The World Gehrman Sparrow, Klein said in a hoarse voice, "Let me remind you of something. Miss Judgment and Miss Magician had mentioned Adam in the real world. The Psychology Alchemists originated from the ruins of Hermes who is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order. And Mr. Fool doesn't wish to be at odds with the Twilight Hermit Order because of this matter. Even if we were to do anything, we must try not to let the other party know."

This string of words contained a lot of information that made Alger, Cattleya, and the rest feel like they were seriously experiencing a literal brainstorm. Xio and Fors were even more shocked.

So that organization is called the Twilight Hermit Order… Mr. Fool doesn't want to be its enemy over this matter. Is it because "He" had just finished collaborating with the Angel of Imagination Adam over the matter of Ince Zangwill? I never expected the Psychology Alchemists to be related to the

Twilight Hermit Order… Wait, Hermes? H-he's still alive? He's actually a member of the Twilight Hermit Order? Th-the members of this organization are really unimaginably important figures? Alger first glanced at Gehrman Sparrow before failing to resist the urge to look at Cattleya.

He realized that the latter was equally shocked without hiding it.

"The Twilight Hermit Order… Is this the ancient secret organization that Emperor Roselle joined?" Cattleya mumbled to herself as if she was seeking confirmation.

Gehrman Sparrow gave the answer:

"Yes.

"After you return to the real world, it's best if you don't think about matters like this again. You'll easily be detected. If you don't trust yourself, you can get Miss Justice to give you some psychological cues."

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CHAPTER 1048
REAL AND FAKE "SPY"

In the ancient palace above the gray fog, with The World Gehrman Sparrow's words coming to an end, no one spoke for a moment. The entire place was silent.

The Psychology Alchemists are cooperating with the king's faction and are investigating Xio and I. The founding of the Psychology Alchemists originated from the discovery of a Hermes ruins, and Hermes is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order. Its leader happens to be Angel of Imagination Adam… And Xio and I had mentioned Adam in the real world… This… We're in the sights of a King of Angels? Th-th-this… In the world of mysticism, just a slight mistake can result in such dangerous circumstances? Fors's mind was filled with Gehrman Sparrow's warnings as she was gripped by horror and panic.

Although she had experienced many things in the past, she had never had such a clear realization of the thorny path Beyonders tread. Any mistakes could lead to a terrible consequence.

…I have to be more cautious in the future… Of course, the premise is that I can survive under the watch of King of Angels Adam. May Mr. Fool bless me! Fors seriously reflected on the matter and silently prayed.

Xio also didn't expect her situation to be so perilous. She didn't expect that something like this would involve a King of Angels. She couldn't help but feel horrified and fearful, but she had already decided to sacrifice herself for the truth. She rapidly calmed down, but couldn't help but shoot a glance at The Magician, feeling guilty for pulling her good friend into this conundrum.

At this point in time, crying and feeling remorse won't solve the problem anymore. All I can do is try my best to keep Fors alive at the critical moment… Fortunately, there's still Mr. Fool's blessings… Xio cast her gaze at Justice Audrey as she thought to herself.

"Then what should we do next?"

She had mixed feelings towards Miss Justice's recommendation. On the one hand, she knew that Audrey thought highly of the Tarot Club and had recommended her purely out of good intentions. On the other hand, she felt that she had gained the notice of a secret existence for no good reason. Thankfully, it was Mr. Fool, or she would've died a tragic death long ago. Even her soul wouldn't be able to receive deliverance.

Well, I guess it's because I voluntarily chanted Mr. Fool's honorific name that I was dragged into it. There wasn't any coercion. Ultimately, I'm sitting here of my own volition. It has nothing to do with Miss Justice. Also, if it weren't for her recommendation, I might never have such an opportunity to grow stronger to seek out the truth… Xio pursed her lips as she furtively took a deep breath.

Justice Audrey knew about the relationship between the Twilight Hermit Order, Hermes, and Adam, so she was the calmest one there. She just never expected that Fors and Xio's casual mention of the Angel of Imagination had garnered "His" attention.

This made her have an unprecedented awareness of the horror behind the words "any mention of it will be known."

After some deliberation, Audrey looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and tried to interpret his words.

"Does Mr. Fool mean that 'He' doesn't want to directly make an enemy of the Twilight Hermit Order at the moment? Does that mean that it can be done indirectly?"

Klein nodded slightly and said, "That should be the case."

"Does it involve interfering with divination, one's attention, and prophecies?" Audrey asked.

At this mini-gathering, The World Gehrman Sparrow represented the will of The Fool.

Klein laughed and hoarsely said, "Perhaps a little more indirect."

He answered vaguely because The Fool hadn't thought of what to do either.

Their conversation seemed to inspire Alger. He looked at Justice, The Magician, and Judgment, one after another.

"Which of you is a believer of the Evernight Goddess?"

He was almost certain that at least one of the three ladies believed in the Evernight Goddess. After all, among the people of Loen and the residents of Backlund, the standards for women, and those who had been educated, these filtered out most of the believers of other deities.

"I am," Xio said without hiding anything.

Audrey raised her hand slightly.

Seeing this, Alger nodded slightly.

"We can try to mislead someone and make it seem like the Church of Evernight did something against Hvin Rambis, not the Tarot club."

As he said this, Alger skillfully changed the pronoun he used to refer to the group. He was only invited to be a "consultant" and wouldn't actually be involved in the matter. He should've said "you" should do this and that, but he had chosen to use "we."

Pushing the blame to the Church of Evernight… This line of thought seems really familiar… Klein in his The World Gehrman Sparrow's manifestation suddenly found it amusing.

"Then how should the misdirection be done?" Audrey's eyes shifted slightly as she hurriedly asked.

Alger looked around and said, "Hvin Rambis only hypnotized you to not seek blessings and sit in key spots at the Church of Evernight's Mass where you can be cleansed to a certain degree. But he didn't ask you to avoid the Church of Evernight's archbishop. You can use this to create an opportunity. Meet the archbishop; of course, there's no need to say anything. This way, when Hvin Rambis dies or vanishes, the Psychology Alchemists will most probably suspect that the Church of Evernight had detected something wrong with you and had set up a trap."

Without waiting for Miss Justice to respond, he looked at Xio.

"After you're hypnotized but before you leave Backlund, head to the nearest Church of the Evernight Goddess and pray seriously. Act like a spy sent by the Church of Evernight to infiltrate the Tarot Club. This will misdirect the Psychology Alchemists into believing that the matters pertaining to Hvin Rambis were done by the Tarot Club, but was in fact a smokescreen. The true mastermind behind all of this is the Church of Evernight…"

Acting like a spy in the Tarot Club that was sent by the Church of Evernight… Well… Klein felt a little guilty.

He was a genuine Blessed of Evernight!

And Leonard was a genuine Red Glove!

It should be said that the Tarot Club's convener and host, Mr. Fool, also draws the crimson moon on his chest… Klein muttered in amusement and helplessness. As a result, he was also rather inspired.

"This can only fool typical Beyonders. Without the blessings of Mr. Fool's Angel, the higher-ups of the Psychology Alchemists can easily figure out the truth," Cattleya reminded.

The Hanged Man replied, "So, the main point is that we should be indirectly blessed by Mr. Fool. Otherwise, would it be impossible for us to deceive the Spectator pathway's King of Angels, Adam? Also, Miss Magician and Miss Judgment, when you pray at the cathedral of the Evernight Goddess, it's best if you pray to Mr. Fool and get "His" help in extricating yourself from the hypnosis and not immediately leave Backlund.

"Under such circumstances, Backlund is safer than anywhere else."

"Alright," Xio replied seriously.

Seeing that the discussion had reached this point, Audrey and the others all looked towards The World Gehrman Sparrow, awaiting his response.

Klein's thoughts had already taken shape. He deliberated for a moment, then laughed hoarsely.

"Actually, there are simpler ways to interfere."

"What methods are there?" Audrey's eyes widened as she asked with concern.

Klein looked at Miss Justice and pointed at the top of his head.

"Once Hvin Rambis leaves, burn that hat accessory and trigger the charm I gave you."

That feather hat accessory? The hat accessory that can get a so-called response from Death? Mr. World hopes to get this existence to disrupt the divination, attention, and prophecy… Audrey's green eyes sparkled as she nodded in thought.

"I know what to do."

When that happens, the response would be the power of Concealment. This way, no matter what happens, Adam can only assume that the Goddess had interfered, believing that "She" had blessed the Hall family and has nothing to do with the Tarot club… I wonder if the Goddess will send Ma'am Arianna. That way, finishing off Hvin Rambis will be made very simple. If not, I'll give myself Angel's Embrace ahead of time and use my marionettes which are dead. That will result in a high chance of victory… Klein mumbled inwardly without saying anything else.

Justice Audrey quickly completed her plan, doing so as though she was talking to herself as she spoke to Xio and Fors:

"Visit me on Wednesday afternoon. This way, I'll have a chance to see the Church of Evernight's archbishop in advance…

"I'll pray to Mr. Fool for "Him" to provide his angelic blessings. That way, I won't be hypnotized by Hvin Rambis when I meet him. We'll act once he leaves…

"Hvin Rambis is a cautious and conservative person. He should continue choosing to meet me on the way to prevent himself from being caught or from falling into a trap…

"…”

Soon, amidst the discussions of the other members of the Tarot Club, the plan was complete. The World Gehrman Sparrow declined Cattleya's suggestion of providing help. After all, he couldn't guarantee that powerhouses from the Church of Evernight would be involved.

As for the payment, all the spoils would belong to The World, and Audrey would provide him with a free help commission according to his request.

…

On Wednesday afternoon, in Viscount Glaint's residence.

After returning to the turf club, Audrey, who was wearing a simple white dress shirt and a pair of pants of the same, bright leather boots, and a black leather jacket that clung to her waist, stood inside the viscount's study and looked at Xio and Fors.

"Who got you to investigate Viscount Stratford and pursue the king's secret?"

Her green eyes were like an ancient pool of water in a deep mountain. It was quiet, deep and clear, making one unknowingly sink into it.

At this moment, Xio and Fors were really hypnotized. The former answered in a daze, "It was me. I'm investigating the cause of my father's death…

"However, I do pray to a particular existence to bless me…”

Audrey asked a few more questions and received a satisfactory answer. Then, she said with a gentle voice, "Leave Backlund and leave this place. You don't belong here.

"Alright, you'll wake up when you hear me clap."

The moment she said that, Audrey clapped her hands and saw Xio and Fors's eyes regain their clarity.

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, Xio and Fors bade her farewell and left. Audrey began to wait patiently.

She planned to stay inside Viscount Glaint's residence for another half an hour. She was waiting for Xio to enter the nearest Evernight Goddess cathedral and finish her prayers before heading elsewhere.

This way, regardless of whether Hvin Rambis appeared en route or elsewhere, she would be prepared.

Picking up the lady's bonnet with a white feather accessory, Audrey walked out of the study, planning to meet up with Susie and Annie first before chatting with Glaint to kill time.

She had just taken two steps when she heard a gentle and smiling voice:

"Well done."

"…" Audrey's pupils dilated as she hurriedly turned her head, only to see a silver-haired man standing next to an elegant wall lamp rack. His eyes were light blue, and his clothes were neat. He was none other than Hvin Rambis!

This demigod was actually waiting in Viscount Glaint's residence for Audrey to complete the hypnosis and receive the answer!

At this moment, Xio and Fors probably hadn't walked out the main door.

This was completely outside Audrey's expectations and The Hanged Man's analysis. This meant that Hvin Rambis was present, so there was no need to question the target through Audrey. Being in the vicinity and personally hypnotizing them was just as dangerous!

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CHAPTER 1049
SPECTATOR'S INTUITION

How did this happen… Even if Xio and Fors didn't meet with any delays en route and maintain a relatively fast speed, it would take at least fifteen minutes to arrive at the nearest Evernight cathedral… Luckily, I was cautious enough and had prayed to Mr. Fool for an angelic blessing ahead of time. I also actually hypnotized Xio and Fors… An upheaval of thoughts instantly ran through her mind before she rapidly suppressed them.

At first, she looked confused, and then her face wore a look of realization. It was as if she had finally woken up from her long dream and remembered the things that had been neglected.

"Mr. Rambis, why are you here…" Audrey made her voice sound ethereal, as though she was still in a dreamy stupor.

As she spoke, she made use of the control of her emotions as a Psychiatrist to make an unavoidable hint of anxiety flash through her mind, doing so without causing any abnormalities.

This unexpected turn of events made her unsure of how to proceed.

Without a doubt, she understood that she had to first deal with Hvin Rambis's subsequent questions so that the demigod wouldn't suspect anything. However, if that was the case, he would leave in three to five minutes after he was done asking. As for Xio and Fors, they definitely wouldn't have entered an Evernight cathedral yet. This inhibited the step needed for the misdirection, and when the time came, igniting the hat accessory and summoning The World easily exposed flaws in the handling

of matters in the end. They wouldn't be able to completely fix the inherent problems.

No, I'd rather miss this opportunity than proceed with the plan without being fully prepared… Patience, tolerance, and caution are key in the mysterious world… At the very least, Hvin Rambis will be making use of me for a long period of time and not directly harm me. He wishes that I marry with some prince, and this process will take more than half a year. I still have plenty of time. I can wait for the second, third, or even fourth or fifth opportunity… The only problem is that I need to inform Xio and Fors and get them to really hide as quickly as possible… Audrey quickly came up with a decision as her eyes restored to normal while showing hints of wariness and fear.

After observing her reaction and hearing her question, Hvin Rambis smiled and said, "This should be your first time hypnotizing someone, and I was worried that an accident would happen, so I specially came here to wait. Heh Heh, given your background, you don't usually have the chance to do this…"

His voice was gentle and laced with concern. It made the wariness and fear in Audrey's eyes subside bit by bit.

But in Audrey's mind world, she once again felt her consciousness being split apart. Some of them were raised, looking down at the "island" and the "sea."

This made her clearly realize that her fond feelings and sense of security that she had just felt were all artificial.

Seeing that Audrey had returned to normal, Hvin Rambis nodded and said, "How did they answer your question just now?"

Audrey honestly said, "Xio said that the investigation of Viscount Stratford and the pursuit of the king's secret was all of her own will. She was very

suspicious about the death of her father. Her father was the former captain of the royal guards, Earl Mason Dere…

"However, she mentioned that her actions were blessed by a certain existence."

As she answered, Audrey almost stopped talking. This was because her spirituality high in the sky was looking down at "herself" on the island of consciousness and the spiritual sea. She saw a figure rising up from the bottom of the sea as it followed up steps that appeared, passing through the subconscious realm and landing on her Body of Heart and Mind's island.

The figure was wearing a black three-piece suit, with a head full of silver hair. It was another Hvin Rambis.

There wasn't a hint of a smile on Hvin Rambis's face. He had an extremely sinister air, and a part of his skin was covered in grayish-white scales. Not only did his eyes turn from pale blue to golden, they also turned vertical, looking like a particular animal.

If it weren't for the fact that she had experienced something like this before, just the intense level of nervousness she currently felt might've prevented Audrey from acting as though she hadn't noticed anything while ensuring that she didn't stop speaking or end up stammering.

In the real world, Hvin Rambis smiled as he looked at Audrey's pretty face and asked further, "Which existence's blessings?"

Audrey shook her head as the island of consciousness began to change.

"When this matter was raised, Xio and Fors became very resistant. There were signs of escaping the hypnosis, so I didn't dare continue asking."

Of course, the blessings of a particular existence could be explained as Mr. Fool's attention, and it could also be understood as the Goddess's… The lucid Audrey muttered silently under the spiritual sky.

Hvin Rambis continued to circle around the questions and asked about the details of the hypnosis.

After two or three minutes, he nodded satisfactorily and said, "Not bad. You do have a gift in hypnotizing people. When the recent events come to a close, I will give you the Dreamwalker potion and personally host the ritual for you.

"Oh yes, don't reject love and marriage too much. You're not even twenty years old, and it's the perfect time to pursue such matters. Your charm is enough to gain everyone's affection and enjoy their attention…"

Hvin Rambis used an indirect hint and guidance to lower Audrey's resistance towards love and marriage.

This detestable guy… Audrey puffed up her cheeks under her spiritual sky and muttered resentfully. She then controlled herself to reveal some shyness and longing.

Hvin Rambis didn't expect to succeed by simply following a logical process. Seeing this, he retracted his invading consciousness and allowed himself to leave the island.

He turned around and said, "Forget what I just said. They're all spontaneous thoughts from your heart.

"After I leave this place and disappear from your sight, you'll forget that I was here."

Upon hearing this, Audrey under the spiritual sky couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. This meant that Hvin Rambis was about to leave.

Even though it had only been five minutes since his appearance, making it insufficient for Xio and Fors to enter the nearest Evernight cathedral, Audrey was still eager for Hvin Rambis to leave as soon as possible. To face off a demigod of the Spectator domain was unimaginably stressful.

There's still a chance after this. As long as I maintain my consciousness, there will still be a chance. Audrey, don't be depressed, don't be impatient… Audrey silently consoled herself as she watched Hvin Rambis turn around and walk towards the hall.

She didn't relax and didn't breathe. She tried her best to maintain her normal state.

Suddenly, Hvin Rambis stopped in his tracks and turned around. He narrowed his pale blue eyes and looked at Audrey.

"Why were you so scared when you first saw me?"

…I-I was too surprised at that time, so I didn't manage to hide some of my emotions well? Audrey felt her scalp tingle under her long, blonde hair as her thoughts whirled quickly. She asked, puzzled, "Really?

"Isn't this normal? Someone suddenly appeared beside me. A brief shock is inevitable."

Hvin Rambis nodded, as if agreeing with this explanation. He sized up Audrey and suddenly said, "You used to carry a mystical item that can change one's form with you as an accessory. Why didn't you wear it today?"

To a Spectator, this detail was an abnormality.

Oh no… I've been hiding Lie beneath my clothes most of the time. How did he notice that I wasn't wearing it this time… He has secretly read some of my memories, memories that I didn't protect to appear normal… Faced with Hvin Rambis's question, Audrey felt her thoughts stagnant.

The reason why she wasn't wearing Lie was simple—she was afraid that this accessory would amplify her emotions, preventing her from being able to completely hide her true thoughts when facing a demigod from the Spectator pathway.

This meant that she had predicted that she would meet Hvin Rambis today. This was something that shouldn't have happened under normal circumstances!

In the blink of an eye, Audrey grabbed onto an idea and smiled blankly.

"It will amplify my emotions and reduce the success rate of the hypnosis attempt. I removed it in advance to avoid any accidents."

Hvin Rambis nodded and said, "So that's the reason…”

Just as Audrey was feeling a little relaxed, this "Spectator" pathway's demigod suddenly narrowed his eyes.

"If it's just this matter, there's nothing worth suspecting. But compared to when you saw me, the fear that slightly exceeded normal limits seems to imply something…”

As he said that, Hvin Rambis's light-blue eyes turned vertical and was quickly dyed with the color of gold.

The two golden vertical pupils clearly reflected Audrey's image in her rider's attire.

With a buzz, Audrey's thoughts became extremely muddled. Only the "her" under the spiritual sky barely remained conscious.

The surface of the spiritual sea surrounding the island surged with waves, enveloping it.

At the same time, the sinister-looking Hvin Rambis returned to the island and stopped beneath the sea surface, allowing patches of grayish-white dragon scales to fly into the foundation of the island where most of a human's subconscious lay.

Audrey suddenly felt her thoughts twist, prompting her to say everything, confessing all her secrets.

Relying on the lucidity of "herself" under the spiritual sky, she barely controlled herself and didn't reveal anything. She also knew that there would definitely be problems if this continued, so she quickly diverted some of her thoughts and, relying on the angelic blessing and her splintered consciousness, prevent Hvin Rambis from noticing it.

Some of those thoughts included reaching her hand into her left pocket.

Just then, Hvin Rambis, who had invaded her mind world, looked increasingly sinister as he snorted.

"There really is a problem!"

If there wasn't a problem, Audrey would've started with the most important matters, revealing all her secrets and private matters one by one, instead of staying silent!

Likewise, since the manipulation attempt happened so quickly, Audrey didn't have the time to sort out all her secrets. Even if she wanted to hide anything, her lucidity would be discovered the moment she spoke.

After confirming that something was off, Hvin Rambis didn't hesitate any longer. His gaze turned extremely cold as grayish-white scales covered his skin.

The storm in the spiritual sea suddenly intensified, and Audrey, who was under the spiritual sky, staggered.

The last bastion of the defenses of her consciousness was rapidly weakening under the repeated attacks, putting it on the verge of shattering.

"Humph!" Hvin Rambis increased the force of the mind storm once again, feeling satisfied that Audrey's entire Island was shaking.

This meant that he was about to completely control her!

At this moment, he heard an ancient word:

"Fate!"

In the real world, Hvin Rambis looked up in surprise. All he saw was that Audrey's green eyes were dyed with the brightest, the most dazzling gold.

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CHAPTER 1050
GOOD AT USING HYPNOSIS

As the ancient Hermes words resounded, the areas where Audrey and Hvin Rambis stood dimmed.

It was as if someone had passed by, blocking the window that was closest to them, then quickly left.

By the time the light returned, the island filled with a terrifying mind storm in the illusory world had transformed from Audrey's to Hvin Rambis's. The person that had intruded on the other party's Body of Heart and Mind went from Hvin Rambis to Audrey.

Fate Siphon charm!

This was made using a Worm of Time as the material. Using The Fool's powers, this charm was created. It could siphon off a corresponding target's subsequent fate for a short period of time, exchanging the corresponding fate with the user!

It was the consultation fee Audrey had received from Gehrman Sparrow after she treated Hazel's mental breakdown. With the corresponding charm, she could divert her future of having her consciousness defenses broken and losing control over her thoughts to Hvin Rambis. She then siphoned off the Mind Storm from him and opened her target's door to the Body of Heart and Mind. She then directly altered and planted the corresponding consciousness's fate.

In an instant, the situation reversed. Audrey went from the edge of collapse to gaining the absolute advantage.

Of course, this advantage could only last for a short period of time.

Frankly speaking, if it weren't for her imagining how she could save herself in a desperate situation, Audrey definitely wouldn't have thought of using the Fate Siphon charm. Or it could be said that, by the time she thought of it, it would be too late. At this moment, just like how she had practiced it countless times in her mind, she suppressed her surprised emotions from the effects of the Fate Siphon charm and quickly confirmed her condition. With her current advantage, she made the Hypnosis and Mind Storm swirl together, instantly opening Hvin Rambis's door to his Body of Heart and Mind.

Hvin Rambis was instantly dumbfounded, as if he was an ordinary person whose attention had been diverted to Audrey's golden eyes and thus fall under her hypnosis.

Yes, at this moment, as a demigod of the Spectator Pathway, he had been controlled by Audrey, who was only a Sequence 6.

This way, even if the effects of the Fate Siphon charm came to an end, it wouldn't change the development in the real world!

However, Audrey knew that, with the help of the magical charm, she was using Hvin Rambis's powers to open the door to his Body of Heart and Mind and achieve initial control. Whatever she wanted to do later would definitely be rejected by him, and with her Sequence level, she had no means to resist or control such intense power.

Furthermore, she could clearly sense that Hvin Rambis was subconsciously resisting his current state. In the real world, a small amount of gray scales began to appear on his face.

In no time, he would be able to forcefully extricate himself from the state of my initial control over his mind… A realization flashed across Audrey's mind.

She then cast her gaze towards Hvin Rambis's head, feeling a little regretful that she didn't carry a powerful revolver with her. Otherwise, she could take this opportunity to shoot at him several times in a row in an attempt to kill him.

Soon, she recalled that she had Dragon Scales. She believed that Hvin Rambis definitely had it, and that it was even stronger. It wasn't something an ordinary attack could tear through, even most mystical items that were at the Mid- or Low-Sequences couldn't do so!

And if she couldn't kill him in one shot, Hvin Rambis would definitely be able to use this opportunity to regain consciousness and escape her control.

Without any hesitation, Audrey, who lacked the appropriate offensive abilities, quickly came to a decision:

Hypnotize him!

He's best at hypnotizing and is very resistant against this, so he wouldn't prepare any additional items that can affect his defense… I can't let him do things that will be against his will. With our difference in levels, I definitely can't resist the corresponding subconscious resistance he puts up…
Thoughts ran through Audrey's mind as she spread her slightly parched lips.

She tried hard not to show any signs of abnormality as she looked into Hvin Rambis's eyes and said in a gentle voice, "Find a spot inside Glaint's mansion and wait. Find me in the garden 15 minutes later…”

Such a subconscious thought didn't stir any obvious signs of being rejected; therefore, Audrey was able to complete her control rather smoothly. To Hvin Rambis, he was indeed looking for Audrey today, and the venue for the meeting was also Viscount Glaint's mansion. Audrey's hypnosis was simply changing the corresponding time and place, and the discrepancies were just in a very small aspect. It matched Hvin Rambis's thoughts and didn't waste too much of his effort; therefore, she didn't encounter any intense resistance.

"Alright…" Hvin Rambis responded to Audrey's words.

Audrey didn't care to let out a sigh of relief. She focused and continued looking into the other party's eyes. She gently said, "You will only come looking for me in fifteen minutes, so you haven't seen me today.

"Since you haven't seen me, everything that happened just now definitely didn't happen. They will be forgotten."

As Hvin Rambis had accepted the hypnosis, he followed the logical train of thought. Although there was resistance, it wasn't anything intense. Soon, the golden light disappeared from those alluring eyes.

"Yes, I haven't seen you before. Nothing happened just now…" Hvin Rambis repeated with a blank expression. The grayish-white scales on the surface of his skin had increased significantly again.

After completing this crucial step, Audrey resisted the urge to pat her chest and thought for a second.

"When you hear my singing, it will become quiet."

She wanted to hypnotize him with her charm, but she realized that she wasn't able to take on a seductive pose, and she couldn't make the corresponding expressions. She could only lift her hand to comb her blonde hair and tilt her head. The ripples in her eyes swirled as her smile beamed.

Following that, she hummed a melody—Manor Under the Moon—in a nasal voice.

Hvin Rambis looked at the girl in front of him who looked as beautiful as sunlight, flowers, and gems. Listening to the ethereal voice, his mind gradually turned silent, as he no longer had any resistance.

Seeing that her initial control was about to be released, Audrey didn't hesitate and pointed to the other side of the corridor.

"Go over there, and you will regain consciousness and dispel Dragon Scales when you see the stained glass."

She knew very well that on the other side of the corridor, there were exquisite white stained glass.

This order didn't pose any danger, nor did it violate Hvin Rambis's will. He immediately took a step forward, walked down the corridor, and turned right.

Only when his back disappeared from her sights did Audrey slowly exhale, allowing the fear, alarm, and anxiety to surge into her heart.

Her body trembled slightly as she opened her mouth slightly. She couldn't help but gasp and exhale.

Ten seconds later, Audrey used Placate on herself and calmed herself down.

Then, she glanced at the wall clock and stood there, raising her hands and placing them in front of her mouth and nose, reciting Mr. Fool's honorific name in a low voice.

She prayed for an angelic blessing again and requested this great existence to tell The World Gehrman Sparrow that she had confirmed when Hvin Rambis would arrive and would summon him two minutes ahead of time, allowing him to arrive at the appropriate moment. There was no need to be in a rush or to be too close to prevent Hvin Rambis from being aware of an ambush.

During this process, Audrey only briefly mentioned what had happened. She didn't elaborate on it to prevent wasting any time.

Following that, she raised her hands and pressed her cheeks, completely restoring her expression to normal. She began hypnotizing herself, allowing herself to sing the melody the moment she saw Hvin Rambis.

After doing all of this, Audrey went to the main hall and first found the golden retriever, Susie. She then retrieved the Lie necklace and the Alcohol Nemesis diamond brooch. The latter, which could resist any mental influence, could only be worn for half an hour; otherwise, the damage one's liver and brain suffered would be irreversible. Therefore, Audrey prepared to wear them again after she left Glaint's residence to prevent Hvin Rambis from finding her midway.

Susie didn't notice anything amiss with Audrey as she watched her wear the brooch and necklace.

After a few minutes, Audrey folded a black fishnet glove into her equestrian pocket and used the excuse of going to the washroom, making a detour to Viscount Glaint's garden.

Then, she looked at the large clock hung up on the attached tower, her mind tensing up as she memorized the time.

To her, she was afraid that Hvin Rambis wouldn't come, but she was also worried that he might come early or be late.

Time passed by slowly and Audrey used Placate twice to calm herself down.

When there was still two minutes and fifteen seconds left, she took off the feather accessory on her hat and flicked her wrist.

The scarlet flames soared, igniting the white feather.

This was Lie's Flame Controlling ability.

As the flames burned, they turned pale. In just two or three seconds, the feather which was a product of Artificial Death was reduced to ashes.

Nothing happened around her.

Looking at the clock, Audrey took out a charm made of tin and recited a word in ancient Hermes:

"Lightning!"

The charm lit up as though many tiny electric snakes were entangling with it.

It was a charm that summoned Gehrman Sparrow.

When the lightning dissipated, the charm completely disintegrated and melted into the void. However, there was still silence without so much as a sound.

Xio and Fors should've found a Church of Evernight cathedral and begun praying… Audrey calmed down and pretended to enjoy the flowers of the remaining autumn days.

She didn't lift her head to look at the large clock, counting the time in her heart.

Three, two, one… She slowly raised her head and looked around, but she didn't see Hvin Rambis.

He discovered something strange and distanced himself from this place? Audrey's heart tightened as she couldn't help but think back to what she had missed.

At that moment, she heard a gentle voice:

"What are you looking for?"

Audrey's pupils dilated. From the corner of her eye, she realized that the silver-haired, blue-eyed Hvin Rambis had appeared beside her at some point in time, a hint of suspicion hidden in his voice.

Having already hypnotized herself, she didn't hesitate at all. She followed her subconscious and started humming the melodic "Manor Under the Moon."

Amidst the ethereal voice, Hvin Rambis calmed down and listened attentively.

Suddenly, he realized that the distance between him and Audrey had become very far despite them remaining in their respective spots.

The dark night enveloped the garden despite it being late in the afternoon. A huge crimson moon rose over the top of the building as a figure stood there, wearing a black trench coat and a half top hat. His face looked hazy due to the back lighting.

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CHAPTER 1051
DIFFERENT STYLES OF DIFFERENT PATHWAYS

Upon seeing this scene, Hvin Rambis immediately extricated himself from that state of calm, clearly aware that he had fallen into a trap. He also further realized that he was already under some sort of influence.

Without any hesitation, he arched his back and his body swelled.

His pupils turned vertical, turning from pale blue to golden. His face, the back of his hand, and every inch of his exposed skin grew grayish-white scales.

Amidst the screeching sound, the white shirt, black vest, formal coat, and straight trousers that he wore tore apart, revealing the dragon scales beneath.

In the blink of an eye, Hvin Rambis had transformed into an abnormally massive monster. Aside from his head that remained in the form of a human, the rest of his body had changed completely. It was like a dragon that had yet to fully evolve.

The dragon's back was covered in gray-skinned wings, and its limbs were thick. The grayish-white scales were engraved with complicated, three-dimensional mysterious symbols. They extended into the flesh, extending into the surrounding void. It seemed to be a mesh of objects that didn't belong to the real world. It threw anyone who laid their eyes upon it into suffering a form of mental confusion as their thoughts warped. Even one's

Spirit Body would be tainted with all kinds of thoughts that came from deep within one's heart, eager to rip apart and mutilate themselves.

This was the Spectator pathway's incomplete Mythical Creature form!

For demigods of other pathways—those who weren't at the angel level—they required immense willpower and firm beliefs to fight in their Mythical Creature forms. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to control the madness and the inclination of losing control. There was a high chance of them immediately losing all rationality and transforming into a monster. However, the Spectator pathway was different. They had Placate which could treat their minds and souls, so they weren't helpless towards the madness and inclination of losing control. Therefore, as long as the fight wasn't prolonged, they could use their Mythical Creature form and return to normal at will.

Whoosh!

All the thoughts in Hvin Rambis's subconscious domain boiled over as they churned, identifying the parts of his consciousness that had been altered, purging them out and melting them down into nothingness.

Whoosh!

The violent winds surged around Hvin Rambis's grayish-white dragon avatar. It seemed to come from reality, but also seemed to come from an illusory world.

They carried a certain will as they whirled in every direction. Any creature that was embroiled would inevitably be placed into various abnormal states, stand rooted to the ground in a daze, or blindly escape towards the corners of the garden. There would be varying degrees of losing of control as their knees would buckle before they slumped to the ground. Some would even faint immediately and fall into a coma. Others would reveal their most fervent expressions, crowding around the dragon-like attendants.

This was a qualitative change in "Dragon Might" which stemmed from a Mythical Creature form. It went from its original state of placing others in a state of "Awe" to "Mind Deprivation" with even more effects!

Seizing the moment when Dragon Might swept the surroundings, Hvin Rambis focused and transformed into illusory, sinister versions of himself. Through the sea of collective subconscious which eluded most Beyonders, he approached Gehrman Sparrow on the rooftop and Audrey Hall by the garden's periphery at high speeds.

As a Spectator, he could tell that the attacker was Gehrman Sparrow just by seeing his face and temperament!

At this moment, Audrey was mumbling to herself and compelling herself based on the discussions and warnings from the two demigods, The World and The Hermit, above the gray fog.

"I can't see anything. I can't hear anything…

"I can't see anything. I can't hear anything…”

She was trying to avoid losing control from looking directly at Hvin Rambis's Mythical Creature form.

However, this also made her unable to "see" or sense that a particular illusory, sinister version of Hvin Rambis was approaching her Body of Heart and Mind from the sea of collective subconscious.

But suddenly, before Hvin Rambis's "eyes," the blonde, green-eyed girl's island of consciousness disappeared.

Audrey felt a warmth from her body, as if she had returned from a cold, dark cave to the surface where the sun shined.

She hurriedly dispelled the hypnosis and opened her eyes. The sun in the sky pierced through the clouds that couldn't be considered thin, scattering

its resplendence. Bathed in the bright golden glow, autumn flowers bloomed in silence. Everything was beautiful and peaceful.

Audrey looked around blankly, but she didn't see Hvin Rambis, Gehrman Sparrow, or the huge crimson moon.

This made her feel like everything that she had just experienced was just a dream.

What mighty powers… A battle between the two demigods might not even harm a single flower. Audrey silently muttered to herself before calmly leaving the garden, retreating to the corridor that connected the garden to the house.

She was afraid that her presence would affect Gehrman Sparrow's fight.

In the concealed world, one of Hvin Rambis's manifestations had also landed on Gehrman Sparrow's island of consciousness under the crimson moon.

Just as he was about to set foot on it and open the door to the Body of Heart and Mind and control Gehrman Sparrow's subconscious to make him do things against his own will, he realized that the illusory island that stood in the sea of collective subconscious was filled with a deathly silence—there were no stirring thoughts or the appearance of new thoughts. There was no way of influencing it.

Puppet! Marionette! Hvin Rambis instantly made a judgment. Combined with the information he had obtained in the past, he had a better grasp of Gehrman Sparrow's abilities.

He wasn't shocked or depressed. Instead, he felt a sense of glee and confidence. This was because, for a demigod of the Spectator pathway, he could easily tell the difference between a marionette and the true body, greatly mitigating Gehrman Sparrow's strongest ability.

Besides, do you think a marionette can foil my mind invasion and control of one's consciousness? That sinister and illusory Hvin Rambis swept his golden vertical eyes and found a transparent passage on the marionette's island of consciousness. On the island of consciousness, it was the symbolic form of Spirit Body Threads in the mind world!

Right on the heels of that, Hvin Rambis's figure flashed, and he traced the transparent passageway and found another island of consciousness hidden in the distance. This was where the source of where the marionettes were controlled, which meant that it belonged to the actual body!

"Found you!"

Hvin Rambis snorted coldly as he conjured a terrifying mind storm in the sea of collective subconscious, allowing them to thrash about in Gehrman Sparrow's island of consciousness over and over again.

This caused the nearby "weather" to rapidly change, and the ability to percept the surroundings via spirituality suffered intense interference. Hvin Rambis took the opportunity to get close to Gehrman Sparrow's island of consciousness, and he conjured a grayish-white staircase in an attempt to furtively invade his opponent's subconscious.

This was his usual style of fighting. One stayed in the light while the other stayed in the dark. While one attacked head-on, the other sneaked in. With these two angles of attack, it easily broke the target's mental walls and allowed him to control his opponent's Body of Heart and Mind.

At the same time, as a dragon avatar, he flew up and spiraled in midair. It affected Gehrman Sparrow with its Dragon Might and Breath, complementing the battle at the consciousness level.

At this moment, from deep within the sea of collective subconscious, Hvin Rambis had silently invaded the Gehrman Sparrow's Body of Heart and Mind when all of a sudden, he saw a boundless grayish-white fog. All the sea of collective subconscious around and the islands had vanished.

Hvin Rambis's heart tightened as he hurriedly analyzed his psyche, suspecting that he was under an illusion.

However, no matter how he handled it, the grayish-white fog didn't change. Of course, there were no accidents or danger. It was as if it was just a simple background.

That was pretty suspicious.

Just as Hvin Rambis was preparing to stir a mind storm here, the grayish-white fog finally dissipated, revealing the island of consciousness from before that belonged to Gehrman Sparrow.

Hvin Rambis didn't have time to hesitate. He quickly entered the corresponding subconscious and attempted to change his target's thoughts.

However, those thoughts were dyed with a bright light, a holy and majestic aura. It was unshakable and uninfluenced.

This… Hvin Rambis instinctively looked up and looked towards the sea of consciousness from the stone stairs that he conjured.

Other than the "island" itself, there was also a figure with twelve pairs of fiery wings, emitting golden light.

It looked like the projection of an angel's powers!

Since he was planning on dealing with a demigod from the Spectator pathway today, Klein had no doubt used Angel's Embrace on himself. With the Red Priest's level of importance, he directed the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog, allowing him to temporarily be unaffected when facing an incomplete Mythical Creature form.

And the reason why he didn't show it directly was that he was experimenting with Hvin Rambis.

As Hvin Rambis attempted to invade his island of consciousness, his marionette, Qonas Kilgor, distorted the target his enemy locked onto, changing it from Klein's Body of Heart and Mind to Klein's projection of the gray fog.

As a result, if Hvin Rambis found the island of consciousness in the grayish-white fog, it meant that there was a being of unknown origins sleeping in the mysterious space. This meant that Klein had to be wary ahead of time. On the contrary, he could feel a little relaxed.

This was something he had long wanted to test but didn't dare attempt because it might be dangerous. Today, he finally had a chance to do so. After all, even if there were any consequences, Hvin Rambis would be the one dying and not him. It might even allow him to easily finish off a demigod.

Seeing that he was blessed by an angel and wasn't capable of breaking or infiltrating his opponent's Body of Heart and Mind in a short period of time and exerting his consciousness on him, Hvin Rambis retreated without any hesitation. He left the area and returned to his mind world through the sea of collective subconscious.

Then, the massive dragon disappeared, disappearing into thin air, preventing Klein from even finding it via Spirit Body Threads.

Psychological Invisibility!

Hvin Rambis planned on using a psychological blind spot to hide in the dark. Then, using area-of-effect Beyonder powers like Mind Deprivation and Mind Storm to slowly weaken Gehrman Sparrow's angel-enhanced mental walls, he would attempt using his own Sealed Artifact to attack.

As a demigod of the Spectator pathway, although his dragon form was powerful at melee combat, it still lacked the necessary, powerful offensive Beyonder powers. It had to be made up for through certain Sealed Artifacts.

At this moment, an illusory book appeared in front of the Gehrman Sparrow who could be either the marionette or his actual self. Following that, there was an ethereal voice:

"I came, I saw, I record."

Klein was using Lightning Storm which had been "Recorded" by the Creeping Hunger!

For something like Psychological Invisibility, it could be easily resolved with a full area-of-effect bombardment!

It has to be said that, when dealing with a Beyonder with such a fighting style, the Storm pathway was a pretty good choice.

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CHAPTER 1052
3V1

Boom!

Lightning bolts descended from the sky, covering the entire area illuminated by the huge crimson moon with a silver "forest."

Lightning flashed and destructive auras swept over, not leaving any spot unscathed.

The giant grayish-white dragon, which still had a human head, appeared again. There were tiny bolts of electric bolts scurrying over its scaled body. There were also some obvious cracks.

Hvin Rambis's Psychological Invisibility couldn't be maintained under such a wide area-of-effect bombardment. After all, his interactions with his surroundings couldn't be avoided. All he could do was eliminate his sense of presence and stay in the blind spot of one's attention. Once the level of interaction grew excessive, he didn't have the means to avoid exposure.

As soon as he appeared, the Lightning Storm calmed down quite significantly. The Gehrman Sparrow's body on the roof instantly blurred and phased into existence diagonally below the incomplete dragon.

Right on the heels of that, the glove on the crazy adventurer's left hand protruded with fine black particles that were deep and dark.

Then, he opened his mouth and said as word filled with foulness and corruption from the Devil language:

"Slow!"

Hvin Rambis knew that his opponent was using Creeping Hunger and knew the true level of the item. He found Gehrman Sparrow amusing and was about to raise his left claw that grabbed onto an ice-blue metal cylinder, slamming it down at his enemy beneath him.

This was a Sealed Artifact with unknown origins called "Rotting Meteor." Hvin Rambis had obtained it from a particular existence, and he was only aware that part of it came from the cosmos.

This ice-blue metal cylinder could fire special dark-green bullets that would instantly poison anyone who was hit with it. They would begin rotting in a way that even their Spirit Bodies wouldn't be spared. This was also effective against demigods.

Its negative effect was that the wielder had a probability of gaining the attention of the cosmos and suffering corruption without realizing it. If not for having the item sealed thanks to a particular existence, Hvin Rambis definitely wouldn't have dared to carry it around. But even so, he tried to limit his usage of it, lest he suffered a strange death or anomaly. That was a common ending for many of the previous owners of Rotting Meteor.

Currently, Hvin Rambis didn't believe that the Language of Foulness, which was at most at Sequence 5, could affect him in his incomplete Mythical Creature form. He planned on using Rotting Meteor to finish off the Sealed Artifact-equipped enemy that posed a threat.

However, at this moment, his actions had really slowed down, and his entire body felt stiff.

On the pitch-black roof under the gigantic crimson moon, another Gehrman Sparrow in a black trench coat and silk hat had appeared at some point in time. He held a six-barreled revolver in his right hand and aimed his left hand at the Gehrman Sparrow beneath him before balling his fist and turning his wrist.

Earl of The Fallen—Magnify!

This was Klein's other marionette, a demigod from the Lawyer pathway, Qonas Kilgor!

With the help of his "Magnify," Creeping Hunger could amplify the Beyonder powers it obtained from "Grazing" souls, almost raising it to the level of Sequence 4, or in other words, at the level of a demigod!

Of course, Magnify couldn't be used consecutively in quick succession. It was limited to a one-time use each time.

Due to Hvin Rambis's current Mythical Creature form, no matter how "Magnified""Slow" was, it couldn't affect him for long. Therefore, it was the Gehrman Sparrow, who was actually Enuni, who had to seize this short opportunity and control Hvin Rambis's Spirit Body Threads.

Normally, he would take three seconds to attain initial control. However, his opponent had already revealed a powerful Mythical Creature form, and time would definitely extend the time required. It would take perhaps about seven seconds or even more than ten seconds to succeed. And by then, Hvin Rambis would've long extricated himself from the influence of Slow, restoring himself to normal and carrying out the corresponding countermeasures.

At this critical moment, Qonas Kilgor aimed his left hand at Winner Enuni once again and clenched his fingers.

Another Magnify!

The control of the Spirit Body Threads was "Magnified"!

Suddenly, Enuni's control of Hvin Rambis's Spirit Body Threads became easier, as if the Mythical Creature form hadn't been revealed.

In other words, he could obtain initial control in three seconds.

This was already rather formidable, but the problem was that the dragonified Hvin Rambis wouldn't take more than a second to extricate himself from the influence of "Slow."

No, he had already escaped!

At that moment, there was a gunshot. A bullet that looked lusterless—deep and profound but not dark—swiftly shot out with its many strange patterns and struck Hvin Rambis who had just escaped from his "Slow" state.

In another corner of the garden, another Gehrman Sparrow in a black trench coat and a silk top hat appeared.

Hvin Rambis's dragon body stiffened once again. Not only did his thoughts come to a halt, even the wings on his back froze, and he had lost all his control of himself. The entire dragon collapsed to the ground.

Control Spirit Bullet!

Klein had used his Worms of Spirit as the material to contain the Control Spirit Bullets made from the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. It could even freeze Sequence 3 saints for one or two seconds!

At that moment, Hvin Rambis, who had an incomplete Mythical Creature form, wasn't much stronger than a Sequence 3 saint. Back when Amon's avatar was hit by the Control Spirit Bullet, it had also froze for more than a second.

In addition, Klein could also get Qonas Kilgor to "Magnify" the power of the bullet. However, to grab the opportunity, he had failed to do it in time.

The string of team combination attacks from before had already made Klein turn poignant, as obtaining the aid of a demigod from the Lawyer pathway was terrifying. It was very, very effective. Of course, under normal circumstances, the Earl of the Fallen's Magnify could only amplify the effects and influence that strengthened one's body or actions without

helping others. However, the problem was that, as marionettes with Worms of Spirit within them, they were without a doubt, no different from Klein. He hadn't been augmenting others, but himself!

Seizing the opportunity of Hvin Rambis falling into a state of paralysis, Winner Enuni obtained initial control over the Spirit Body Threads.

The incomplete dragon had just ended its rigid state when its thoughts became sluggish. Its movement had a certain delay.

It had to be said that, after a Bizarro Sorcerer obtained a powerful marionette, they could unleash terrifying powers through their cooperation with their marionettes. Klein also had a cheat-like method like Control Spirit Bullets. This was something that could only be created by him because he was the only one who could stir the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. Of course, Amon and other powerhouses also had similar charms and bullets. The only difference was the effects would be different.

Seeing that Hvin Rambis had come under a certain level of control, Klein began preparing to disrupt any form of resistance he tried putting up, preventing him from escaping from his current state until he became a marionette. However, at this moment, his head suddenly ached due to an intolerable mania in his heart.

Then, he became extremely down, as if he couldn't feel joy anymore. He despised himself and wished he could give up his life just like that so that he wouldn't be a burden on others.

In the blink of an eye, he became excited. His eyes seemed to be blood-red and filled with hatred towards anything, wanting to destroy everything he saw.

Not good… Before his mental state deteriorated, Klein realized that he had been influenced by Hvin Rambis at some point in time. Something was wrong with his Body of Heart and Mind.

He hurriedly attempted to Cogitate to fight against the abnormal mental state. However, various thoughts that didn't seem to belong to him flashed through his mind:

"Let's end it here…"

*"F*ck, think of a way to save yourself!"*

"What exactly happened? I think I have a serious mental illness…"

"A psychiatric disease that's contagious? The special mental illness that Miss Justice mentioned? This is indeed a High-Sequence Beyonder power of the Spectator pathway!"

"Why are you saying so much? That's a demigod Psychiatrist you're facing. Turning him into a marionette will easily resolve this problem."

Realizing that Gehrman Sparrow hadn't shot the second bullet, Hvin Rambis's face, covered in grayish-white scales, revealed a faint smile.

Although he hadn't anticipated the tight cooperation between Gehrman Sparrow and his two marionettes, causing him to quickly fall into a perilous situation, it wasn't like he hadn't done anything prior to this.

Before he left the sea of collective subconscious, he had secretly planted Contagious Madness in a marionette!

A marionette was, after all, a dead person. Although it was unable to be controlled by any other methods other than Spirit Body Threads, it didn't mean that they didn't have an island of consciousness. It was just a dead mass, but it was precisely here that Hvin Rambis buried a "seed" named madness.

The seed couldn't affect the marionette itself, but it could secretly infect the sea of collective subconscious of its surroundings, causing the person who kept switching between bodies to unknowingly place themselves in an

environment with a contagious mental disease. Also, this madness could also be transmitted via Spirit Body Threads.

In addition, this type of infection stemmed from one's "self." It wasn't something an angelic blessing could screen. At most, it would be weakened and have the effects weakened.

This was a High-Sequence Spectator's power, Manipulator's Mental Plague!

In ancient times, there would be people from time to time who were placed in repressed states for prolonged periods of time and appear abnormal at the same time. Their abnormality influenced the people around them, causing "mass hysteria" to happen. An ancient folk song once sang of it in such a manner:

"Seven young ladies are dancing weirdly on the street;

"Nine men are rolling on the ground laughing by their sides;

"On a horse carriage passing by, the nobles are slapping their faces;

"The stoned children are crying outside the house by the street;

"People are hurting each other. The entire city is crazy."

If one thought about it carefully, it would make one feel an inexplicable sense of horror. However, Hvin Rambis knew that the scene described in the myth was true. It was an experiment from a Spectator pathway demigod.

A highly-contagious Mental Plague!

By the time Gehrman Sparrow's actual body went crazy, his control over his marionettes would undoubtedly be lost. When that happened, Hvin Rambis would be able to escape from his predicament.

It wouldn't take long, as it only took a few seconds!

At that moment, a Manipulator like Hvin Rambis wasn't afraid that Gehrman Sparrow had the charm which Audrey had used—the one that could temporarily swap fates between two people. This was because a swap would put Gehrman Sparrow in a state of becoming a marionette. His thoughts would turn sluggish and his body would stiffen. As for Hvin Rambis, being infected by the Mental Plague was a relatively simple problem for him to resolve.

At this moment, Hvin Rambis saw the Gehrman Sparrow on the rooftop aiming his left hand at the Gehrman Sparrow who was holding the iron-black, long-barreled revolver. He gripped his fingers and slowly turned his wrist.

Distortion!

Klein had used Qonas Kilgor's Beyonder powers to distort the level of his mental disease, weakening it and slowing down the deterioration!

Making use of this period in which he had clarity of mind, he raised Death Knell again and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Another Control Spirit Bullet shot out and hit the motionless, massive incomplete dragon.

At the same time, Qonas Kilgor used Magnify!

Despite being attacked, Hvin Rambis didn't escape from Enuni's control, because he had fallen into a "long" period of feeling numb and stiff.

Klein silently kept count of the time, shooting a third Control Spirit Bullet before Hvin Rambis truly recovered.

And before the third Control Spirit Bullet's "Magnified" effects ended, the grayish-white, incomplete dragon trembled as it returned to "normal," no longer looking sluggish.

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CHAPTER 1053
PRESIDENT

In the dimly-lit world, the gigantic crimson moon hung silently over the house while everything in the garden seemed to be asleep.

The despair in the incomplete grayish-white dragon's eyes dissipated as it retracted its skin-covered wings, behaving like a docile hunting dog reared at home.

The Psychology Alchemists councilor, demigod of the Spectator pathway, Hvin Rambis, had lost his life and became Klein's marionette!

Without bothering to enjoy this achievement, he switched places with Enuni, who was beside the grayish-white dragon, appearing as Gehrman Sparrow in his black trench coat and silk top hat.

Then, he controlled his new marionette to treat the infection he received from Mental Plague.

A gentle and cool breeze swept past the sea of collective subconscious, seeping into Klein's island of consciousness. It made him feel like the object reeking of a rotten, putrid, and discordant object in his Body of Heart and Mind was being purged out of him with a surgical knife.

Klein's face immediately contorted as he grimaced. He once again felt the excruciating pain in his soul.

Thankfully, in order to create the Control Spirit Bullets and the Yesterday Once More charms, he was already accustomed to this feeling. He didn't hold his head and roll around.

After purging the contagious mental disease from his consciousness, the cool wind brought about a warmth that made him want to take an afternoon nap. It allowed his damaged Spirit Body to relax as if he was soaked in a bath. His mind and body quickly recovered thanks to the nourishment.

By the time he recovered from his mental disease, the gentle breeze that blew at him became intense. It swept the surroundings, wiping out all the "contagion" left in the air.

After doing all of this, Klein made the grayish-white dragon rapidly shrink its body, converge its godhood, and turn back into its human form.

However, as Hvin Rambis' clothes had been ripped to pieces, the gray scales on his body didn't disappear.

A few seconds later, the ascetic leader of the Church of Evernight, Arianna walked out of the gigantic crimson moon in her simple robe and belt made of tree bark. Her long black hair cascaded down as she stepped across the void and arrived diagonally above Hvin Rambis.

The angel stretched out "Her" right hand and, with a gentle squeeze, let Hvin Rambis's blurry soul leave his body and float above his head.

"Why are you helping George III?" Arianna asked directly.

Hvin Rambis's confused expression immediately turned serious.

"This is the choice of the times, an inevitability of destiny. We are just following the flow of the tides and providing some guidance, allowing the times to develop in the right direction."

The standard answer of the Twilight Hermit Order… From the looks of it, the Psychology Alchemists' demigod doesn't know what Adam's true goal is either… Even as official members of the Twilight Hermit Order, most of them probably don't know… Klein didn't have any problems thinking thanks to his situation inside the concealed world.

Arianna didn't show any surprise as she pressed, "What is the trend of the times?"

Hvin Rambis's eyes were unfocused, but his expression was solemn as he answered, "A war, one that will sweep the entire world."

This… Isn't peace nice? Klein frowned slightly as he couldn't help but mumble inwardly.

He knew very well what a world war would do to humans.

He only wished that his investigation with the Church of Evernight would be able to seize the key and successfully prevent the war which the Twilight Hermit Order was strongly pushing from erupting.

Arianna fell silent for a second before asking, "What's the secret George III is hiding?"

Hvin Rambis revealed a smile.

"Every king is restrained by three major contracts and can only reach a limit of Sequence 5. But with our help, he bypassed the restrictions and has already reached a higher level. Once the tides of the times come, he'll easily be able to ascend to the spot that should've belonged to him."

Three major contracts… What's that? It's understandable to limit a king to Sequence 5 due to the strong push to keep mysticism under wraps. It's best for a king to be changed normally. The people will find it acceptable if they could live for 80–90 years old, but to still be active at 120–130 years will be the cause for conspiracy theories and panic… George III cooperated with the Psychology Alchemists and the Demoness Sect to live longer? Typically, this is a restriction on the king, not the other members of the Augustus family. They should have Grounded Angels among them, so there's no reason for them to support George III… Many questions arose in his mind.

"George III still isn't a demigod, is he? Is he using some method to possess a higher level and perform the 'acting' ahead of time?" Arianna asked unhurriedly.

To the Church of Evernight, this was a crucial problem. If George III was already a demigod, they could directly contact the Church of Storms and Steam to capture him because the King himself was enough evidence.

Hvin Rambis's soul nodded and said, "Yes."

"What is the exact method?" Arianna continued asking.

Hvin Rambis slowly shook his head and said, "I'm not sure. The person in charge of this matter is our president. I only remember him once mentioning that he wanted George III to have more talent."

More talent? Upon hearing such a description, Klein instantly thought of something in Roselle's diary.

In the eyes of the emperor, the so-called "talent" was to make one's psyche and soul more like a high-level ancestor, as such be able to obtain the recognition of the corresponding Beyonder characteristics or the mental imprint within Sealed Artifacts, allowing them to easily consume the potion and wield the Sealed Artifacts without the immense negative effects.

This wasn't a perfect solution. It could even be said that there were great latent risks. This was because the mental imprint would revert and control the consumer or wielder's soul, causing them to experience certain changes.

If anyone were to rely on this method to advance to a demigod, there was an extremely high chance of becoming a monster formed of mental sutures!

Was George III hypnotized? He actually accepted such a method? No, if he was hypnotized, the Augustus family's angel or Sealed Artifacts would definitely discover the problem… Klein became even more puzzled as he waited for the ascetic leader floating in the sky to ask further.

Arianna clearly knew what "more talent" meant. Without any change in expression, she asked, "Who is your President?"

Hvin Rambis revealed a look of reminiscence.

"He has many identities and names, but I can confirm that he is the president of our Psychology Alchemists as long as I see him.

"His current identities and names are:

"One of the Four Kings of the Sea, the King of the Black Throne Barros Hopkins; the former chancellor of the Backlund Medical School; the royal family's medical consultant; the already 'dead' Pauli Derlau; the famous ascetic of the Central Sonia Sea, Eric Drake…"

King of the Black Throne… It was only then that he realized that he had heard of this title, but he had always neglected it, not taking it to heart and seldom thinking about it.

So this Pirate King is from the Spectator pathway… He nodded in enlightenment.

Arianna listened quietly and asked, "What secret is George III hiding in the Blood Emperor ruins?"

Hvin Rambis's slightly dazed expression changed slightly.

"An extremely important thing. If he wants to grasp it, he will need a large number of sacrificial rituals."

"What is it?" Arianna pressed without any pause.

Hvin Rambis was taken aback.

"I… I don't remember…"

He suddenly raised his hand to grip his soul's head, clearly in pain.

However, no matter how he thought about it, he couldn't remember the answer.

Was this memory forcefully "deleted" by Adam or a certain angel from the Spectator pathway? Klein watched with a heavy expression as he felt that the secret in the ruins was more important than he imagined.

Arianna fell silent for a few seconds before lowering her head and asking Klein, "Do you have anything you want to ask?"

Klein thought for a moment and asked Hvin Rambis, "What is the name of the High-Sequence Beyonder potions of the Spectator pathway?"

The pain in Hvin Rambis's soul lessened as he slowly replied, "Sequence 4 Manipulator. Sequence 3 Dreamweaver. Sequence 2 Discerner. Sequence 1 Author."

He didn't mention Sequence 0 Visionary, clearly unaware.

"What's the potion formula for Manipulator?" Although Klein felt that his question was rather substandard compared to Ma'am Arianna's, he still asked.

In a dazed tone, Hvin Rambis said without hesitation, "The main ingredient is an elderly mind dragon's complete brain, or the crystalline heart of a Tree Mentor, or a Beyonder characteristic of a Manipulator.

"The supplementary ingredients are 80 ml of the blood of an elderly mind dragon, 3 golden leaves of a Tree Mentor, and 7 different drops of tears from different humans or non-human creatures that were shed due to intense emotions…

"The ritual is that on a special occasion with at least ten thousand people, drink the potion when they are in the midst of an emotional resonance."

In contrast, the difficulty of a demigod ritual of the Spectator pathway isn't that high… That's right. Spectators can heal and analyze themselves, allowing them to effectively deal with the madness and the loss of control brought about by the potion, so the ritual can be simplified… Klein nodded in thought.

"What's the potion formula for Dreamweaver?"

"I don't know." Hvin Rambis shook his head.

Alright then… Klein asked Hvin Rambis why he had personally come to Audrey and received the corresponding answer.

Then, he said to Arianna, "I have no further questions."

The questions he had couldn't be answered by Hvin Rambis.

Arianna's right hand pressed softly, causing Hvin Rambis's soul to return to his body.

Following that, the angel glanced at Klein and said calmly, "Don't use him as a marionette.

"Before his mental imprint is removed, it's best you don't use his Beyonder characteristic to create items."

Of course, I don't want Adam to visit me… Klein nodded sincerely.

"I will remember it. Thank you, Ma'am Arianna."

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CHAPTER 1054
TAILORED-MADE RITUAL

After thanking "Her," Klein immediately gave up his control over Hvin Rambis, making it impossible for him to maintain his marionette-like state.

With that, this Spectator pathway demigod collapsed to the ground and became a corpse.

Arianna lowered her head and took a look, the darkness in her eyes growing deeper.

Hvin Rambis's corpse immediately got erased like a pencil drawing as if it was being wiped away by an eraser, inch by inch, leaving behind only the ice-blue metal cylinder.

Right on the heels of that, beams of light seeped out of the void and quickly gathered together, forming a strange object.

It was fist-sized and looked like a heart. However, it resembled a different kind of brain with its surface being covered in grayish-white wrinkles, each crevice with countless symbols and strange patterns that extended into the surroundings. These connected to a world that Beyonders of other pathways couldn't see.

This was the Beyonder characteristic left behind by a Manipulator.

Miss Arianna's concealment and reversing concealment process is able to quickly extract Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic… Klein came to a realization after a moment of pause.

At this moment, Arianna calmly said, "The mental imprints in it have all been removed."

"Thank you, Ma'am Arianna." Not surprised at all, he bowed as if he had prepared to do so.

He had decisively given up on his marionette because he foresaw that something like this would happen.

In fact, his original plan was to bring Hvin Rambis above the gray fog as a marionette, allowing him to use Unshadowed Crucifix to purge the Manipulator, Dreamwalker, Hypnotist, and other Beyonder characteristics out. This way, Miss Justice no longer needed to worry about the ingredients needed before becoming a demigod, even her Beyonder dog at home had a chance of advancing. After all, Audrey had briefly mentioned in the past to Dwayne Dantès that her act of escaping from Hvin Rambis's control was all thanks to Susie.

But later on, he considered that there was no way he could bring Hvin Rambis above the gray fog inside this world of concealment, as it would directly expose the fact that he was The Fool under Arianna's watchful eyes. And once he left, no matter where he teleported to, there was a chance of being discovered by Adam because of Hvin Rambis's existence.

In that case, giving up a marionette in front of Arianna was undoubtedly a better choice. At least, this angel had a high chance of helping him remove the mental imprint on the Beyonder characteristic.

And none of these affected Klein's original plan. He could easily find some ingredients to make Hvin Lanbi's Beyonder characteristic into a problematic potion. He would then pour it onto an ordinary item so that it could absorb the potion and transform.

After obtaining such a Sealed Artifact and binding it with the Unshadowed Crucifix, he could obtain the corresponding Beyonder characteristics by keeping track of the time.

As for the mental corruption during this process, there was no need for concern. The Unshadowed Crucifix could also cleanse it!

Klein picked up Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic, but he wasn't able to stuff it into the iron cigar case. He could only stuff it into his pocket. As for Arianna, "She" cast her gaze towards the ice-blue metal cylinder and said in an unhurried voice, "It's from the cosmos, so it's best you don't use it. Even you carrying it with you should be limited. Otherwise, a gaze might be cast onto you, causing you to be corrupted and suffer aberrations."

"From the cosmos?" Klein found the description familiar.

Soon, he remembered the origins of its familiarity:

This originated from the the "Yellow light" Venithan's prophecy of the apocalypse in "Sights in the Spirit World" from the Abraham family:

"Casting one's gaze from the cosmos, the lands shatter. Everything in the world will cease to exist."

The apocalypse… The origins of this Sealed Artifact is related to the apocalypse? What does the cosmos represent? What does it have to do with the astral world? A series of questions formed in his mind, making his expression turn heavy.

Faced with his question, Arianna nodded gently and said, "Yes, the cosmos."

"Is it the cosmos above our heads?" he pointed at the dark night sky which was embedded with the gigantic crimson moon.

"Yes." Arianna gave an affirmative answer, but she didn't explain further.

After some thought, he asked again, "There are many hostile existences that are attempting to destroy this world?"

Arianna's gaze swept across his face and finally stopped at his eyes.

"I can't give you an answer.

"There are some things that make it easier to be 'infected' the more you know. Both your body and soul will be infected. Once you become an angel, you can seek out the exact answer."

The more I know, the easier it is to get "infected"…A chill ran down Klein's back.

He didn't ask Arrodes earlier about the Sealed Artifacts that Hvin Rambis possessed, because he was afraid that Adam would notice them if they left any traces behind.

When facing a King of Angels, no amount of caution was enough!

Seeing that Arianna wasn't revealing anything else, Klein pointed at the ice-blue metal cylinder and asked, "How should we handle this item?"

The description of the ascetic leader made him a little afraid of bringing the Sealed Artifact above the gray fog to "disinfect."

Arianna calmly said, "My suggestion is to sacrifice it to the Goddess. Together with the contributions you have previously rendered, you can exchange them for what you want."

Klein nodded slightly.

"I understand."

After expressing his gratitude, Arianna's figure was quickly erased and disappeared into the dark garden under the abnormally huge moon.

And with that, the world of concealment collapsed.

Klein observed for a few seconds before taking out candles and other ritual items he carried with him. He quickly set up an altar and sacrificed the ice-blue metal cylinder to the Evernight Goddess.

At the end of the ritual, amidst the howling winds, the burning ash of the herbs and the surrounding soil rose up and landed onto an empty spot on the altar.

The ash and soil were connected, forming words:

"Sequence 3: Scholar of Yore;

"Main ingredients: Hound of Fulgrim (also known as Sefirah Castle Keeper) pair of eyes. One Demonic Wolf of Fog's transformed heart;

"Supplementary ingredients: 100ml of Hound of Fulgrim blood, 30 grams of White Frost Crystal of Demonic Wolf of Fog, a large amount of real ancient historical records…

"Advancement ritual: Be separated from reality for at least three hundred years and consume the potion after one becomes history and doesn't belong to the present era."

This… Klein couldn't help but blink, wondering if he had seen the wrong description.

The description of not belonging to the present era made him think of a line in his honorific name:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era!"

I've been hanging above the extraordinary door of light for more than three hundred years… In a sense, have I already completed the ritual and am only waiting to consume the potion? The mysterious space above the gray fog really has a very close relationship with the Seer pathway… Could it be the manifestation of the Uniqueness? Klein was momentarily delighted but

also grim. This was because he didn't know if a price was exacted for such a bestowment.

Phew, I really want to jump to a neighboring pathway after becoming an angel to not follow whatever path was planned for me… For other Bizarro Sorcerers, the hardest part about the advancement ritual is to live for more than three hundred years. After all, this isn't a pathway that's known for having a long lifespan… Also, being separated from reality for three hundred years easily drives one mad. For Bizarro Sorcerers who are in a dissociative state, the risk of madness and losing control is quite significant… Klein looked at the Scholar of Yore's potion formula as thoughts couldn't help but flash through his mind.

After an unknown amount of time, he ended the ritual and put away the corresponding items.

As he walked out of the garden, the gigantic crimson moon and the pitch-black darkness faded away, disappearing inch by inch.

Then, he saw fresh autumn flowers and the sunlight shining above them. He also saw a blonde girl waiting in between the house and the garden.

Audrey's eyes wore an elated look as the corners of her lips curled up unconsciously.

Klein nodded at her before his figure was enveloped by scarlet flames.

Elsewhere in the garden, there was another flame soaring in the air, but it wasn't obvious.

When the flames dissipated, Gehrman Sparrow was gone. The remnants of the crimson moon and the night scenery vanished completely.

Audrey fell into a daze for a few seconds before thoughtfully looking away and entering Viscount Glaint's residence.

After she left in a carriage with Susie and the servants, she returned home and had a chance to be alone. As expected, she received The World's invitation for a "meeting."

…

Above the gray fog, inside the palace.

Audrey looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and calmly asked, "What was Hvin Rambis's true goal?"

She had long known from Gehrman Sparrow's calm composure that Hvin Rambis had been finished off.

Klein answered frankly, "The first is to find out if there's a mastermind behind Xio and Fors's actions. Secondly, when the princes express their goodwill towards Earl Hall's family, the cue was for you to not be an obstacle. In essence, it's to create a fracture between the three major Churches."

With regards to this matter, Audrey had already discussed it with Mr. World before. There was no need to seek further explanations as she asked, "Then why was a demigod like Hvin Rambis personally visiting me?"

Klein smiled and said, "If you wish to deceive the guards arranged by Earl Hall, as well as hypnotize a Hypnotist with great certainty without causing any commotion, a Sequence 5 might not be capable of doing so; therefore, it's best to send a demigod. Furthermore, you knew Hvin Rambis and had interactions with him before, so your vigilance against him would be minimized.

"To be honest, if you weren't careful enough and had an unnoticeable helper like Susie, the whole matter would've gone on smoothly without you and I knowing until Monday."

Justice Audrey didn't wear a thick mask. She smiled and sighed with mixed emotions.

"So I'm already this powerful…”

Powerful to the point of needing a demigod to be certain of success.

"He was even more powerful than I had imagined. You actually hypnotized a demigod, a demigod that's good at hypnotism," Klein praised with a smile.

Audrey pursed her lips without realizing it and smiled.

"That's mainly because of the Fate Siphon charm you gave me. Uh, my Hypnotist potion seems to have completely digested as a result of this…”

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CHAPTER 1055
TRAIN OF THOUGHT

Completely digested? That's understandable. This is the act of hypnotizing a demigod. Although it's thanks to the Fate Siphon charm, it only helped to open the door of the Body of Heart and Mind. The subsequent consciousness manipulation and the cue planting needs to be done personally. If she weren't careful, she would trigger an intense rejection and would lead to failure…"Acting" done to the extreme would definitely accelerate the digestion process… Klein nodded gently and said in praise, "This is a good thing. It's even more so for the current situation."

Audrey understood what Mr. World meant. In this storm that was sweeping around thanks to the Angel of imagination Adam and King George III, even if she stood by the sidelines, she could sense her weakness and how powerless she was. She couldn't wait to improve herself.

She tersely acknowledged and said, "I'll urge The Sun to give his conditions to complete the deal and try my best to advance to Sequence 5. When the time comes, I hope that I can receive the protection of Mr. Fool and remain conscious in my dream."

Having been prepared for this, Klein smiled and said, "Actually, you don't have to wait that long. I'll be able to sell you a Dreamwalker's Beyonder characteristic by tomorrow, and at the latest, Friday."

As it was a private exchange, Klein didn't act as The World by deliberately making his voice hoarse. All he did was sound reserved.

"Really?" Audrey's eyes widened, not concealing her surprise.

Klein nodded and said, "It's actually from Hvin Rambis.

"The new cross that Mr. Fool obtained can allow the Beyonder characteristics to be purged."

He spoke very simply without explaining the actual steps. He maintained Gehrman Sparrow's unique coldness.

"Is that so…" The corners of Audrey's lips curled up as she broke into a smile. She pressed against her chest and said, "Praise Mr. Fool~! And thank you, Mr. World."

A double token of gratitude… Klein chuckled inwardly and calmly said, "It's just a transaction."

You need to pay for it… he lampooned to himself.

Audrey maintained her smile and asked, "What do you need?"

"For a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic—8,000 pounds." Klein chose something that Miss Justice could gather in the fastest time possible.

Audrey didn't mind the price. She thought for a while before asking, "Can you sell the separated Hypnotist characteristic to me as well?"

When she said that, she smiled in embarrassment and said, "It's for Susie. The incident this time was resolved all thanks to her.

"Yes, the higher her level, the greater the help she can provide will be. Well, I'll also help her."

"No problem. 4,000 pounds." Having expected this, Klein directly named his price.

In his plan, he could stop once the Hypnotist was purged, doing so without continuing the separation process. Now, he would place the Unshadowed

Crucifix together for a long period of time, allowing its remaining characteristics to take form.

"A total of 12,000 pounds?" Audrey asked for confirmation, not feeling too much pressure.

As she didn't have any major expenditures for the past few months, she only had 10,000 pounds left. Just a little bit of economizing was enough to satisfy her needs.

Seeing The World nod, she heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'll pay it before Friday."

After closing the deal, her mood became better with Hvin Rambis having been killed. She asked as though she was chatting, "I'll also buy the complete brain of an adult mind dragon from The Sun as well. However, I won't be in such a rush. Susie won't be able to digest the Hypnotist potion so quickly…"

At this point, she glanced shyly at Mr. World.

"What needs to be exchanged for Hvin Rambis's demigod characteristic?"

Klein laughed and replied, "I still don't know what I'm lacking.

"In fact, other than the Manipulator characteristic from Hvin Rambis, I also have the corresponding potion formula. While you digest the Dreamwalker potion, I'll slowly think about what I need, and I'll get you to do certain things and gather some materials so that you can make sufficient contributions to exchange for them."

Upon hearing these words, Audrey's green eyes lit up.

"Alright!"

After her reply, she asked with interest, "Is this the same as how Xio contributes to MI9?"

"Yes, it's also the same method that the various major Churches use." Klein gave an affirmative answer.

Audrey nodded and curiously asked, "Mr. World, do you know the name of the High-Sequence Beyonder potions of the Spectator pathway?"

Klein answered simply, "Manipulator, Dreamweaver, Discerner, Author, and Sequence 0, Visionary."

…Hearing the names makes me look forward to them… Especially Author and Visionary… Audrey fantasized for a few seconds before diverting the topic back on track.

"Did Hvin Rambis say what the king's secret is? Also, why are they helping the king?"

She was partially asking for Xio, but on the other hand, she was also concerned herself.

"The king's secret? He wishes to bypass the three major contracts the royal family signed with the orthodox Churches and become a demigod. For this, he needs to use many sacrificial rituals to gain control of some important object inside the Blood Emperor's ruins. Heh heh. That was Hvin Rambis's answer, but it might not be the entire truth and might very likely be only a part of it." As Klein answered, he shared his line of thought. "As for the Psychology Alchemists or the Twilight Hermit Order, they need a war that sweeps the entire world. This is what they're pushing for and hope to see as the trend of the times."

"A war that sweeps the entire world…" Audrey repeated softly. Her pretty eyebrows furrowed slightly, and her cheerful mood plummeted again.

Although her status and standing hadn't made her truly experience the cruelty of war before, she was no longer sheltered and cut-off from the world. She could already imagine it to a certain degree.

After a brief moment of silence, Audrey took a deep breath and forced a smile.

"I hope we can stop this."

After exchanging a few more words, she left the gray fog and returned to the real world. As for Klein, he busily used clear water, tree sap, herbal powder, Thousand-Faced Hunter's blood, Spirit World Plunderer powder, and other materials to "dilute" Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic and concoct a potion that had a questionable name which was definitely filled with problems.

Then, he found an ordinary glass bottle and put the potion inside. He wanted to know what kind of Sealed Artifact it would eventually transform into.

This took quite a bit of time so he used the power of the mysterious space above the gray fog to construct a spherical barrier around the glass bottle to prevent any influence it had on the entire area after it mutated.

After doing all of this, he returned to 160 Böklund Street, he prepared to summon Arrodes and ask it for information about the two Beyonder creatures known as Hound of Fulgrim and Demonic Wolf of Fog.

At that moment, with the passage of time, the clouds in the sky had thickened, and the sun was covered up once again. The entirety of Backlund had become as dark and cold as the morning.

Standing in front of the desk, he looked out the window at the sky. For some reason, he felt as though he and the Church of Evernight had neglected an important problem.

Their investigations had been going relatively smoothly during this period of time, and the intelligence they received was also delving deeper. However, for some reason, it made him feel uneasy.

Is there some influence or misdirection in this matter, and truly is something that I can't think of? Even heading above the gray fog is useless. Divination will most likely point towards "Him." Hmm… Klein hurriedly collected his thoughts, unfurled the paper, and drew a picture consisting of symbols that implied concealment and mystery prying with a fountain pen.

One second, two seconds… After nearly eight seconds, the full-body mirror in the room turned dark. Aqueous light rippled and formed silver words:

"Exalted Great Master, your puny, loyal, and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

"I-I think I'm late. I'm already a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. I need some time if I want to circumvent the isolation. Please forgive me, Great Master."

"You're a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact?" Klein asked with a surprised look.

He could already imagine what was going on within the Church of Steam.

The mirror that likes to play question and answer games has suddenly gone crazy!

The full-body mirror's silver words squirmed and formed new words:

"Great Master, is this a question?"

He wanted to answer "no," but to maintain his image, he nodded and said, "Yes."

Arrodes immediately produced a line of words:

"I'm not actually a true Grade 1 Sealed Artifact yet. I'm just enjoying the treatment of a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact in advance. This is mainly because a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact needs to be reported to other Churches and be given a new number. The Church of Steam doesn't wish to do so."

So that's how it is. That's understandable… Klein nodded gently.

"Got it."

The aqueous light on the full-body mirror's surface flashed again as new silver words formed:

"Supreme Master, do you have any questions to test your loyal servant, Arrodes?"

"What do you know about Hounds of Fulgrim and Demonic Wolves of Fog?" he asked without standing on ceremony, completely unfazed that it was actually two questions.

In the mirror, the silver words squirmed like they had a life of their own and changed shapes.

"The Hounds of Fulgrim are a type of unique creature of the spirit world. They live in the Historical Void. Even the Seven Lights only know of them and are unable to interact with them unless they leave the Historical Void and attempt to hunt. But even so, what you see might only be a projection of their past…

"The Demonic Wolves of Fog are a type of high-level Demonic Wolves. After the death of the ancient gods and the Cataclysm, and with them being killed by the Antigonus family, Zaratul family, and the Church of Evernight, they're extremely rare now. Furthermore, they're all good at anti-divination and deceit. They aren't easy to find…"

In other words, the Church of Evernight likely has materials and items related to the Demonic Wolf of Fog? And with this, I can bring it to the

spirit world and use the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence to bait a Hound of Fulgrim? Klein began his train of thought as he read on.

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CHAPTER 1056
THE REAL "DEVIL"

After getting a grasp of the situation, Klein looked at the full-body mirror in the room and asked, "What's the king's secret?"

The surface of the mirror that seemed to lead to another world had aqueous light ripple before revealing a scene:

It was a ruin that was hidden deep in the darkness, covered in the dust of history. However, it was completely intact.

Does that mean that the king's secret is in the Blood Emperor's ruins… Arrodes doesn't dare to answer directly, or is this as much as it can see? After some deliberation, he said to the magic mirror, "It's your turn to ask."

The image in the full-body mirror didn't change at all. It only revealed silver words:

"Great Master, do you have any other questions?"

"Yes." Without standing on ceremony, Klein nodded and asked, "Where is Saintess of White, Katarina, presently?"

In the mirror, the silver words rapidly faded and disappeared, but the background didn't change at all. It was still the Blood Emperor ruins.

If not for the word's appearance and disappearance, I would've thought that this magic mirror "crashed"…Katarina is hiding in the Blood Emperor's ruins? The real one? Klein nodded thoughtfully.

"It's your turn."

Above the scene, silver words condensed once again:

"Benevolent Master, why don't you leave Backlund?"

That's a good question. I originally had such plans… I originally investigated the Great Smog of Backlund because of my outrage over the innocent deaths of the poor like Old Kohler, as well as being lost due to the shattering of my main goal. Later, I ended up with the identity as a Blessed of the Goddess. Later on, I tried to prevent a disaster from happening and prevent the people I know from suffering due to the ambitions of the powerful and to not drown because of the tides of the times. I was willing to bear some of the risks…

As for now, knowing that there might be a war that would sweep the entire world, and discovering that the advancement ritual of Scholar of Yore is practically "tailor-made" for me, with signs of things being arranged, I've already come to a realization that I might not be able to escape even if I tried. Or should I say that I'm unlikely to escape my destiny even if I were to flee Backlund. In that case, I might as well take the initiative to face the risk head-on and see if I can figure out the truth and find a chance to survive, grasping my fate in my own hands… Klein's thoughts kept churning before they settled.

Following that, he calmly replied, "Leaving can't really solve the problem."

With that, he asked, "Where is Trissy now?"

The full-body mirror finally changed the depicted scene. This time, it was pitch-black. Occasionally, thick objects would slip across the surface.

Arrodes also can't see Trissy's situation… Klein nodded slightly and said, "It's your turn to ask."

The mirror was filled with aqueous light and wisps of silver formed a sentence:

"Great Master, I have something to tell you. May I?"

"Go ahead," Klein replied, somewhat curious.

The silver words changed into new words:

"You have to be careful with what follows next!"

It even used an exclamation point… Arrodes noticed something unpleasant? After thinking for a few seconds, Klein said, "What do you think can threaten me?"

"I don't know. I have a feeling…" Arrodes reorganized its words, turning them from silver to grayish-white. It was obvious that it meant to express its sadness and self-reproach.

Without waiting for a reply, new grayish-white words appeared in the mirror one after another:

"Great Master, I have another scene to show you. Is that okay?"

"Sure," Klein spoke slowly.

The full-body mirror's surface produced ripples as the pitch-black darkness changed.

It became deeper and deeper, sparkling like diamonds.

This was a beautiful and vast night.

The scene that Arrodes displayed is directed at the Goddess who's intrinsically the stars, or it's the gaze cast from the cosmos? It seems like it

doesn't dare to express it directly.… Klein considered for a moment and didn't attempt to ask further.

"Let's end it here for today."

"Alright!" The grayish-white words were once again dyed with silver as the speed at which they appeared had slowed down for some reason. "Great Master, y-you haven't said that you would summon me, your loyal servant, Arrodes, again if you have other questions in the future…"

It's a mirror that needs to follow procedure.… Klein said in amusement, "Of course, I'll summon you again when I have other questions."

"Yes, Master! Goodbye, Master!" The silver words on the mirror returned to their normal speed, forming a hand that kept waving.

After everything returned to normal, Klein burned the paper with the summoning symbols and drew the curtains. He once again stared at the cold and dark sky.

…

Empress Borough, in a small Evernight cathedral.

Xio and Fors received Miss Justice's update thanks to Mr. Fool, and they knew that the problem had been resolved. They roughly understood what the king's secret was.

"…Truly impressive." Fors, who believed in the God of Steam and Machinery, opened her eyes in the dark and quiet prayer hall, turned her head, lowered her voice, and sighed.

She originally wanted to directly say that Mr. World or Gehrman Sparrow was truly impressive, but she no longer wanted to make such a mistake.

The past week made her feel like she had been in the mysterious world for more than ten years.

Xio opened her eyes as well, but she first drew a crimson moon on her chest, a form of showing her penitence towards her disrespect for the Goddess.

"Yes, that's a…" Before Xio could finish her sentence, the message she tried to convey reached Fors.

What she wanted to say was that Hvin Rambis was a true demigod, but from the time she and Fors entered the cathedral, less than ten minutes had passed; yet, he had been finished off by Gehrman Sparrow.

As saints, there was such a huge gap!

"Perhaps, it's the blessings of an angel…" With her experience in supernatural events and writing novels, Fors made a vague guess.

As the prayer hall was dark and quiet, making it unsuitable for communication, Xio didn't directly respond to Fors's words. She nodded, stood up, and walked into the aisle.

The two of them left the prayer area, and after approaching the door, Xio exhaled and said, "I really hope that I'll be this powerful one day…"

"I have such thoughts occasionally too." Fors smiled. "Uh, no matter what, you've already completed your investigations, haven't you? Although the so-called secrets are definitely worth digging into, the outline of the matter is rather clear."

Xio looked at the door ahead of her and fell into a daze for a few seconds.

"But what's the point? I can't do anything about this matter."

"No, no, no. When it comes to enemies, that person's identity isn't too lofty. At least, he's someone we can look at directly." Fors seriously comforted her friend. "When you obtain a qualitative change in strength, you'll discover that you have the ability to participate in that matter. At least in matters that don't involve even higher levels."

Fors, who had joined the Tarot Club for quite a long time ago, had witnessed matters that had been planned by Mr. Fool. "He" had used his Blessed and the members of the Tarot Club to destroy the descent of the True Creator, revealed Bansy's secret, obtained a portion of the authority from the Storm domain, and interfered in the ownership of 0-08. Compared to the angels, King of Angels, and even true gods that were involved in these matters, King George III alone was indeed nothing special.

Xio slowly walked to the door and said after a moment of silence, "I understand what you mean.

"We'll return to the East district. We won't be in a hurry to move. Once I obtain the Judge potion formula, we'll disappear and go into hiding. I believe that after today's incident, they probably wouldn't dare to investigate us."

"That's for sure. They're just lurking in the dark, in spots that cannot see the light of day," Fors hurriedly echoed before exclaiming, "I only hope that before we move again, my letter to my teacher can be delivered."

Xio grabbed her yellow hair and walked out of the church gates as she said in a serious manner, "After I get the formula, I'll buy that button and try to advance as quickly as possible."

"Not bad. You've recovered your fighting spirit," Fors teased with a smile.

Xio didn't say another word as she continued proceeding forward with a solemn expression.

After walking a few dozen steps, she suddenly stopped and said without turning her head, "I d-don't think I have enough money to buy that button. When the time comes, lend me a little…

"I'll definitely return it."

Fors was taken aback for a second before chortling.

"Okay.

"If my guess is correct, I should be able to get the subsequent items from my teacher."

…

Thursday afternoon. Using the excuse of having some rest, Klein returned to the master bedroom and entered the bathroom. He took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog.

He believed that the glass bottle that was filled with the "potion" had already finished absorbing it.

Sitting at the high-back chair of The Fool, he waved his hand and removed the isolation barrier, pulling his target over.

The transparent glass bottle was already stained with a dark color. It had a mesh pattern on its surface which shimmered slightly, giving off an artistic flair.

It was empty inside, with not a single drop of the potion remaining. The spacious bottle's mouth was covered with a layer of mist that glowed. It made Klein feel as though his gaze was being sucked in the moment it landed upon the mouth of the bottle.

A voice sounded from the bottle:

"By throwing in a hundred gold coins in it, you can fulfill a wish…

"By throwing in a hundred gold coins in it, you can fulfill a wish…”

Who did you learn this from… I have to say, this monotonous statement does have some hypnotic effect… Throwing in a hundred gold coins would be akin to opening the doors of the Body of Heart and Mind and becoming the bottle's slave… Klein did a simple analysis before beckoning for the Unshadowed Crucifix. Using the pressure brought about by the gray fog, he stuffed it into the bottle's mouth.

"You devil!" The voice in the bottle screamed shrilly before it was miserably blocked by the gray fog.

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CHAPTER 1057
THE EXTRAORDINARY AND THE ORDINARY

After dealing with the mutated glass bottle, Klein took out his golden pocket watch, opened it, took a look, and took note of the time.

He had to return three hours later and separate the Unshadowed Crucifix from the Bottle of Slavery. Only then could he obtain a single Manipulator's Beyonder characteristic, and not a product that was mixed with the previous Sequences' Beyonder characteristics.

It feels like I'm doing an experiment… Klein nodded slightly, put away his pocket watch, and returned to the real world where he had his actual afternoon nap.

At four in the afternoon, his valet, Enuni, knocked on his employer's door under Butler Walter's watch.

"What's the matter?" In his pajamas, Dwayne Dantès rubbed his forehead and opened the bedroom door.

Enuni bowed and said, "Sir, you accepted Madam Riana's invitation for high tea the night before. It's today."

Klein looked at Butler Walter and said, "Alright, give me fifteen minutes to prepare."

Then he instructed his valet, Enuni, "Come in and help me change my clothes."

When only he and his marionette were left in the room, he controlled the latter to bring out clothes suitable for high tea, taking glances at the wall clock from time to time.

After about ten minutes, after tying his bow tie and putting on his coat, he took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

At that moment, three hours had passed since he last entered.

Placed at the end of the long bronze table, the mutated glass bottle which had been firmly bound to the Unshadowed Crucifix with the gray fog's power no longer had the twinkling mesh, looking as though it went from being a piece of art to a common item on the street.

At the bottom of the glass bottle was a large amount of grayish-white matter that had been purged. It flowed freely, forming a heart-shaped object the size of a child's fist. Not only were there wrinkles on it, but there were also cracks that resembled eyes. As for the complicated, three-dimensional, illusory patterns, labels, and symbols that extended into the void, they were nearly identical to Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic that Klein had seen from before.

It's just a little different… Klein released the gray fog's suppression and took out the Unshadowed Crucifix from the bottle mouth.

With this step, the item that was purged out was completely separated from the mutated glass bottle, becoming complete and independent.

Klein reached out his left hand to pick up the item that resembled both a heart and a brain, and after examining it for a few seconds, he threw it into the junk pile and allowed the gray fog to envelop it.

At this moment, a weak voice sounded from the mutated glass bottle.

"You… devil…”

Klein didn't respond as he thrust the Unshadowed Crucifix back in with his right hand, using the power of the gray fog to press down on it.

And with that, the ancient palace returned to its tranquil state.

After returning to the real world, Klein put on his top hat, held his cane, and left 160 Böklund Street on his carriage. He headed for Member of Parliament Macht's residence at Unit 39.

…

Inside an elegant activity room at Member of Parliament Macht's house, a few guests sat around an intricate three-tiered tray. In front of them was a cup of charming black tea.

Klein took a small cucumber sandwich and took a small bite. Half-jokingly, he shared his true feelings:

"The desserts today seem very unique. Be it the carrot cake or cream puffs."

Macht laughed when he heard that.

"Dwayne, your observation skills are truly impeccable."

This has nothing to do with one's observation skills. As long as one isn't blind, it's impossible not to tell that the shapes are all banged up… he lampooned silently before saying, "It sounds like something remarkable."

"Of course, it's personally made by Hazel. You can try it later. Although she can't control its appearance effectively, it really does taste good," Macht said proudly.

By the side, Portland Moment, who was the Backlund University of Technology's chancellor, laughed and said, "This doesn't sound like the Hazel I know."

Macht glanced at Ma'am Riana and said in satisfaction, "Everyone grows up, right?

"Hazel has really matured recently. Not only is she willing to learn those classes in preparation for socializing and marriage that she used to hate, and occasionally makes desserts and plays music for us, but she'll also frequently offer to accompany her mother to attend musicals, horse racing matches, shop at the departmental store, and listen silently by the side at all kinds of saloons and balls."

According to Miss Justice, Hazel's treatment progress has reached a point where she can recall the terrible shock and pain she had suffered. Although it's just a direct sense of the emotions and doesn't involve the exact sequence of events, it's enough to make her dream of losing her parents and relatives… This made her learn to cherish her family. For this, she has decided to change herself to a certain extent? Klein nodded in thought and said with a smile, "That's excellent."

"Indeed," Macht replied while full of emotion, "I was worried about her personality, worried that she wouldn't have a good marriage and be unable to date people in our circle. After we pass away, she wouldn't be able to find help when faced with difficulties. But now, I can finally feel at ease."

Macht revealed a sincere smile as he revealed his worries that he seldom divulged.

He raised his arm and waved it gently. Then he said with great confidence, "Why am I making an enemy out of the bloody smog and pollution? Why do we have to fight over the colonies in East Balam with Feysac and the West Balam with Intis? Isn't it to let our children lead a better life? So that we have fewer worries?

"To me, Hazel's maturity is greater than the contributions I made at East Balam, far more meaningful than my fights in the House of Commons."

As Klein listened to Macht's recount, he couldn't help but look out the window.

It was dark outside and the sun was gone.

At this moment, Portland Moment replied to Macht jokingly, "No, those things are for our own good."

At this point, he looked at Klein and said, "Dwayne, have you thought about it? Do you want to invest in my mechanical laboratory?"

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

"Mr. Chancellor, why are you still so anxious like a young man?

"I've already read through the information you gave me and have a rough impression of the rights and revenue. Frankly speaking, I'm very interested. To let talented young adults obtain training at such a mechanical laboratory is greatly satisfying. This should be something we invest in. What's most valuable in this day and age? Talents!"

"Emperor Roselle once said that." Portland Moment chuckled. "So, how much do you intend to invest?"

Dwayne raised his porcelain cup and drank a mouthful of black tea.

"The initial plan is 10,000 pounds."

"As expected of the most famous tycoon in Backlund recently. I can't even guess how many assets you have. First, you donated more than ten thousand pounds of shares, then you spent 20,000 pounds buying Maygur Manor, and now you're donating 10,000 pounds to the Portland mechanical laboratory…" Ma'am Riana couldn't help but exclaim.

Portland Moment gave a thumbs up.

"This is a truly keen investor."

Klein smiled and said, "But I'll still find a team formed by lawyers and accountants to verify the actual situation and stipulate the conditions. Professional matters should be left to the professionals. Besides, I still have to consider investing directly or first establish a company or foundation and complete the investment through it. Oh, Portland, I think there's one aspect that you didn't take into consideration. How can such an important laboratory not have any security measures!? Aren't you afraid of commercial spies or foreign powers infiltrating and causing destruction?"

Portland Moment was taken aback as he slowly nodded.

"That makes sense… I previously neglected this problem."

Having accomplished his goal, Klein no longer harped on the topic. Instead, he deliberately asked, "Has there been news regarding Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor?"

Macht sighed and said, "No, Sivellaus Yard said that Maygur Manor and the surrounding areas have been searched. They didn't even find any leads."

As he spoke, the House of Commons Member of Parliament lowered his voice and said, "I suspect that the Brigadier General had an accident while carrying out a secret mission. The current mood of the higher-ups has been a little strange…"

From a certain point of view, you guessed right… Klein sighed.

"I hope nothing happens."

Amidst high tea, Klein took note of the time and went to the bathroom. Above the gray fog, he placed the Dreamwalker characteristic into the junk pile that seeped out of the mutated bottle.

By the time high tea ended and he returned to 160 Böklund Street, the sky had already darkened. The street lamps on both sides of the road were lit up ahead of time as the rain pattered down the carriage windows.

Now, all the questions are concentrated on what's hidden in the Blood Emperor's ruins. As long as the three Churches discover the problem in time, they can prevent many things from happening. Klein looked out at the street lamps that looked blurry from the rain as he considered the recent developments. *For now, apart from capturing Katarina, I can't provide much help. Furthermore, the Goddess is digesting or controlling Death's Uniqueness. "She" might not have the power to provide a response at that level.*

To solve this problem, I either get a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact with a targeted effect from the Holy Cathedral, or I rely on the Church of Steam and Storms and see which one of the true deities will respond… A Grade 0 Sealed Artifact might not be enough since it involves a King of Angels, and there might be traitors amidst the two Churches…

Traveling from 39 Böklund Street to Unit 160 didn't take long. Before Klein could straighten out his thoughts, he had already returned to his doorstep. He had no choice but to get off the carriage.

When he changed his clothes on the third floor, his spiritual perception was triggered. He saw Reinette Tinekerr walk out of the void with four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand.

"It's from Sharron?" A guess came to him as he received the letter.

"That's right…" one of the heads held by Reinette Tinekerr replied.

Without another word, Klein opened the envelope and unfurled the piece of paper. There was only one line on it:

"We'll take action at 10 tonight."

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CHAPTER 1058
A TOOL

Tonight at 10… Looking at Miss Messenger, who stayed in place, Klein walked to the desk and wrote:

"I'll be on time.

"In addition, the situation in Backlund has become tense recently. Make sure to keep the matter under control."

After reminding Sharron, Klein folded the letter and took out a gold coin and a rectangular "diamond" that kept refracting light.

"This is a Yesterday Once More charm. It can allow you to temporarily borrow powers from your past self." Klein handed the three items to Reinette Tinekerr.

One of the blonde, red-eyed heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hands opened its mouth and bit down on everything. The remaining three said, "Why…" "Give…" "Me…"

"Count it as part of the remuneration I'll be paying in advance," Klein said with an ordinary smile.

Arrodes's reminder made him feel that it was imperative to make more preparations.

Reinette Tinekerr didn't ask further. The four beautiful heads bobbed up and down from their hair as though they were nodding.

"She" then stepped into the void and vanished from the room.

Looking at the light rain and the dark sky outside the window, Klein took off his coat and handed it to his valet, Enuni.

…

9:50 p.m., on a street near the Tussock River in Cherwood Borough.

In the commonly-seen autumn-winter rain in Backlund, a rental carriage turned in and slowly moved forward.

On the carriage, the red-eyed Emlyn White, who was holding a top hat in his hand, looked at the young man with pale looks and disheveled hair before curling his lips.

"Is it here?"

The incorporeal figure, Maric, nodded. He pointed to a neighboring building diagonally across at the shops over there and said, "That's right.

"That's a bookstore. The owner's name is Charlie Raker and is pure Loenese. However, he went to the Southern Continent once when he was young, hoping to become a tycoon. There, he became a member of the Rose School of Thought and a believer of the Chained God. He was later sent back to Backlund and was made to gather intelligence, as well as provide assistance to the other Rose School of Thought members who are executing other missions. We've been watching him for a while and wish to finish him off and sever the source of intel for the Rose School of Thought so that we can create a better living environment for ourselves. However, we ultimately held back."

Emlyn smiled and said, "The facts have proven that tolerance can indeed be exchanged for better results.

"Heh, to be honest, your performance is quite different from what I imagined for a temperance faction Wraith. I thought you would be very terse."

Maric glanced at the vampire who was already a Viscount.

"Different people have different personalities. And temperance is only meant to control excessive desires.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand and that it would affect the final result of the mission if I didn't explain this matter too clearly. That way, the desires that need temperance will exceed the limits of what it should be."

Heh, although it's very philosophical, there's no need to use me as an example… Emlyn leisurely leaned against the wall and looked at him.

"Continue with the previous topic."

Maric looked out the window again.

"In Charlie Raker's house is a female servant from the Paz Valley. She's also a member of the Rose School of Thought.

"In addition, in the two houses diagonally opposite to Raker's house lives a widow and a male alcoholic. They're believers of the Chained God, and they would transmit information to the Rose School of Thought at critical moments.

"The thing you need to do is to secretly monitor these three people while we're dealing with Charlie Raker. Through the information sent, you'll be able to lock onto the person-in-charge of the Rose School of Thought in Backlund.

"Of course, we'll definitely give Charlie Raker some opportunity to seek help or send out a signal."

Emlyn nodded slightly and said, "I understand."

He then turned his head to look at the sky which had dark clouds that blanketed it, blocking out the crimson moon. He turned the ring with the ghostly-blue gem on his ring finger.

This was the Oath of Rose ring. It allowed Earl Mistral to share his sense of sight, hearing, and smell.

This ring went around one big circle and ended up back in Emlyn's hands. Of course, it was only temporary.

As such, Earl Mistral had already heard what Maric had said and shared it with the other Sanguine participants.

Emlyn originally believed that although he was only the intermediary who was in charge of communication and didn't play an important role, even if that were the case, he felt that he was able to showcase some of his spells as a Scarlet Scholar, allowing him to pass the information in a really cool and elevated manner in front of Wraith Maric. To his surprise, he didn't need to do anything. All he needed was to be on scene wearing the ring.

This made him very depressed. He felt that he was purely a tool.

Without being a demigod, I'm not qualified to directly participate in many things, much less to save the race… At that moment, Emlyn felt a little impulsive. He felt that his level wasn't worthy of his secret identity and that he was unable to bear the responsibilities he needed to bear.

As for the Oath of Rose's effect of being able to allow the thoughts of the two wearers to appear in the minds of the other party from time to time, Emlyn wasn't worried. He had asked Miss Justice to hypnotize him so that he wouldn't think about matters that he didn't want the Sanguine upper echelons from knowing tonight.

Just as he had this thought, he suddenly heard Earl Mistral's voice:

"Arrogance, childish, naive…"

This… This is a particular thought of Earl Mistral that was transmitted by Oath of Rose… Heh… Emlyn scoffed inwardly as he began chanting a name:

"Ernes Boyar… Ernes Boyar…"

This Viscount had been hypnotized under the protection of Earl Mistral and had been volunteering at the Harvest Church for a long time!

At that moment, Maric glanced at Emlyn's expression and nodded.

"Your current attitude is reassuring."

Very serious, very solemn, and very focused.

Ah? Emlyn was first taken aback before he curled his lips slightly.

"Thank you."

…

The second floor of the bookstore was Charlie Raker's house. This businessman was over 50 years old, and his parents had long passed away. Despite being never married, rumors had it that he had a few illegitimate children, but none of them lived with him.

After instructing the servants to check if the house's windows were locked, he returned to his bedroom and poured himself a cup of red wine. He sat on the sofa and savored it in a relaxed manner.

He was used to drinking some wine before sleeping.

When he finished the red wine, Charlie Raker stood up and walked towards the bathroom.

When he passed by the full-body mirror in the bedroom, he casually took a glance, and his body suddenly froze up.

In the mirror, his face had unknowingly turned abnormally pale. His eyes were protruded, and blood was seeping from the edges. The corners of his lips were slightly red.

As a member of the Rose School of Thought, Charlie Raker wasn't unfamiliar with such a situation. He didn't scream or run recklessly like ordinary people. Instead, he raised his right hand and extended it to his chest.

Just as he touched the accessory he was wearing, his body felt like it had fallen into an unmeltable icy abyss. It was cold from the inside to the outside.

The cold seemed to have a life force of its own as it expanded rapidly and covered every corner of Charlie Raker's body. It made him feel like his joints and muscles no longer belonged to him as they began to abide by the commands of others.

At that moment, it was as if there was another person in his body. It was cold and blurry, filled with malice. It directly took over everything other than his thoughts.

At the same time, Charlie Raker saw new changes to his body in the mirror. Two figures appeared in his eyes. One was a young man in a white shirt and black vest.

With his right hand having made contact with the object at his chest, a bright light flashed in front of him.

The light seemed to come from a miniature sun, casting light and heat in every direction.

Charlie Raker immediately felt warmth and was no longer controlled by the cold in his body. He blurted out a word, "Cleanse!"

The miniature sun in front of his chest burned intensely. It was like warm water that surged into his chest, forming ripples.

With that, Charlie Raker regained control of his body and gave up on the door; instead, he ran towards the window.

The curtain wasn't drawn, and it was drizzling outside, dimming the street lights outside.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

When Charlie Raker walked past the carpeted coffee table area, he suddenly stumbled and nearly fell.

The carpet seemed to come alive as it wrapped around his ankles!

Bang!

The coffee table flew up, and the porcelain teacup and all sorts of documents landed on Charlie Raker's face. It shattered to pieces, turning into a strange dismembered puppet.

Suddenly, Charlie Raker's figure appeared elsewhere as he continued running with a sense of fear lingering in his heart.

He had never hated his bedroom for being this big before.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Fountain pens shot randomly, and paper swatted around as Charlie Raker finally ran to the window.

As a devout believer, he didn't break out of the window immediately. Instead, he held the curtain and pulled it.

At the same time, he pressed his other hand onto the gas pipe.

A layer of white frost instantly formed on the black metal surface.

Crack. The glass window in front of Charlie Raker shattered as every piece of glass flew out like a bullet and hit the merchant's face, piercing through his perfectly fine skin. It caused blood to gush out at his neck.

Charlie Raker's eyes darkened, and he fell back weakly. During this process, he screamed and yelled, but his voice couldn't be heard beyond the room.

At this moment, in another room, a maid from the Southern Continent could clearly see the light from the gas wall lamps shaking.

She immediately turned her head and looked towards where her "employer" was, only to see that the gas pipes there were covered in white frost.

In a house opposite to Charlie Raker, the brandy-nosed man, who had rolled-up sleeves and gulping down alcohol, suddenly noticed that the curtains were only half-closed.

For the secret signal that he and Charlie Raker had agreed upon, having the curtains completely drawn meant that there wasn't a problem. Having half the curtains drawn or only one side meant an emergency situation. It required him to inform the higher-ups immediately.

He abruptly stood up.

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CHAPTER 1059
THE AUTHORITY OF THE MOON

The red brandy-nosed man rushed to a safe within a few steps where he then took out a radio transceiver and a codebook from a secret compartment.

He crouched there and transcoded the incident that happened to Charlie Raker. Then, he started to send the telegram.

Meanwhile, in the house above the Raker bookstore, a brown-skinned maid rolled up her sleeves and poured an indigo-blue liquid on her left arm.

Her skin around the spot immediately changed colors, but under the indigo-blue colors, there were wisps of black light extending out like threadworms.

These black beams of light quickly manifested a strange, palm-sized face. Its eyes were as tiny as rice grains, and its mouth was as wide as a tea plate.

"Charlie Raker has had an accident," the maid enunciated each word while looking at the face on her arm.

Every word she said seemed to have its own shape, forming an indigo-blue bodied entity like her mouth and arm.

Immediately following that, the words that seemed to be written began to intertwine as they were enveloped by smoke of the same color.

At this moment, the strange face on the maid's arm slowly opened its mouth and sucked in the indigo-blue smoke and text.

All the abnormalities vanished, other than the patch of skin on the maid's arm remaining an indigo-blue color.

In the darkness outside the window, a tiny, ordinary bat flapped its wings, changing its motionless state and flying off to some unknown location.

…

On another street that was less than 500 meters away from the Raker's bookstore, in the air above a restaurant that specialized in Southern Continent cuisine.

Tiny bats flew out from the darkness and gathered together, forming thick smoke.

The smoke and bat appeared incorporeal and disappeared in the blink of an eye. All that was left behind was a man wearing a tuxedo without the corresponding hat.

This man was thin, tall, and upright. He had light-colored hair that was nearly silver in color. His eyes were bright red like blood as though blood was hidden within. He was none other than Sanguine Earl, Mistral.

He raised his left hand with the ghostly-blue gem ring and touched the slightly exaggerated bow tie. He looked down at the restaurant that had already closed and said, "Both pieces of intel eventually led here."

As soon as Mistral finished speaking, a figure appeared in front of him, wearing a black regal dress and a bonnet. She had light blonde hair and blue eyes, and her face was pale like a rather intricate doll.

The trees on the street below suddenly swayed gently as the light from the gas lamps flashed.

"A Puppet." Earl Mistral nodded slightly and acknowledged Sharron's status and level.

Sharron ignored him and looked at the second floor of the restaurant.

"There are remnants of Mother Tree of Desire worship."

"Then there's no problem." Mistral turned around in midair and nodded towards the darkest area. "Lord Nibbs, please seal this place."

An elderly, deep sigh sounded before a pair of wings covered in dark-colored skin and countless patterns suddenly extended out of the darkness. It extended out, turning broader and bigger, taking two to three seconds to envelop the entire area.

The restaurant sank into an unnatural state of darkness, as though it had been moved out of the real world.

Mistral didn't hesitate nor did he attack directly. He took out a bronze box embedded with many ruby gems and took out something from it.

It was a transparent glass sphere that resembled an eyeball.

Then, the Sanguine Earl, Mistral, grimaced as the glass sphere fell from his fingers and landed downwards.

The glass sphere emitted a glint in the darkness as it constantly changed directions and moved towards something in the air as though it was being attracted by something.

Finally, it landed in a room on the second floor of the restaurant.

A dazzling white light exploded. It was as if a "sun" had risen in the room, illuminating everything. It made all the corruption, decadence, evil, undeath, and darkness rapidly melt away.

"Eh…" Mistral, who had already closed his eyes, suddenly frowned and let out a puzzled voice.

He didn't feel any resistance from that restaurant!

Sharron, who looked down from above, leveled her gaze. Although there wasn't much of a change in her expression, her tightly bound blonde hair seemed to shake a little.

After the "sun" rose, it quickly "set." The bright white light shone helplessly and silently in the darkness.

As this was an item that was targeted at evil spirits, the building in the restaurant didn't suffer any damage. The Sanguine Earl, Mistral, opened his eyes and looked at it for two seconds before reaching up with his right hand and clenching it.

The darkness above the restaurant instantly came to life, transforming into illusory chains that bound the entire roof.

Amidst the jarring sounds, the roof was forcibly uprooted and suspended in midair.

Without this obstacle, be it Mistral or Sharron, they could clearly see the situation in the target's room:

On a square table covered in table linen, a radio transceiver sat on it with a transcoded telegram message beside it. In contrast, the ground was indigo-blue and charred.

On the other side of the room, there was an old piano. The piano stools were brown in color and seemed to have been moved moments ago.

On the piano, there was a cup of red wine. There was a small, sticky, flesh-colored figure soaked inside.

As for the decorations and layout, it was like any normal residence. The only difference was herbal powder and essential oil extract splattered around.

This made Sharron, who could directly obtain information from the spirit world, have a thought:

The person here had just left!

Before she, along with Earl Mistral and Marquis Nibbs could react, the flesh-colored figure soaked in red wine emitted a misty glow.

The light instantly burgeoned and brightened, forming a gigantic "crimson moon" in the room.

The crimson moon's glow dispersed the darkness of the region, making the demigod participating in the battle feel as though they were on the ground and looking up into the sky.

Sharron's blue eyes froze for a moment. She raised her left hand suddenly and flipped it gently, revealing a dark red accessory in her palm.

The accessory looked like a full moon, and there were crimson gems embedded around it. In the center, there were symbols filled with full moons and mysterious labels.

This was the Scarlet Lunar Corona which Sharron had obtained thanks to Sherlock Moriarty's help. It kept emanating a tranquil halo, imbuing the wielder with immunity to the effects of the full moon.

However, the "crimson moon" in the restaurant wasn't something that was as simple as a full moon. It was even closer to a Blood Moon or even stronger. An indescribable surge of spirituality came into existence, making the area which Nibbs's gigantic wings had isolated present a strange, deeply silent feeling. Even though Sharron wielded the Scarlet Lunar Corona, she

sensed the maleficent thoughts in her burgeon as though an indescribable change was brewing.

She instinctively wanted to turn into an evil spirit and hide in objects like the trees and gas lamps along the streets. However, her rationality stopped her impulsive reaction because the crimson moon's illumination had no blind spots.

At that moment, the Sanguine Earl, Mistral, saw his stomach bulging bit by bit. He felt that the life pulsing in his veins was slowly condensing as though making an attempt to take form.

As a supernatural creature that could use the power of the Moon, he hadn't prepared to eliminate the effects of a Blood Moon. He originally believed that he would be filled with joy in such an environment, allowing him to freely show his prowess, but he never expected the abnormal changes to far exceed his expectations.

He felt that if this continued, he would give birth to new life. It was unknown where this terrifying vileness stemmed from.

The authority of the Moon included fertility and proliferation!

At the same time, from the huge bat wings that isolated the surroundings and created darkness, white fur grew out in an extremely harrowing manner.

Nibbs grunted softly as cracks appeared in the sealed-off area.

A few streets away, a bored Emlyn White was rubbing the blue-gem inlaid Oath of Rose. It was at this moment, Emlyn suddenly obtained the senses of Earl Mistral, seeing and hearing what he could.

The feelings and thoughts that belonged to Earl Mistral were transmitted into Emlyn's mind after a long period of time. He sat up straight in fright. His expression distorted as his stomach churned, feeling the urge to vomit.

With the help of Creeping Hunger, Klein's actual body was hiding in the shadows outside the restaurant, but the marionette he controlled, Qonas Kilgor, had already hidden into the darkness created by Nibbs and used "Distortion" to circumvent the isolation, staying within range of his control of the Spirit Body Threads.

At that moment, under the illusory crimson moon's illumination, he was surprised to discover that his marionette, which was intrinsically dead, had an inclination towards reproducing!

And that new life was definitely the offspring of the Mother Tree of Desire!

Th-this is Sanguine Ancestor Lilith as mentioned in the legends of the City of Silver, as well as the manifestation of the Primordial Moon which Emlyn has mentioned before… Indeed, the Mother Tree of Desire has already grasped a portion of the Moon's authority and has corrupted it into an especially evil state, far more than it originally was… Klein was just about to swap locations with his marionette and enter the region illuminated by the crimson moon and "Teleport" away with Miss Sharron when he felt an indescribable sense of joy within him.

It was the joy of seeing a flower in his garden slowly bloom after a long night amidst the morning fog. It was the joy from leaving the city and heading to the suburbs, taking in fresh air in a forest after the rain, watching mushrooms grow. It was the joy of seeing everything grow healthily with new life descending upon the world.

The white fur on the huge bat wings fell off completely as Earl Mistral's protruding belly shrank back. The look in Sharron's eyes, who struggled to hold on to Scarlet Lunar Corona, seemed to relax.

Right on the heels of that, the "crimson moon" in the restaurant quickly dimmed, as if large amounts of light had been sucked away by someone.

Finally, the "crimson moon" vanished and everything returned to normal.

Did Sanguine Duke Olmer take action? Klein nodded thoughtfully and continued hiding in the shadows.

Mistral restrained his anger and looked down at the dining room. He said in a low voice, "The target seems to have detected something ahead of time…”

"It wasn't that much earlier." Combining the present situation and the revelations obtained from the spirit world, Sharron gave her answer.

Mistral's bright red eyes revealed a strange glint as he observed for a few seconds before saying, "It was almost at the moment we came over when the person left—the person who left behind the glass of red wine and the strange puppet.

"This trap doesn't look like it was prepared. It's closer to a last-minute setup…”

Upon saying that, Mistral looked at Sharon and said, "How did they detect danger in such a timely manner?"

Sharron's expression was calm as she replied, "It's not because of the Mother Tree of Desire."

This evil god wasn't capable of infusing too much energy into reality, making it difficult for "Her" to send any preemptive warnings.

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CHAPTER 1060
COVERED-UP SECRET

The Sanguine Earl, Mistral, frowned slightly. Although he was unwilling to admit it, he said rather honestly, "I don't think there were any leaks prior to this."

Because if that was the case, the Rose School of Thought's demigods would've had plenty of time to use the response from the Mother Tree of Desire and Abomination Suah, laying a more dangerous and terrifying trap. It wouldn't be something an angel could easily resolve.

This was also the reason why Mistral had said that the trap appeared to be a last-minute setup and looked rather hasty.

This proved that there was no mole. After all, the ones who knew of the operation before tonight were the ones involved. If they wanted to leak the information, they could've done it earlier. This was unless someone changed their minds or wanted to use the urgency of time to obtain more benefits. And all of these would only leave clear traces.

The black-bonneted Sharron continued looking at the restaurant that had lost its roof. After a moment of silence, she said, "Perhaps it's a way of detecting danger via other means."

For this operation, the Sanguine had used a Sealed Artifact that could even disrupt a Devil's danger premonition, much less, things like spiritual intuition.

"Possibly…” Mistral couldn't think of a better explanation.

At that moment, in a room on the second floor of the restaurant, other than the red wine and strange figure evaporating, everything else remained untouched, as if nothing had happened.

Originally, Sharron and Mistral could attempt using divination to find answers to their questions and restore what had happened before the attack. But now, they couldn't do so because the surrounding area had been illuminated by the "crimson moon." It was equivalent to receiving the corresponding cleansing from the Mother Tree of Desire. This meant that divination easily led to this evil goddess, and the results would be unimaginable.

Without waiting for Sharron to speak, Mistral took a silent deep breath and said, "There are incidents in every matter. There's no such thing as a 100% success rate. Let's leave it here today. If we stay here any longer, the officials might discover something amiss."

As soon as he said that, the black chains hanging from the roof instantly turned dim and illusory.

The roof descended once again, covering the second floor of the restaurant and looking no different from what it was like before.

Of course, when the storm rained, there would definitely be water leaks. If there was a storm, the entire roof would be thrown up again.

The gigantic bat wings that blanketed the area shrank back into the darkness as the drizzle once again took center stage.

Hidden in the shadows, Klein watched as Miss Sharron's figure rapidly turned transparent and vanished. He saw an illusory cloud of smoke puffing up and countless tiny bats flying in every direction. He couldn't help but frown and silently mutter to himself:

What exactly happened…

It wasn't worrisome to have an accident. What was worrisome was not even knowing what the accident was.

Regardless of what one's level was, the unknown was always frightening.

At that moment, he suddenly heard a staccato voice:

"What…" "Exactly…" "Happened…" "Here…"

When Klein turned his head, he realized that Miss Messenger had walked out of the spirit world at some point in time, standing alongside him.

The four blonde, red-eyed heads in "Her" hands were all trained at the restaurant.

"…Can you see what happened here earlier?" Klein asked hesitantly.

After the Mutant pathway reached the Wraith stage, the Beyonder was free to enter and exit the spirit world, allowing them to receive revelations from there directly. Be it their spiritual intuition or divination, they were rather formidable at that. A corresponding Sequence 2 angel was definitely powerful in such aspects; therefore, Klein posed the question.

The four heads held by Reinette Tinekerr shook as they said in unison, "No."

Klein nodded thoughtfully. Without further questions, he controlled his marionette to leave the area.

…

Emlyn White, who had retched for a while, rubbed the ring that was embedded with a ghostly-blue gem. He muttered to himself in surprise, "It ended just like that…"

Through the Oath of Rose, he could sense Earl Mistral's frustration, anger, and reluctance to vent his anger at a lady or others. His initial judgment was that the operation had failed because of an accident.

"It's over?" Upon hearing his words, Maric was equally stunned.

He had actually wanted to ask Emlyn White the reason for his sudden nausea and grimace, but he had perfectly tempered his curiosity and restrained his urge.

"Th-they didn't find the target…" Emlyn tried his best to recall what Earl Mistral had seen and heard, but due to the seal by Marquis Nibbs, he was only able to see the situation via Oath of Rose after the "crimson moon" rose. And these feelings were made ineffective quickly after the anomaly.

At the same time, Emlyn mumbled inwardly, *The demigod from the temperance faction came here while possessing a doll?*

Which master's work is this… It's simply art!

"Didn't find the target? How can that be…" Maric's brows furrowed uncontrollably.

From his point of view, everything in the operation had been going smoothly up till that point in time. Whether it was him, Sharron, or the Sanguine, none of them had the motives to leak the information to the Rose School of Thought.

As for Sherlock Moriarty, he had proven his credibility through numerous collaborations.

Suppressing his immense disappointment and puzzlement, Maric said without much change in expression, "Then we've to leave the vicinity as quickly as possible."

As soon as he said that, his figure began to fade, revealing the qualities of a Wraith.

Emlyn subconsciously wanted to ask him if he knew of any doll masters, but after opening his mouth, he found that it was damaging to the image of the Sanguine. Therefore, he could only swallow his words back down.

Even if I know that master, I don't have the money to buy it… To bear the burden of my mission, I have to sacrifice something… Unfortunately, we didn't capture the demigod of the Rose School of Thought this time, making it impossible to figure out the current situation of their headquarters. It'll be difficult to receive that holy artifact of the Ancestor… Amidst Emlyn's thoughts, his expression slowly turned grave.

…

Backlund Bridge area, Iron Gate Street, in one of the billiard rooms of the Bravehearts Bar.

Klein, in the image of Sherlock Moriarty, was sitting opposite Sharron and Maric.

After a brief moment of silence, the black regal dressed Sharron, who was seated on a high stool, said to the detective, "What are your thoughts on the matter?"

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "The influence that the crimson moon brought was quickly destroyed."

"What you mean to say is that since the Rose School of Thought's demigod had already sensed the immense danger through a certain method or a certain existence, why would he set up a trap that didn't have any effects?" Maric exchanged looks with Sharron before asking in thought.

"Yes." Klein nodded. "He should be able to foresee that under such dangerous circumstances, a trap at this level can be easily resolved. Then,

why would he waste time setting it up and not flee immediately? This is the natural instinct of a living creature."

Wearing a small bonnet, Sharron moved her head indiscernibly.

"On the surface, it's a trap, but it's actually to cover up something?"

Klein replied, delivering the sentence at a slower pace, "Yes, using such a trap to 'cleanse' the scene and stop any divination to conceal the actual situation back then.

"Only if there's a secret to hide would a demigod from the Rose School of Thought take the risk and stay on the scene for such a long period of time."

"But it's also possible that they didn't expect us to have an angel from the Sanguine to help deal with the trap…" Maric suggested.

Klein smiled and said, "They wouldn't ignore the angel behind you. For you to have launched a surgical strike on the concealed Rose School of Thought members in Backlund, you must have defectors who know them well."

He was referring to the existence of Reinette Tinekerr.

"What secret would they need to cover up?" Sharron seemed to accept Klein's suspicion as she sat upright and asked.

Klein shook his head.

"There are too many possibilities. Perhaps they discovered the secret of the attack in time. Perhaps they were planning on plotting something in Backlund…"

Having said that, Klein tried to consider if the Rose School of Thought was associated with the current tense situation in Backlund, but he realized that there was no place for them. Be it the orthodox deities or the evil gods, they were unlikely to work with the Mother Tree of Desire.

This puzzled Klein even more. He didn't know what kind of unknown accident such an unknown factor would brew.

He paused for a moment as he swept his gaze across Sharron's and Maric's faces.

"In short, we need to be careful and cautious. We need to avoid coming here as well.

"Yes, under the premise that you can ensure your own safety, try to monitor other members of the Rose School of Thought again and see if we can figure out the secret they're hiding."

"Thank you." Sharron's figure floated up and bowed.

Maric did the same.

The scarlet flames soared up as Klein vanished from his spot.

According to the agreement, as he didn't have the chance to take action, the only remuneration he received was one free instance of help from Reinette Tinekerr.

…

After returning to 160 Böklund Street, Klein took off his clothes and went to bed early, hoping to wake up early. Suddenly, he heard a series of illusory pleas.

It was from a woman.

Miss Justice… With a guess, he nodded and entered the bathroom. He took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog.

As he had expected, the supplicant was Justice Audrey. This lady had gathered 12,000 pounds in cash, hoping that Mr. Fool could transfer it to

Mr. World to complete the transaction of the Dreamwalker and Hypnotist Beyonder characteristics.

Yes, if the ritual can be replaced by Angel's Embrace, Miss Justice can try to advance in the next two days. When that happens, it's time to place the exploration of Groselle's Travels in the schedule. Heh, Leonard has already become a Spirit Warlock for days and has nothing to do… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and replied to Miss Justice, getting her to begin the sacrifice.

With the current situation becoming more and more tense, with more and more unknown factors, he wished to strengthen himself as quickly as possible. This included many aspects—first, the increase in the number of marionettes and Sealed Artifacts; second, the recovery of his helpers; and thirdly, a further grasp of knowledge and secrets. This aided him in knowing the truth and obtaining the true attitude that the different factions have; thus, finding an opportunity from within.

The exploration of Groselle's Travels corresponded to the third point.

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CHAPTER 1061
WHOSE DREAM

Friday. In the dead of the night, in Audrey's bedroom.

After receiving a signal, the golden retriever, Susie, opened the door and left by herself, slumping down outside to prevent anyone from disturbing Audrey.

Audrey took the Dreamwalker's Beyonder characteristic, the corresponding supplementary ingredients, and the apparatus used for concocting the potion out from a hidden spot. Most of the supplementary ingredients came from the City of Silver, and they were things that she hadn't paid for since Little Sun hadn't thought of something he needed.

She concocted the potion skillfully and looked at the liquid that was dotted with darkened points of grayish-white light. She took a step back, clasped her hands, and placed them in front of her mouth as she chanted softly, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…”

Just as her prayer ended, countless figures in an indescribable form appeared in front of her.

They quickly swam and meshed with one another as though they were active in the sea. Above the sea were seven pure beams of differently-colored light that seemed to contain infinite knowledge.

Above these seven lustrous brilliances was an endless grayish-white fog. And above that was a towering and magnificent palace.

At that moment, the door to the palace opened as a figure formed from golden light spread out its twelve pairs of wings formed from scarlet flames and flew down, landing in front of Audrey.

The twelve pairs of fiery wings were layered as they wrapped the blonde, green-eyed girl into an embrace.

Such a scene only lasted for a second or two before vanishing. It was as if she was hallucinating, but Audrey always had the feeling of being immersed in this kind of holy and lofty feeling.

She calmed down and sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

With Angel's Embrace, she could maintain lucidity in her dream and wake up whenever she needed to. She didn't have to worry about being engrossed in her dreams and being unable to extricate herself.

This meant that she had already held the corresponding ritual for Dreamwalker, and the effects were definitely better than what it could've been.

After all, not every Hypnotist can obtain such benediction from a hidden existence and be embraced by a special angel such as this… Audrey, all the best! Audrey mumbled inwardly before she stopped hesitating and picked up the glass bottle, drinking down the potion inside.

The potion wasn't as bad as she imagined it to be. It was a little sour, a little sweet, a little bitter, a little surreal, and a little stimulating. It was like a wild dream she could let herself loose in.

Before she could feel the effects that the potion exerted on her body, Audrey was suddenly startled before she regained consciousness.

She saw that the night was becoming dawn outside the window, with the sun rising from the horizon, dyeing the sky red.

Within the garden, flowers were blooming, the tips of the blades of green grass shimmering with crystalline dew.

It was as if Audrey had become the ruler of this world. Her consciousness floated up as she looked down upon the various scenes:

Her father and mother held hands as they strolled down the garden trail, taking in the fragrance as they bathed in the morning light;

Having worked through their differences, her two brothers, Hibbert and Alfred, rode on horses and brought servants along with them. Laughter accompanied them as they entered the woods, competing against each other for a more successful hunt;

The ambassadors or special representatives of the various countries like Feysac, Intis, and Feynapotter signed an agreement at Loen's Sodela Palace, announcing to the world that a war wouldn't happen; thus, dispersing all the dark clouds in the sky;

The smog situation in Backland improved. Every company's factory had passed the double review of the alkaline industry inspector and National Atmospheric Pollution Council, and they had promoted such standards to other countries;

Maximum working hours and the basic labor environments for workers were guaranteed, and the development of every industry was getting better. The number of tramps had dropped to an unimaginable level, and all kinds of protective measures spearheaded by the kingdom covered everyone;

There were more and more workers who could afford bicycles. On the streets, the bicycles clustered together like a huge army, driving in different directions amidst ringing sounds;

Children didn't need to work in factories at a young age. They could giggle and fool around, running into classrooms with tables and chairs. Inside, they flipped open their textbooks and began listening attentively. If they

didn't wish to study, it was solely of their own choice, not because they lacked the conditions;

Women were no longer discriminated against due to their gender. Even a laundry maid could rely on studying to obtain knowledge and find better jobs. There were reporters, teachers, policewomen, soldiers, miners, and civil servants—seen in every walk of life;

All kinds of mechanical items appeared on the streets and alleys, bringing the people convenience and joy;

In the square in front of the Evernight cathedral, pigeons flew up and landed. People were either sitting or playing the accordion, fully enjoying their lives…

This was Audrey's dream for the future. Unaffiliated Beyonders didn't have to worry anymore. As long as they received a checkup of their physical mental condition, they could walk openly and use their Beyonder powers to earn money in a legal way.

This is really wonderful… If it weren't for me being clear-headed, I would've lost myself to this. I would've descended from my commanding position in my consciousness, taking a stroll with my parents, hunting with my brothers, and occasionally going to school to teach children… I would often work hard for the extension of the world's peace… Audrey stared at the dream, feeling a bout of poignancy.

She then felt her Astral Projection rise once again, breaking out of the confines of the hazy world.

She saw that her dream was like a huge bubble that grew out from the island of consciousness while silently enveloping it.

The "air bubble" was surrounded by a gray fog. From afar, she could vaguely see other "air bubbles," and below them were their corresponding islands of consciousness.

Deep within the gray fog was a silent, undulating, shimmering "wavy" illusory sea that seemed bottomless.

The sea of collective subconscious… This is the scene of a mind world for a Dreamwalker… Only from Manipulator onwards is one really able to interfere with the sea of collective subconscious… Audrey nodded in enlightenment and retracted her gaze. Without staying any longer, she forcefully escaped from her dream.

Her vision returned to normal immediately as it remained pitch-black outside. Only the street lamps around the garden were emitting light.

She then cast her gaze on the full-body mirror in her bedroom. She felt that she didn't seem too different from before. Only when she observed carefully did she realize that her pair of green eyes were becoming more limpid and deeper, as though they could reflect the souls of others.

Closing her eyes and taking in the knowledge brought by the potion, Audrey quickly grasped the core power of Dreamwalker.

By guiding and controlling a dream, she could obtain information and affect the enemy.

There were two aspects:

First was "Guidance," which was similar to Nightmare of the Evernight pathway, by using the different changes in a dream to guide a target into revealing one's deepest secrets. The difference was that a Nightmare could forcefully pull a person into a dream. However, Dreamwalkers weren't capable of doing so unless they were combined with "Hypnosis."

The second was "Alteration." By modifying a target's dream, one could influence a target over a long period of time, changing them and making them do things they wouldn't usually do without them realizing it. The principle behind such an "Alteration," used a dream as the incisive points and the Astral Projection as a point of leverage, slowing contaminating the

target's Soul Body before affecting the Body of Heart and Mind, planting it deep in the subconscious. Compared to directly using Hypnosis, a control that stemmed from dreams was more mild and furtive, making it difficult to be noticed and suitable for targeting targets at a higher level.

From the looks of it, most matters that involve love at first sight might've had a few hidden cases that were a result of Dream Alteration… Yes, amongst many popular best-selling novels, the female lead often dreams of a figure and spends a beautiful, romantic time with him. Therefore, when they encounter the male lead who's similar to the figure in their dreams, they will quickly succumb to them and have a strong penchant for love. Hmm… Audrey recalled the novels she read in the past and suddenly found it amusing.

To her, be it "Guidance" or "Alteration," they weren't an essential enhancement over Hypnosis. Instead, there was another Beyonder power that she liked even more; it was "Dream Traversal."

This made her body turn incorporeal as if she was an elf in a dream or a Dreamwalker. Not only could she directly hide in someone else's dream, but she could also jump from a dream to another dream, completing a "Blink" in the physical sense.

The restriction of such traversals was that the distance between two dreams couldn't exceed 500 meters, and they had to belong to intelligent creatures.

In special environments, this can effectively hide myself… Hmm, why didn't Hvin Rambis directly affect me through "Dream Alteration"? Because this place is protected by the Church? The Evernight pathway is also skilled in the domain of dreams… Audrey thought as she began converging her spirituality.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Along the long bronze table, Klein sat a few seats diagonally across from Leonard.

"Why are you suddenly looking for me?" Leonard leaned back in his chair and asked lazily.

Regardless, he still remembered that this place belonged to Mr. Fool, so he didn't dare appear too casual.

Klein glanced at him and said, "I need your help with something."

"You need my help?" Leonard pointed at himself and asked in surprise, "Are you referring to Pallez?"

He didn't think he could help a demigod like Klein.

"You have a very clear understanding of yourself," Klein tsked. "However, I'm really looking for you this time. It mainly involves a few dreams."

Dreams… Leonard came to a realization as he said with a hint of puzzlement and laughter, "Klein, you seem to have changed a little. I mean, you've become more like the past, no longer wearing that gloomy expression."

Without waiting for a reply, he straightened his disheveled hair and smiled.

"That's a good thing. Well, I'm still quite good at dreams. Who do the dreams belong to?"

Without batting an eyelid, Klein replied, "A Loen soldier from more than a hundred years ago, a Fourth Epoch aristocrat, an ascetic from the Third Epoch, and an elf and giant from the Second Epoch."

"What?" Leonard asked with his green eyes wearing a blank look, wondering if he had heard wrongly.

Ignoring the elves and giants from the Second Epoch, even the nobles of the Fourth Epoch had to be from particular Beyonder pathways and to have become saints before they could survive to this day!

It can't be that they're all angels aside from that Loen soldier, right? Entering the dream of angels… I think it's better to find Old Man… Leonard's thoughts churned instantly as though he was in a dream.

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CHAPTER 1062
"TEACHING" ONLINE

Klein glanced at Leonard and smiled.

"The targets aren't demigods. They've only 'lived' to this day due to some sort of influence. This is also the secret I wish to discover through dreams."

He deliberately emphasized the word "lived."

Without waiting for Leonard to respond, Klein continued, "The aristocrat from the Fourth Epoch is a member of the Zoroast family. You might be able to use his dream to learn more about Pallez Zoroast."

Old Man's descendant… Leonard's heart stirred as he looked forward to the proposal that Klein raised.

Although he had gotten along rather well with Pallez Zoroast and gradually built some trust in this angel, he still held the most basic level of vigilance against him. After all, "He" was an outsider who lived in his body.

At that moment, Klein added, "For now, don't mention this matter to Pallez Zoroast."

Do you think I'm such an unreliable person? Leonard grumbled inwardly as he replied, "There's no need to remind me."

Seeing that Leonard had agreed, Klein smiled and said, "Get me a few drops of your blood when you return. This is necessary to explore the dreams."

He didn't specifically mention how to give the blood to him. After all, Leonard knew at least two methods. Firstly, he could sacrifice it to Mr. Fool and request that "He" bestow it to The World. The other was to summon the messenger of mysterious origins and place the blood inside a bottle, sending it over with a letter.

"Blood…" Leonard subconsciously repeated the word.

In mysticism, one's blood was an important item. It was best not to give one's blood to others; otherwise, they might die without knowing the reason. Sometimes, death wasn't the most terrifying outcome that could happen.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Leonard nodded.

"When will the exploration begin?"

Klein was prepared for this question as he replied, "Late Sunday night, close to midnight."

He wanted to give Miss Justice time to converge her spirituality and familiarize herself with her abilities.

"Alright." Leonard didn't say anything else.

Following that, Klein seriously explained skills in sophistry so that the dear poet knew how to pacify his grandpa after returning.

After returning to the real world, Leonard was deliberating over his words when he heard Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice:

"Why did your former colleague look for you? Is there anything that cannot be explained in a letter?"

Leonard adjusted his sitting posture and chuckled.

"He's afraid that the letter will be leaked. After all, it might involve that person."

Just as he finished his sentence, Leonard inwardly mumbled, *Of course, the most important thing is to be wary of you. What I see is equivalent to what you see…*

"That person…" Pallez Zoroast seemed to understand who he was referring to.

"Yeah." Leonard picked up a cup on the table and drank a mouthful of malt beer. "He found an ascetic from the Third Epoch. He hopes to learn the history of that epoch through his dream."

What Leonard said was the truth, but it was only a portion of the truth. This was the skill that Klein had specially taught him.

"An ascetic from the Third Epoch? He's still alive?" Pallez Zoroast asked in surprise.

Of course, "He" wasn't too surprised. After all, at "His" level, even if "He" didn't grasp a hundred methods that allowed people to live from the Third Epoch, "He" knew at least five or six methods. The easiest way was to steal the time or life of others to imbue it into a target.

"He's likely still alive, but has a very special condition," Leonard explained what he knew.

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for two seconds before saying with a chuckle, *"Is that so? Then I can only wish you the best in not seeing scenes you shouldn't see in the dream. Of course, your former colleague is protected by an existence of Concealment, so he must be prepared."*

Leonard didn't respond to the topic. He suddenly exclaimed, "Old man, are you actually not the least bit curious? Don't you want to know what the true deities were like in the Third Epoch, or the cause of the Cataclysm?"

This was the second technique in sophistry that Klein taught him. Rather than being asked, it was better to take the initiative to ask questions.

"I can roughly guess what's going on," Pallez Zoroast replied with a sigh. He then scoffed. *"You took too much initiative to control the flow of our conversation today. This is very different from your past behavior. This means that you have a secret you're hiding deep down. Not bad, it's much better than the past. At least it's not something that can be seen through at once."*

"…”

Leonard's expression froze.

Pallez immediately chuckled.

"See, I just gave it a try and you exposed yourself. You still lack training.

"Your former colleague is really… Tsk…”

Leonard could only respond with a dry chuckle. He put down his cup and leaned forward. He then picked up a silver ritual dagger and cut open a wound, causing a few drops of blood to drip out.

Meanwhile at Earl Hall's residence, Audrey was also holding a dagger with gems embedded in it. She was preparing to fulfill the promise of providing help for free. She moved the tip of the dagger towards the back of her hand.

"The pain is very mild…

"The pain is very mild…” As she hypnotized herself, she exerted force and tore open a wound.

It was currently impossible to tear her skin without using strength, even if she didn't reveal her dragon scales.

…

On Sunday night, after attending a ball, Klein returned to 160 Böklund Street. He made up an excuse that he was feeling tired and needed to sleep early.

In the wee hours of the night, he got out of bed, set up a ritual, and summoned himself.

After some work, he sat in the seat that belonged to The World Gehrman Sparrow. He confirmed that once the summoning ended, he could use the gray fog's level and standing to forcefully extricate himself from Groselle's Travels.

At that moment, in front of him were three metal bottles and a silver mask.

The former was filled with his, Leonard's, and Audrey's blood, while the latter was sacrificed by Miss Justice ahead of time. As she knew that Mr. Star would be involved in the exploration of the dream this time, she planned on wearing Lie the entire time to mask her face and avoid her identity from being uncovered.

After examining it for a while, Klein made the hard-covered, deep-brown Groselle's Travels to fly out of the junk pile and land on the long bronze table. At the same time, he placed the Unshadowed Crucifix into his body.

Following that, he pulled Justice Audrey and The Star Leonard above the gray fog.

Two dark red beams shot up at the same time, forming rather blurry figures.

Audrey and Leonard cast their gazes at the bottom of the long, mottled table and sized up the items in front of Mr. World.

Then, their attention was drawn to the ancient book.

Audrey's eyes darted around as she curiously asked, "Our exploration this time is related to this book?"

"Yes, our targets are inside this book," Klein replied with a smile.

"Inside the book?" Leonard asked in surprise.

Even though he was a Red Glove, and had also read a large number of supernatural case files, he had never heard of communicating with characters in a book.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Yes, this is a magical book. Inside it, there is a world that was 'envisioned.' What happens in that world becomes the book's contents."

"Envisioned?" Audrey acutely grasped a key phrase, linking it to its synonyms.

She had only just learned a few days ago from Mr. World that the Spectator pathway's Sequence 0 was called Visionary, and she knew very well that the King of Dragons, the ancient god, Ankewelt, was the Dragon of Imagination.

After some deliberation, Klein said, "My description might not be accurate. It might be an 'envisioned' world or a true dream. The only thing I can confirm is that it was created by an ancient god from the Second Epoch, the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt. I obtained it from Vice Admiral Iceberg."

Ancient god's relic… It's no wonder that it can make a giant and elf from the Second Epoch, a Third Epoch ascetic, a Fourth Epoch human aristocrat, and Fifth Epoch Loenese soldier survive till now… Leonard came to a realization as he couldn't help but size up The World Gehrman Sparrow. He couldn't imagine what kind of experiences Klein had ever since he left Tingen.

At this moment, Klein looked around and pushed the Lie mask to Miss Justice as he said, "Let's head on in."

"Alright." Audrey put on the silver mask.

Leonard looked around and nodded.

"Okay."

Klein immediately picked up the three metal bottles and poured out some of the blood inside, smearing it on the cover of Groselle's Travels.

So this is what the blood was for… Just as this thought flashed through Audrey's mind, she saw a white snowy storm.

Amidst snowflakes the size of down feathers and a biting cold wind, a city that was more than 15 meters tall stood nearby. A soldier wearing leather armor on-guard by the gates was huddled in a spot that was immune to the wind and snow. As long as there weren't any merchant convoys, he wouldn't head forward to block any ordinary pedestrians.

"This… This is a world that was completely 'envisioned'…It's like it's real." Leonard looked around as he spread out his palm and caught several snowflakes. He felt the coldness of its touch before they quickly melted into water.

After confirming the environment, Leonard suddenly realized something. Klein was maintaining the image of the cold and refined Gehrman Sparrow. Miss Justice wore a silver mask, revealing the bottom of her face, green eyes, and blonde hair, making it impossible to imagine her actual appearance.

As for himself, he didn't disguise himself at all…

This was a habit of official Beyonders. They openly carried out missions without any disguises.

Mr. Star really is laid-back, and his hair is combed very casually. It's such a pity. Otherwise, with his looks, he can be a model on the covers of magazines… As a noble lady who had seen too many handsome men, Audrey politely glanced at him before retracting her gaze without making any excessive observations.

Klein chuckled inwardly and pointed at the city in the snowstorm.

"Our first target is the ascetic, Mr. Snowman, from the Third Epoch."

This was the person most likely to have a link to Amon and "His" brother!

According to Klein's plan, after Snowman would be the fourth-generation aristocrat, Mobet. This was because Giant Groselle and Elf Siatas involved matters at much higher levels, and there was a high chance of there being an accident. Therefore, it was safer leaving them at the end of the schedule.

After the exploration of the four people's subconscious via their dreams, they would then enter the sea of collective subconscious in search of any possible secrets.

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CHAPTER 1063
THE LORD'S LEFT-HAND

In a rather remote spot in Pessote City, there was a building made of stone. It looked rough and was a cathedral that needed some construction work.

The most eye-catching and intricate part was the altar. Erected over it was a wooden cross and a tall figure carrying the cross.

Ascetic Snowman was sitting in the first pew, facing the divine statue, his head bowed and his eyes closed in focused supplication.

He was a middle-aged man who wasn’t considered old but had some wrinkles. He was wearing a simple white robe that had been washed countless times. He had brown short hair, and on his exposed arms, shoulders, calves, and feet, there were all kinds of old scars and scabs.

At that moment, two men and a woman appeared at the cathedral entrance. The men were dressed in black robes that were completely different from the surroundings. One was wearing a vest and half top hat with a formal bow tie, and the other casually wore a white shirt. The former had a pronounced outline with a cold expression, while the latter had black hair and green eyes. He looked pretty good, exuding the romantic air of a poet.

The lady was wearing a long white dress that was tight at the waist with frilly designs at the sleeves. Lacy flowers were sewn in a meshed manner at her chest. She wore an intricate silver mask, revealing a pair of emerald-like eyes, her high nose, her lip glossed-lips, and lower half of her face. It prompted anyone who laid their eyes on her to imagine how beautiful her actual appearance was.

They were extremely attractive. It was the same regardless of the angle one took. However, the passers-by, and few members of the congregation, and the praying ascetic didn’t even give them a look, completely ignoring them.

This was a combination of Hallucination and Psychological Invisibility.

Audrey was already in operation-mode, no longer showing any curiosity. She swept her gaze and said in a gentle voice, "What’s most important now is to get Mr. Snowman to sleep; otherwise, we’ll have to wait until tonight."

The night in this world.

"Relax. It’s trivial," Leonard replied with a smile.

Compared to Miss Justice, who had only experienced a few supernatural incidents, as a Nighthawk, he was already too used to such things. He was very composed and even wanted to joke with Klein.

Of course, he didn’t know that Miss Justice had recently hypnotized a demigod.

Klein glanced at his former teammate.

"Then let’s begin."

He was "carrying" Unshadowed Crucifix on him, and in less than three hours, he would be dropped back to Sequence 5 and have his Bizarro Sorcerer Beyonder characteristic purged, so he naturally didn’t want to waste any time.

He’s back in his crazy adventurer state again. Tsk… Leonard didn’t beat around the bush. He raised his hand to neaten up his hair as his green eyes suddenly turned deep.

Silently, the praying ascetic, Snowman, had fallen into a deep sleep.

This is the Beyonder power of a Nightmare… Looking at this scene with sparkling eyes, Audrey thoughtfully muttered to herself.

In fact, she was aware of the powers of a Nightmare, having seen them in action before -back when they were dealing with the Sanguine Viscount, Ernes Boyar. However, she was unable to grasp the full picture of it due to the urgency of the situation. It was only now that she made a complete observation of it.

Right on the heels of that, she raised both her hands and grabbed the arms of The World and The Star. Using her abilities of Dreamwalker, she led them into Snowman’s dreamscape.

"I can do it myself…” Leonard mumbled the moment he entered the hazy world.

Klein and Audrey ignored him and quickly surveyed the area, taking in the entirety of Snowman’s dreamscape.

They were also inside a cathedral, an unusually majestic cathedral.

Ancient stone pillars propped up a towering dome, but they didn’t make the hall appear too segmented and cramped. It still remained extremely spacious.

The cathedral’s door was wide and tall, even for giants. Lined on both sides were candles placed in silver cups that emitted a warm glow.

The altar right in front was grand and magnificent. Above them were grayish-white crosses and a sculpture of God bearing the cross.

The statue’s face wasn’t very clear, but it felt like it was showing pity towards all beings in the world.

Snowman was similarly sitting in the first pew facing the holy altar. His head was bowed and his eyes closed in focused supplication.

"This is similar to the Afternoon Town’s abandoned cathedral that Little Sun showed to us. It should be a building from the same era," Audrey swept her gaze across the brick arches and whispered.

At the same time, she tried to suppress her curiosity and told herself to remain calm.

Little Sun? How is he "little"? That fellow is clearly taller and larger than me… Afternoon Town’s abandoned cathedral… Leonard thought in puzzlement as he lampooned.

When he joined the Tarot Club, The Sun Derrick had long returned to the City of Silver. Although he would occasionally mention the exploration of the Giant King’s Court, he didn’t conjure any of the corresponding images.

"Indeed." Klein retracted his gaze and agreed with Miss Justice. Then, he said to her, "Try to guide Snowman’s dream and get him to reveal the important information in his subconscious. Focus it on the Kings of Angels."

This mission could be accomplished by both a Nightmare and Dreamwalker. The reason why he had Miss Justice do it was because he wanted to give her a chance to digest the Dream walker potion. After all, Leonard had already passed that stage. And no matter what, in matters that involved the subconscious, Beyonders of the Spectator pathway were definitely more professional. The way they carried it out would be more precise and effective.

It was only then that Leonard realized a problem:

Miss Justice’s abilities involve the domain of dreams…

This meant that she had already advanced to Sequence 5 Dreamwalker!

Isn’t that too fast? Leonard was secretly surprised and in disbelief.

He remembered that Miss Justice had mentioned it during their exchange when he joined the Tarot club. It hadn't even been a month since she became a Hypnotist, and now, only three months had passed.

She had indeed tried to purchase the ingredients needed for her advancement at the Tarot Gathering, but to completely digest the Hypnotist potion in four months is shocking enough… Leonard's mind raced as he had a baffling feeling that the pride of becoming a Red Gloves captain, a quasi-high-ranking member of the Church, a Sequence 5 Spirit Warlock was gone.

While his thoughts were running wild, Audrey tersely acknowledged the request and took a few steps forward to stand beside Snowman.

Illusory ripples suddenly appeared in her jewel-like eyes. Those ripples constantly sank deep into the depths, returning to the darkness and tranquility.

Invisible ripples emanated out as the altar in front of the cathedral suddenly turned blurry.

These magnificent objects, along with the cross and the divine statue, warped and suddenly unfurled, emitting lights and shadows that weren't considered too intense.

The light and shadows intertwined into a three-dimensional portrait of a towering mountain range. The main peak reached high into the clouds, but the white cloud didn't dare to conceal the main peak as it automatically separated around the peak's two sides.

On the peak of the mountain stood a huge cross that was even taller than the mountain. In front of it stood a majestic figure that was covered in layers of stacked halos.

Two-winged, four-winged, and six-winged angels were either holding bugles, playing the harp, or playing flutes, dancing around the majestic

figure as they sang and extolled.

Eight blurry figures with twelve pairs of wings surrounded the majestic deity. Some fell to the ground beside "His" feet, leaning against "Him" as if completely relying on "Him." Others floated on both sides, awaiting "His" orders.

This was a scene that Klein had seen before. He knew that the deity was the ancient sun god, and he knew that the figures with twelve pairs of wings on their backs were the Kings of Angels.

At that moment, Snowman opened his eyes and looked at Justice Audrey. As if teaching his student, he solemnly said, "Only the Holy Spirit can truly serve the Lord. This is the goal I've been chasing my entire life…

"I see the Lord standing above the infinite radiance, benevolence scattering over 'His' kingdom and the land. Around him are eight 'Kings.'

"The Dark Angel was the first angel created by the Lord. 'He' is 'His' left hand, 'His' proxy and the deputy of Heaven;

"The Angel of Imagination is the Lord's eldest son. The Lord said that in a distant future, you will become the savior of all life;

"The Angel of Time is the Lord's second son. The Lord said that you are a God of Trickery and a God of Mischief, the light at the dawn of the apocalypse;

"The White Angel, Wind Angel, and Angel of Fate are loyal followers of the Lord-firm, brave, honest, having been that way from the time when 'They' were weak till 'They' became strong.

"The Wisdom Angel was sanctified due to 'His' redemption from being penitent and contrite, completely opposite from the ones who fell after eating the fruit of sin;

"The War Angel is the Lord’s rage, the Lord’s punishment. ‘His’ appearance over the land means war is at hand…”

From the looks of it, this ascetic has never been to the ancient sun god’s divine kingdom, nor has he ever seen a King of Angel. What he’s describing is probably from religious canon… In other words, what he says is what the official text says… From the looks of it, Dark Angel Sasrir was really the leader of the Kings of Angels. "He" was most trusted by the ancient sun god and was called the deputy of Heaven. Yet, such an existence was-hmm, bewitched… I wonder what "His" outcome was in the end, and why there aren’t any traces of "Him" to date… Klein seriously listened to Snowman’s description and had a clearer understanding of the Kings of Angels.

He never expected that the ancient sun god would predict that Adam would be the savior. This left him somewhat puzzled.

So these are all the eight Kings of Angels… Leonard listened attentively as well. This was something that Old Man Pallez hadn’t told him in detail before. It was a real secret from ancient times, something that happened before the Cataclysm.

Audrey had seen the mural of the three Kings of Angels eating the City of Silver Creator. Through the corresponding images, she had matched them to the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, so she wasn’t too surprised. She turned her head and looked at The World and The Star, calmly interpreting the hidden meaning behind those sentences.

"According to what Mr. Snowman said, the Dark Angel was created. The three Kings of Angels-White, Wind, and Fate—had followed the ancient sun god from a weak stage until they slowly empowered themselves. Hmm, the weak stage here probably refers to Sequence 4… The Wisdom Angel should be an outsider who joined later, and ‘He’ might’ve been from an opposing faction in the beginning…”

When he heard Miss Justice’s words, Klein suddenly remembered a name. It was the Dragon of Wisdom as mentioned in the City of Silver’s myths- Herabergen.

He then nodded, indicating for Miss Justice to continue.

After Snowman recited some related scriptures, he suddenly solemnly said, "Our diocese has cultists who believe in the Evernight hiding within it!

"These are the orders from the Kings."

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CHAPTER 1064
DRAWING CLOSER

Cultists who believe in the Evernight… Upon hearing Snowman’s words, the three present were more or less thrown into an awkward situation.

Klein, Audrey, and Leonard all had a certain relationship with the Evernight Goddess. One was a standard cultist who believed in the Evernight. The other wasn’t only a cultist, but a quasi-high-ranking member of the cult, an elite team leader. The other was even worse—a Blessed of the evil goddess.

"Ahem… From the looks of it, the Church of Evernight appeared earlier than what the historical records stated. They can be traced back to a long time before the Cataclysm; however, it existed in the form of a secret organization." Klein cleared his throat and did a simple analysis, breaking the sudden silent mood.

Audrey pursed her lips and nodded. She continued guiding Snowman’s dreams, letting him reveal the information related to the King of Angels in his subconscious.

Unfortunately, Snowman was only a Sequence 5 ascetic. He would be considered a quasi-High-Ranking member in the Fifth Epoch and would be able to come into contact with several important figures and historical secrets. However, before the Cataclysm, a Sequence 5 didn’t enjoy such a status. He wasn’t even able to enter the divine kingdom, so he naturally knew little about the Kings of Angels and the ancient sun god. What he knew was limited to what was written in the various religious canons.

However, Klein keenly noticed that he had mentioned something.

There were traces of the remnant giants in the Northern Ridge mountain range.

This mountain range’s present name was Antares, and it was located within Feysac. It made it easy for him to associate this information with the people of Feysac claiming to be descendants of giants, how the God of Combat was a giant, and other information.

Seeing that there was no connection to the Kings of Angels, Audrey switched to guiding Snowman’s dream into presenting what was most important and influential to him.

The majestic cathedral they were standing in began to shake as changes silently happened.

In just a few seconds, the cathedral’s scale shrank. Outside was a square that had been renovated.

Snowman knelt in front of the cross and divine statue, his body bathed in pure sunlight.

A blurry figure in simple priest robes appeared beside him, speaking with a loud and solemn tone: "Are you willing to choose the path of an ascetic, to give up love, to distance yourself from indulgence, to not wield power, to train your mind, and to temper your mind, allowing you to approach our Lord by entering Heaven one step at a time?"

Snowman devotedly kissed the ground and said, "I’m willing to choose the path of the ascetic. I’ll give up love, distance myself from indulgence, not wield power, train my mind, and to serve the Lord. It will be so forever and ever from this day forth.

"It will be so forever and ever from this day forth!"

The more Snowman spoke, the more resolute he became. In the end, he solemnly repeated his promise.

“…This is the one thing that left the deepest impression on him and has resulted in the deepest effects on him." Audrey turned her head and said to The World and The Star.

Thinking back on Snowman’s past performance and recalling how he never gave up on his beliefs, nor stop his ascetic training despite being stuck in the book world, Klein nodded gently and sighed.

"He is a true ascetic."

Audrey retracted her gaze, and after guiding Snowman to present something that was more important to him, she returned to The World and The Star and said in a gentle voice, "There shouldn’t be much left."

Klein glanced at Snowman and said, "Let’s go to the next spot."

Inside a house in Pessote City.

Mobet, with his brownish-yellow hair, dark brown eyes, high nose bridge, and thin lips, was wearing slightly furry pajamas. He laid on a bed that was half high and half low, as he stared at the ceiling, muttering to himself, "Winter year is much colder than usual. It’s starting to snow…

"Although it’s almost noon, I don’t want to get up at all…

"Siatas, why does an elf like you insist on sleeping in? You even pressed your hands and feet on me…

"I really miss being single. I could roll around freely in bed. Every comer will be mine, unlike now, sigh…”

On the bed, Elven Songster Siatas leaned her body sideways while sleeping comfortably. Not only did she occupy nearly half of the bed, but she also left a large amount of space on her side as her body clung close to Mobet. She left one arm and leg on him, squeezing Mobet to a corner of the bed, almost to the point of falling off.

After pulling up the blanket that was pinned down, Mobet sighed and closed his eyes, preparing to sleep again.

Then, he really fell asleep.

In his dream, he sat at the bar counter, alternating between sipping hard liquor and gulping down beers. He didn’t return home as he claimed he would wait for Siatas to come begging him to return.

"Is this the aristocrat from the Fourth Epoch?" At the entrance of the tavern, Leonard glanced at Klein.

Klein gave a clear answer:

"That’s right."

Hmm, Mr. Star’s tone and actions suggest that he’s more nervous than before… He seems to care a lot about this aristocrat from the Fourth Epoch… According to the information given by Mr. World, a certain person that Mr. Star knows might’ve seen the second Blasphemy Slate, and that’s an extremely ancient divine artifact… Although I can’t eliminate the possibility of seeing it in the Fifth Epoch, powerhouses of the Fourth Epoch are more likely to have a chance of coming into contact with such matters… So, this aristocrat from the Fourth Epoch is related to the person Mr. Star knows? Audrey grasped certain matters through fine observation and interpretation.

With this as a premise, she quickly came to a conclusion:

Mr. Star would step forward and suggest that he would guide the dream.

"As expected, the Fourth Epoch revered asymmetrical beauty, but such attire really made me uncomfortable." Leonard teased before looking at Miss Justice and The World Klein Moretti, "Let me do it this time."

"Alright," Audrey replied with a brisk tone and smile.

This was a development that Klein was happy to see. He naturally wouldn’t stop it.

"That wouldn’t be an issue."

Leonard then tugged at his collar and walked to the bar counter in a few steps. He sat beside Mobet and ordered a local Sangen beer.

He gulped and suddenly said, "You look like a member of the Zoroast family."

"Everyone here knows that. No, not just humans." Mobet took a sip of his alcohol and continued looking forward. Leonard smiled and shook his head.

"Let me introduce myself. I’m a student of Pallez Zoroast."

He planned to use this identity to pull strings and reduce any sense of reluctance Mobet would have, making it easier for him to continue guiding him.

Indeed, the person Mr. Star knows is also a Fourth Epoch aristocrat, a member of the Zoroast family… I wonder what level that person is… So Mr. Star is secretly a student of a certain important figure. No… He said that without complete confidence… A self-assumed student? Audrey validated her guess as her smile became more obvious.

After hearing Leonard’s self-introduction, Mobet finally turned his head and sized him up. He scoffed and said, "Student?"

"More like the target of Parasitizing, right?"

Leonard’s expression froze.

Target of Parasitizing… Uh… Although Audrey was mentally prepared, she couldn’t help but twitch her eyebrows.

As for Klein, he had a hard time holding back his laughter.

Of course, he didn’t believe that there was anything wrong with Leonard’s identity as a student of Pallez Zoroast. If it were him, he would’ve said the same thing. It just wasn’t right to directly mention that he was a Parasite’s victim, right? And being friends appeared too distant, a disadvantage for any subsequent attempts to learn more.

The problem this time was that nobody expected Mobet to guess the truth.

After laughing twice, Mobet looked at Leonard’s slightly stiff face and said, "You aren’t a member of our Zoroast family, so how can you become Old Man’s student? You can only be a target of Parasitizing!"

Having said that, he slowed down and said, "Don’t worry. Old Man isn’t too bad. He wouldn’t really take over your body. After the Parasitizing is done, he will at most take away a few years of your life. You’re still young anyway, so raising your Sequence would make up for it. Heh heh. Actually, most Beyonders can’t live till the end of their natural lifespan."

"Why must he take a few years of my life?" Leonard subconsciously asked.

Mobet raised his glass and gulped down a mouthful. He replied in a daze, "Since you’ve already been Parasitized, something must be stolen, right…”

Leonard snapped out of his daze and asked in surprise, "You also call ‘Him’ Old Man?"

"Of course, we all call him ‘Old Man.’ Heh Heh. ‘He’ doesn’t seem to object to it." Mobet suddenly sighed. "‘He’ is my great-grandfather, and I haven’t seen him for a thousand years—no, 2,000 years…”

So the reason why Old Man tolerates me calling him Old Man is because it can remind "Him" of the beautiful past… I wonder if "His" direct descendants are still alive… Leonard suddenly felt wistful.

As for Justice Audrey, while she was finding the words "something must be stolen" funny, she was surprised at the word "He."

This represented that Old Man, Mr. Pallez Zoroast, was an angel!

Indeed… Audrey had expected this.

At this moment, Mobet sharply noticed a keyword and asked, "Also? Why did you say ‘also’? Do you also call ‘Him’ Old Man?"

Leonard nodded seriously.

Mobet was instantly puzzled as he sized up Leonard again.

"Don’t tell me you have the bloodline of the Zoroast family?"

"I don’t know…” Leonard answered honestly.

Mobet shook his head.

"No, it doesn’t look like that’s the case. It might be that Old Man suffered a terrible blow and has changed to a certain degree."

That I know… Leonard pondered and said, "He was nearly killed by Blasphemer Amon. He hasn’t recovered yet."

Groselle’s Travels was currently above the gray fog. It didn’t matter which deity’s true name was mentioned in it, since it wouldn’t be sensed; therefore. Klein, Leonard, and Audrey were free to talk about Amon and Adam.

"The powerful and terrifying ancestor of the Amon family…” Mobet’s voice unconsciously lowered.

Leonard finally gained the initiative and asked, "The aristocrats of the Solomon empire are all very cold and evil. Why isn’t the Zoroast family

like that?"

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CHAPTER 1065
COSMOS WANDERER

Mobet glanced at Leonard and said in puzzlement, "They aren’t that cold and evil…”

He raised his glass and took a gulp.

"Don’t you know that the higher the Sequence, the greater the inclination is towards being cold and crazy? Which major aristocratic family in the Solomon Empire doesn’t have an angel? That’s why they’re definitely different from normal people.

"As for the degree of coldness and evilness, it has to do with the choice of their ‘anchor’ and the traits of their Beyonder pathway. I don’t know what my great-grandfather’s situation is. I only know that he’s very kind and amiable, and the way he speaks and acts is rather casual.

"In addition, the rules set by His Majesty have a key point-disharmony. If all the aristocratic families have the same style, ‘He definitely wouldn’t be satisfied."

The first reason given was something I expected, but the second reason is a little unexpected, but it’s quite funny… Was the Black Emperor of the Solomon Empire trying to get ‘Himself’ diagnosed with obsessive-compulsive disorder? Disharmony is actually a requirement… Without wearing too thick a mask, the corners of Klein’s lips curled up slightly.

At this moment, Audrey turned her head to look at him and asked the same question that she had as Mr. Star, "Anchor?"

All of them knew that the aesthetic taste of the Fourth Epoch was disharmony and asymmetry and had considered it common sense, so they didn’t think too deeply about why there was such an aesthetic style.

"To the deities, believers and faith are an anchor," Klein simply explained.

So that’s the case… Mr. Fool also said that it’s to stabilize one’s condition… Audrey felt her sights broaden, allowing her to consider the relationship between the deities and believers.

At the same time, she thought in puzzlement, In the early stages of Mr. Fool’s reawakening, "He" shouldn’t have many believers. Back then, what was "His" anchor?

Leonard listened attentively as he couldn’t help his expression from turning solemn. It was as though he had suddenly thought of many things.

He quickly focused his attention on Mobet. After some deliberation, he said, "What kind of an angel is Pallez Zoroast? What kind of habits does ‘He’ have?"

Hmm, Leonard is still very cautious. He still hasn’t fully believed that the grandpa in his body is Pallez Zoroast. Yes, we can’t rule out the possibility that the real Pallez has fallen, and that the one still alive is an imposter. To an angel of the Marauder pathway, such an action is rather normal… And to a secret existence, replacing a particular identity is equivalent to possessing that identity, so "He" wouldn’t deliberately expose the truth…

Heh heh, on more important matters, matters that he’s interested in, and those that involve his safety, Leonard is more reliable than I expected. If not for that, he wouldn’t have realized that I was still alive back then… As for other matters, he’s just too, too half-hearted. He’s too used to using his past experience. It’s not that he isn’t intelligent, but rather that he can’t be bothered to use it… Klein couldn’t help but sigh.

Mobet was taken aback for two seconds before he drank a mouthful of hard liquor and said, "Old Man appears to be an ordinary elder at home. He’s a bit naggy and likes to throw blows at his descendants, and enjoys life. If one didn’t know it ahead of time, no one would’ve guessed that ‘He’ is a Sequence 1 angel. "‘His’ aesthetic style is different from His Majesty. ‘He’ is absorbed over categories and emphasizes cleanliness and tidiness… When facing enemies, ‘He’ is good at trickery and often likes to finish off ‘His’ enemies by making them break down…”

This is quite similar to how Old Man has acted to date… Leonard nodded and asked, "Do you have ‘His’ portrait?"

"How could I be carrying a portrait with me? It’s not like I’m looking for anyone!" Mobet shook his head in amusement.

At this point, Leonard suddenly pointed to the side.

"Isn’t that it!"

"Ah?" Mobet turned his head in confusion and doubt, only to discover that an oil painting had appeared in his right hand at some point in time.

As he picked up the oil painting, the content on it gradually became clearer, revealing an old man with dark brown eyes.

The man’s hair was already completely white. It wasn’t very sparse, and it was neatly combed to the back of his head. His forehead, the corners of his eyes, and the corners of his mouth didn’t seem to have any wrinkles, not appearing too old.

It was obvious that he looked quite good when he was young. He looked quite similar to Mobet, but he exuded a rather solemn air.

I really can’t tell that this is a Sequence 1 angel… Is this also because "He" didn’t reveal "His" Mythical Creature form? Audrey tiptoed and looked at the oil painting.

After Leonard memorized the contents of the portrait, he mentioned a few relevant questions related to the Zoroast family and received a satisfactory answer. The only exception was the name of the potion names of Sequence 3 to 0. Mobet wasn’t too sure either; all he knew was that Sequence 1 was apparently Worm of Time.

After ending this topic, Leonard asked about the Solomon Empire:

"In your era, what major aristocratic families are there in the Empire?"

"There weren’t many families with dukes." Mobet put down his cup and spread out his palm. "Our Zoroast family, the Abraham family, the Zaratul family. In addition, although the Medici family and Lord Ouroboros didn’t have any aristocratic titles, their standing wasn’t worse than the major aristocratic families."

Every time he spoke, he would curl his finger, finally curling them into a fist.

Then, he smiled and said, "At that time, although Tudor and the Trunsoest were the most loyal angels under His Majesty, they were still ranked beneath us. They were on par with Augustus and Castiya."

The history of the Augustus family can actually be traced to the era of the Solomon Empire… While Audrey was surprised, she became even more focused on listening.

Leonard thought and continued asking, "In that era, what was the situation in the Northern Continent?"

"All living creatures submitted to His Majesty. Even deities acknowledged His Majesty’s rule in order to fight against opposing factions." Mobet chuckled. "They’ all have countries that belong to ‘Them’ in poorer places. In short, Evernight, God of Combat, and Death were at odds. The three deities of Storm, Blazing Sun, and Wisdom had a great conflict with each other. Earth’s attitude was vague and unclear, but ‘She’ was more inclined

towards the God of Combat. This made ‘Them’ unable to cooperate in a stable fashion, thus being unable to form an alliance to fight His Majesty and the True Creator."

At this point, Mobet sighed and said, "And precisely for the sake of balance, His Majesty didn’t attack the Southern Continent, and allowed Death to unite the plains and the ancient forest to build the Balam Empire."

No, ultimately, the six deities came to an agreement. Hence, the Black Emperor perished, establishing the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire… Leonard recalled Pallez Zoroast’s mention of this particular phase of history and, for a baffling reason, felt how history was filled with vicissitudes.

At that moment, Mobet turned his head and looked at him.

"Do you have cigarettes?

"These little devils that came out from the True Creator’s believers aren’t bad at all."

Leonard immediately controlled the dream and conjured a cigarette before handing it over.

"Is this an improved version?" Mobet stretched out his right hand and snaked out a ball of fire from the kitchen behind the bar. He lit the cigarette and took a deep breath.

Seeing smoke coming out of his nostrils, Leonard asked curiously, "The True Creator’s believers like to smoke?"

"That’s right. Even Lord Medici would occasionally smoke a few sticks. Although it’s just a habit for ‘Him," Mobet answered without hiding anything.

Leonard nodded and asked, "Which deity do you believe in?"

"Of course, it’s His Majesty. All the aristocrats in the Empire believe in His Majesty. Uh, other than Lords Medici and Ouroboros. They believe in the True Creator. Also, Duke Bethel Abraham might just be faking it. According to what I know, ‘He’ only believes in ‘Himself," Mobet quipped.

Bethel Abraham… A thought came to Klein. He was about to signal Leonard to ask further when he heard the poet ask, "Is Duke Bethel Abraham very powerful?"

Clearly, the completely different behavior compared to the other aristocratic families in the Empire made this ancestor of the Abraham family stand out.

"Very powerful. Even Lord Medici and Ouroboros are afraid of ‘Him," Mobet said as he puffed out smoke rings. "In the warring era, ‘He’ was publicly acknowledged as one of the angels most likely to become a deity."

"Warring era?" Leonard asked curiously.

Mobet looked at the slowly burning cigarette in his hand and said, "This isn’t thrilling enough. Heh heh. The warring era refers to the time after the Cataclysm ended to the point when the Empire was established. It lasted about 112 years. Our Zoroast family’s first angel perished in the warring era. Thankfully, we were helped by His Majesty before ‘He’ became a god; thus, we didn’t lose the Beyonder characteristic."

"Who did it?" Leonard immediately asked.

Mobet shook his head.

"I’m not Sequence 4 yet, so there are many things I’m not qualified to know.

"Let’s talk about Duke Bethel Abraham; I actually don’t really know much about ‘Him,’ but I was very interested in their family and the Beyonder pathway they control. It’s said that the Apprentice can wander the cosmos

once they reach Sequence 2. Uh, there are also rumors that it’s at Sequence 3."

Cosmos? Klein’s pupils dilated slightly as he became more focused.

At this moment, Mobet continued, "They left behind lots of information regarding the cosmos, recording many interesting things. Unfortunately, I never managed to borrow them. However, I heard of the three laws that they concluded for wandering the cosmos:

"First, don’t respond to any calls. Second, don’t be reckless and approach unknown creatures or buildings. Third, endure loneliness."

It sounds like the cosmos is vast and dangerous… I wonder if the current Abraham family still has the travel notes related to the cosmos. I’ll get Miss Magician to ask in the future… When Klein’s gaze swept over, it happened to cross with Miss Justice’s gaze that was directed at him. They immediately realized that the other party had also thought of Miss Magician.

Leonard did the same. He nodded slightly and asked about other matters.

During this process, the dream changed with Mobet’s memories. Following that, they saw the appearances of Medici, Ouroboros, and other high-level figures.

Of course, as Mobet had few interactions with the Black Emperor and Bethel Abraham and didn’t dare to look at ‘Them’ head-on, his impression of ‘Them’ was a blur.

Towards the end, Audrey grabbed both Klein’s and Leonard’s arms and jumped into Siatas’s dream.

This Elven Songster was standing in the garden holding her stomach and frowning at Mobet.

"Can you steal the fetus in my stomach and stuff it into your body?"

"It can be done, but even if it’s stuffed into my body, I won’t be able to give birth to him," Mobet replied fearfully.

Siatas thought seriously and said, "Then steal the corresponding organs that are needed?"

“…If it’s just the simple act of theft, then it might still succeed. But for what f-follows after, I’ll be at my wit’s end. This is beyond my capabilities…” Mobet said nervously.

The conversation between the human and elf left the trio dumbfounded.

After a few seconds, Audrey suggested, “…Why don’t I do it this time?"

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CHAPTER 1066
FAMILIAR NAME

Upon hearing Miss Justice's suggestion, Klein thought for a moment and said, "Guide the dream towards matters encompassing the Second Epoch's history, the Queen of Calamity Cohinem, elf habits, and the most ancient language of the elves, as well as the legendary Western Continent."

“…Alright." Audrey's eyes moved slightly, revealing a thoughtful expression as she digested the information that Mr. World had said.

Then, she walked to the Elven Songster's side.

Under her guidance, Mobet's figure in the garden rapidly blurred as he vanished from Siatas's dream.

The ripples in Audrey's green eyes stirred once again as her lips quivered, as though she was reciting something.

The entire dream world began to shake as the garden was like a reflection of a lake that was smashed into pieces by an invisible stone that flew over from nowhere.

These fragments quickly gathered, but the scene that was restored was no longer a garden, but that of a palace made of coral.

Every detail in the palace was abnormally gorgeous. The entire structure was tall and majestic, but due to the layers of blue seawater, the sky couldn't be seen, making it appear dark and gloomy.

Inside it, coral pillars propped up an exaggerated dome, and the walls and the top of it were filled with terrifying murals of the storm.

Above the murals and corals, silver bolts of lightning followed a certain trajectory as if they were alive. Finally, they converged at the nine steps that were inlaid with pearls, diamonds, emerald, and turquoise.

Siatas was standing there, with many elves standing opposite her.

On the nine steps, there were two huge chairs that seemed to be formed purely of lightning. One of them occupied the center, just like the ruler of this palace. One of them was on its left, appearing less eye-catching.

Sitting on the throne in the middle was a man wearing a simple loose robe. His ears were pointed, and his facial features were rather soft and his hair thick. His hair was a mix of black and blue colors. Not only did his facial features look outstanding on their own, they combined together to form an even more handsome face. However, he directly gave one a tyrannous impression, as though he wouldn't say a word before picking up the electric spear leaning on his armrest, and then throwing it.

Sitting beside him was a beautiful woman with raven-black hair. Her hair was tied up into a high bun, her ears slightly pointed, and her facial features delicate. She had dark brown eyes that were as deep as the ocean, and in her hands, she was playing with a complicated golden wine cup.

Without needing Siatas's introduction, Klein and company could easily determine that this couple was the Elf King, the ancient god, Soniathrym, and the Elf Queen, Queen of Calamity, Cohinem.

"That traitor, Aurmir!" Suddenly, a voice resembling loud thunder boomed, causing the entire palace to shake violently. It made Siatas and the other attendants lower their heads in fear.

This roar came from the ancient god.

Aurmir, isn't that the name of the Giant King? I've recently been drinking red wine named after him. I have to say that its quality is indeed higher than anything else. It's just a little expensive… As Klein listened, he had a random thought.

He remembered that Little Sun had once said that Giant King Aurmir, Elf King Soniathrym, and Sanguine Ancestor Lilith—the three humanoid ancient gods—were allies. They fought against the opposing camp formed by Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt; Phoenix Ancestor, Gregrace; and the Mutant King, Kvastir. As for the Devil Monarch, Farbauti, and the Annihilation Demonic Wolf, Flegrea, they were independent beings who wanted to subvert all order and corrupt all living beings.

So, the alliance of three humanoid ancient gods eventually collapsed? Klein reined in his thoughts and waited for the subsequent changes in the dream.

Due to Derrick's existence, Audrey wasn't unfamiliar with the history of the Second Epoch. Without any hesitation, she directly made Siatas's dream continue its development.

Despite the terrifying roar, Queen of Calamity Cohinem wasn't affected at all. With a cold expression, "She" calmly said, "Wasn't this already long confirmed?

"'His' reputation is exactly the opposite of 'His' physical build."

At that moment, the ancient god, Soniathrym, had already been enveloped by bolts of lightning. "He" said in a thunderous voice, "I thought that, after centuries, 'He' would understand the global situation even more. I've overestimated 'His' intelligence!

"If 'He' didn't sell out Lilith back then, how could 'She' have perished?"

Eh… The Sanguine Ancestor Lilith perished so early? Klein's eyelids twitched as he quickly focused his attention.

After the Elf King finished roaring, Queen of Calamity Cohinem maintained "Her" previous posture and said, "That's not a bad thing. At the very least, Kvastir and Flegrea were dragged to the grave together with Lilith. All the deities no longer trust each other. Even if we don't form an alliance, we can rule the ocean, lakes, and rivers."

Upon hearing these words, Spectator Audrey, couldn't help but feel alarmed. She had no choice but to use Placate on herself.

This… It means that the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith, Mutant King Kvastir, and the Annihilation Demonic Wolf Flegrea perished in a battle between ancient gods. So the betrayal of Giant King Aurmir and the other ancient gods had nothing to do with the ancient sun god?

This is why Lilith didn't fully die and is still able to occasionally deliver divine revelations? And because of this, the Antigonus Mother of the Sky and Hornacis mountain range managed to survive to the Fourth Epoch… Klein increasingly believed that the history recorded in the City of Silver had many fabrications or vague records. Thankfully, he hadn't completely digested the Bizarro Sorcerer potion and didn't need to consider advancing to Scholar of Yore. Otherwise, the "history" he used might not be real.

In ancient times, the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith and Mutant King Kvastir perished due to the other… The Sanguine has recently been working with the Mutant's temperance faction. Time sure is a great magician… Heh heh, if The Moon Emlyn were to know of this, I wonder what kind of expression he would have… The Star Leonard sighed as he thought.

As their thoughts raced, the ancient god, Soniathrym, scoffed and said, "Recently, Aurmir wanted to work with some secret sects that have sprouted from the humans to deal with us. Apparently, this matter is led by Harvest and Dawn.

"I'm even thinking of working with Ankewelt to destroy the giants and the Giant King's Court. Unfortunately, every time I see that dragon, I have the

urge to string it up on a grill. It's a type of attraction that's simply irresistible!"

Just as he said that, the ancient god suddenly vanished. The entire palace shook violently, causing a rift to appear.

All of this had yet to subside when a bolt of lightning flashed. Soniathrym returned to the massive throne, holding a spear made of pure lightning.

"You went to the Giant King's Court?" Cohinem asked.

"I taught Aurmir a lesson," Soniathrym answered without hiding anything.

Siatas and the other elven attendants lowered their heads even further. They faintly saw slippery tentacles that were thicker than their bodies flipping about on the ground, flashing with silver bolts of lightning.

Then, they shut their eyes.

The dream changed as Siatas "recalled" her interaction with other elves.

With their conversations and interactions, Klein, Leonard, and Audrey learned that Siatas lived in a relatively peaceful time period in the Second Epoch. The giants, elves, dragons, devils, and phoenixes coexisted, splitting up their rule over the Northern and Southern Continent, as well as the Five Seas. Vampires, demonic wolves, treants, sea monsters, mutants, and humans were vassals of the different factions, occupying the lower-middle classes.

"This doesn't resemble the history recorded by the Church. Even the legends in the City of Silver aren't like this." Leonard sighed when he heard that. "Old Man probably doesn't know this much."

"That isn't necessarily true." Klein shook his head indiscernibly. "Many existences in the Second Epoch have survived to the Fourth Epoch, or even to this very moment."

"For example the Wisdom Angel?" Leonard asked with a guess.

"Perhaps." Klein didn't give an affirmative answer as he said with a smile, "When you were talking to Mobet, I thought you would make Miss Justice stand further away."

Leonard immediately shot a glance at him and yawned.

"You mentioned before that there's an existence behind me that might've been seen the second Blasphemy Slate. Then, when I was conversing with Mobet Zoroast, wouldn't she be able to make the connection from me getting her to stand further away?

"Besides, you also mentioned that back when dealing with all of Amon's avatars in Backlund, part of the clean-up operation involved Miss Justice. To a Sequence 5 Spectator, what she knows is sufficient. Once she understands the Zoroast family's matters, the truth is practically in front of her eyes. In that case, why waste time trying to avoid her. It's too troublesome. I might as well get Mr. Fool to be a witness as everyone vows not to divulge each other's secrets."

Klein nodded slightly and said, "If you were to get Miss Justice to stand further away, it wouldn't be easy for you to bring up the matter of making a vow to keep things a secret…"

At this moment, Siatas continued, "After the death of the Sanguine Ancestor, the Annihilation Demonic Wolf, and the Mutant King, some of 'Their' subsidiary gods were killed, while others surrendered to other ancient gods. There were a few who vanished as they hid in the shadows."

Having "transformed" herself into an elf, Audrey immediately asked, "Who surrendered to who? Who died?"

Siatas recalled and said, "I've never even seen it before. Uh, the Sanguine's Goddess of Life and the Mutant King's God of War were killed. No one even remembers 'Their' names… The Annihilation Demonic Wolf's God of

the Dead, Salinger, came under the Phoenix Ancestor. The Sanguine's Goddess of Beauty, Auernia, came under us… The Mutant King's God of Spiritual Creatures, Tolzna, and Annihilation Demonic Wolf's Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises, vanished…”

Salinger… Auernia… These two names made Klein's forehead twitch. He instinctively used his Clown powers to maintain his facial expression.

Auernia was the Blood Moon Queen, the wife of the Fourth Epoch's Emperor, the Empress of the Trunsoest Empire!

As for Salinger, "He" was the founder of the Balam Empire, the Emperor of the Underworld—Death!

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CHAPTER 1067
THE ELVEN VERSION OF HISTORY

This… The Second Epoch’s subsidiary gods truly are hidden powers. There was Dragon of Wisdom, Herabergen and there’s God of the Dead, Salinger. They were all powerful figures that even reached the throne of Sequence 0. Of course, I can’t be sure about the Dragon of Wisdom. It’s just quite possible…

Yes, and there’s the God of Dawn, Badheil, and the Goddess of Harvest, Omebella. I can’t rule out the possibility that "They" have lived quite well all the way to the Fifth Epoch… I wonder if the God of Spiritual Creatures Tolzna and the Goddess of Misfortune Amanises managed to evade the authority retrieval operation by the City of Silver Creator at the end of the Second Epoch. If "They" managed to escape that fate, what roles did "They" play in the Third and Fourth Epoch? After a moment of shock, Klein began thinking poignantly.

Thinking back to the betrayal of the Kings of Angels in the Third Epoch, he couldn’t help but lampoon:

You have to be careful of fire, theft, and subsidiary gods!

At that moment, Audrey, who didn’t know much about the subsidiary gods’ true names or authorities, didn’t show any perturbations in her emotions. She acted as different female elves in Siatas’s memories, and she constantly talked to her about her experiences and things she knew about the Second Epoch.

According to Siatas, in the history of the elves, there was no concept of the First Epoch or Second Epoch. In the beginning years that were unknown to her, it was chaotic, dark, and crazy, and it didn’t leave behind any texts. After the supernatural races obtained a certain level of intelligence and had their own languages, creatures finally had some knowledge of history.

In that era, ancient gods appeared one after another. The sky, the land, the sea, and the underground world slowly changed from disorderliness to orderliness. However, other than the tyrannical and crazy ancient gods, no one knew how many years this stage lasted. She just knew that, very, very long ago, it was referred to by the major supernatural races as the "Sprouting Era."

After the "Sprouting Era" was the "Early Era of Fire" in which the eight ancient gods fought against each other in different camps. This was also a long time before Siatas’s birth, so she could only understand this from the elven historical records that it was a time when quasi-humans fought non-humans, resisting the corruption and intrusion from the devils and demonic wolves. Amongst them, the humanoids were the giants, elves, Sanguine, as well as their slaves.

The "Early Era of Fire" lasted different periods of time according to the different records. However, a common point was that it lasted less than a thousand years, as the essence of the ancient gods was madness, tyranny, cruel, and cold. They were often driven by their instinct.

After the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith, Mutant King Kvastir, and Annihilation Demonic Wolf Flegrea perished during the betrayal, the "E3rly Elm of Fire" ended, and the war broke out "The world was damaged, and it didiVt stop for centuries.

Due to the fact that the giants and dragons were relatively strong in this period of time, they were known as the "Dual Era."

By the time the five races formed a new balance of powers, the Northern Continent, the Southern Continent, the East Continent, and the Five Seas

had recovered some level of peace. This was when Siatas was born and had grown up in until she entered Groselle’s Travels.

In the history that she described, there were two important points. First of all, it proved the existence of the East Continent, a place where the Giant King’s Court was. Second, after the "Sprouting Era," the supernatural races had their own kind of civilization. They weren’t completely irrational as their descendants believed them to be. Of course, the inclination towards tyranny, cruelty, coldness, and slaughtering still existed, as though they were all in a half-state of losing control. It was only after the "Dual Era" that the new generation of elves and giants gained some level of rationality. They had feelings just like Siatas and Groselle.

The East Continent seems to be the Forsaken Land of the Gods… It was abandoned during the Cataclysm? Similar thoughts surfaced in Klein’s, Leonard’s, and Audrey’s minds.

They were very interested in this, but it was a pity that Siatas had always lived in the Elf King’s court. Their occasional forays outside were limited to parades at sea. She had never been to the East Continent, and she lacked the required knowledge.

Under Audrey’s influence, Siatas’s dream began to show the traditions and language of the elves.

According to the legends that the Queen’s attendant had heard of, Elvish was created by the king in the "Sprouting Era." Every word was produced with the birth of a first-generation elf. The number of Elvish words meant the number of first-generation elves.

However, the traditions of the elves weren’t too unified. They relied heavily on their surroundings—the elves in the forests and the sea were undoubtedly different in all kinds of customs.

What they shared in common was that they believed in the king, who was an ancient god, and "His" queen. They liked to make food with the blood of

their prey. Many of them had culinary methods such as roasting. Even sea elves often came up to the reefs for a bonfire party. They were close to nature and were good at using all kinds of spices. They idolized the strong, and they were proud of being quick to act before thinking…

With myths and reality mixed together, it’s hard to tell what’s real and what’s fake… Their traditions have destroyed my previous theories… Klein listened with a stoic expression as he quickly analyzed every word Siatas said.

After figuring out the relevant matters, Audrey circled around the keyword of the West Continent and made Siatas’s dream change. It reflected some of her subconscious memories.

The coral palace appeared before Klein and company again. Siatas followed behind Queen of Calamity Cohinem and walked to a crystal window.

She glanced at the Queen’s exquisite and complicated dress, and she stole a glance at the "deity" who controlled calamities. She asked curiously, "Your Highness, are you looking west?"

To the elves, as long as they didn’t feel the pressure of violence, they would ask questions on the spot.

"Why do you think so?" Cohinem didn’t turn back as "She" asked with an indifferent expression.

"I just learned of a legend that our elves originated from the Western Continent," Siatas replied. "Your Highness, does the Western Continent really exist? Is that really where the first-generation elves were born?"

Cohinem’s lips curled slightly as she said with a slightly ethereal voice, "The Western Continent may exist, but it may not exist either. Every race needs to give themselves an illustrious origin, a home for the mind.

"Siatas, where is your home to you?"

"My home?" Siatas repeated the question as she replied blankly, "It’s where His Majesty and Your Highness are. It’s this palace that can lead to the forest where my parents live…”

As she said this, Siatas’s emotions gradually turned heavy, lost, and melancholic.

It was obvious that she was influenced by her subconscious’s corresponding memories.

She had entered Groselle’s Travels and had been away from home for two to three thousand years.

"Therefore, to elves like you, the Western Continent doesn’t exist, but to some elves, it definitely exists." Queen of Calamity Cohinem calmly gave her final answer.

Siatas didn’t ask further, because she suddenly remembered that the Queen wasn’t a first-generation elf.

Such a response made Klein increasingly confused and puzzled. Thankfully, from the Second Epoch to the Fifth Epoch, the Western Continent had zero presence, so it didn’t have any important secrets related to him. He was just trying to find out more about it and hadn’t held out much hope.

After ending the guiding of Siatas’s subconscious and since it was almost noon, without any other nearby dreams that they could leap into, Audrey left with Klein and Leonard, and they appeared in Mobet and Siatas’s bedroom.

Looking at the Fourth Epoch viscount whose body had been tightly bound by the elf, Audrey’s expression suddenly turned gentle as she said with a laugh, "They seem to be doing pretty well…”

"No, no, no, it’s terrifying to have such a violent, direct, and imaginative wife who dares to take action! Only a person like Mobet would like and

enjoy being with her…” Leonard, who didn’t have a poet’s talent but had the liberal inclinations of a poet, shook his head as he kept his hands in his pockets.

At this point, he muttered in thought, On the contrary, it’s true that an experienced thief needs a woman like Siatas to rein him in. Hmm… I wonder what kind of members of the opposite sex Old Man’s other family members like…

"Sigh, they don’t need our envy or objections. This is how they live together. Emperor Roselle once wrote a poem, saying ‘for my love I’ll sacrifice my life[l]’…”

As Klein listened to their discussion, he opened his mouth and closed it again. He didn’t tell them that Siatas and Mobet had actually died. It was only when they died that they truly felt their love for one another. The ones living in the book were just copies created by the book world.

After leaving the couple’s house, the trio headed to Groselle’s blacksmith shop.

Along the way, when they went past a street, Klein saw Frunziar, who was known as a philosopher, and Audrey recognized him to be Loenese a glance.

"Is that the soldier from a hundred years ago?" Audrey slowed down her pace and asked.

Klein recalled Frunziar’s longing for his hometown, and the ashes he had placed in Backlund’s cemetery. He fell silent for two seconds before nodding gently.

"Yes."

Mr. World is feeling a little emotional… He’s like a calm river on the surface, with a lot of undercurrents and eddies underneath… Audrey

nodded indiscernibly and asked, "Can we enter his dream? I want to get the Judge and Disciplinary Paladin’s potion formula."

"No problem," Klein replied as he glanced at Leonard.

Leonard continued having his hands in his pockets, but his eyes instantly darkened.

Sitting on the bench, Frunziar fell asleep.

Right on the heels of that, three people appeared in his dream.

This was a bustling city with buildings made from wood. The pedestrians who came and went were mostly Loenese.

The black-haired, blue-eyed Frunziar stood outside a house as he looked in without daring to approach. Only when a woman wearing an old long dress came out from inside did he excitedly go forward and attempt to hug her.

His hug went through the woman without them making contact at all.

Frunziar stood rooted to the ground as he blankly shouted, "Mother…”

Audrey, who wanted to guide the dream, quietly watched this scene. Then, she looked around and discovered the iconic clock.

"Backlund…” Audrey pursed her lips and turned her head. She looked at Klein and asked, "Can’t they leave the book world?"

"It’s been too long. If they leave, they will grow old, die, or even be reduced to dust." Klein’s voice was like a serene river. "I delivered one of Frunziar’s items to Backlund."

This… As a Spectator, Audrey acutely sensed the cruel reality behind those words. She couldn’t help but raise her head and look out of the dream, looking at the location where Mobet and Siatas were.

Leonard wanted to ask what it was, but after looking around, he maintained his silence.

Following that, Audrey seriously guided his dream. Outside of obtaining two potion formulas, she made Frunziar return home and live happily with his parents, brothers, and sisters.

It was a beautiful dream.

After leaving Frunziar, Klein, Leonard, and Audrey quickly saw Groselle's home.

This was the last stop of their exploration. After obtaining information from Groselle's subconscious, they would enter the book world's sea of collective subconscious and seek out the secrets that might exist in this book.

[1] Adapted from a Hungarian poet, Sandor Petofi's Liberty and Love.

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CHAPTER 1068
ILLOGICAL DETAILS

"W-which one is Groselle?" In the dream, Leonard looked ahead blankly.

There was a huge bonfire there, and there were more than ten grayish-blue-skinned, single-eyed giants who looked no different from each other.

To be honest, I wouldn’t be able to recognize him without the ability of a Faceless… To me, without their age, hairstyle, height, scars, clothes, and maturity, giants all look the same… Klein mumbled inwardly as he looked calmly at Miss Justice, as though saying that it shouldn’t stump a Spectator.

Audrey raised her hand and pointed at a giant who was gulping down alcohol. From time to time, he would shout twice to express his approval.

"That’s Groselle.

"It looks like, in the traditions of the giants, clapping isn’t a sign of affirmation and praise. Instead, it’s a roar. The louder the roar, the higher the level of praise."

Miss Justice is acting like a folk scholar now… Thankfully, he’s only shouting and not singing. If not, the noise would be worse. It’s obvious that the giants here aren’t adept at modulating their voices. That roar from before didn’t have any rhythm to it… Klein nodded and said to Audrey, "Begin guiding him then."

As Audrey went forward as Leonard stepped back. He raised his right hand and stroked his chin.

"Tell me, in the Second Epoch, which supernatural race widely possessed the Beyonder characteristics of the Evernight pathway?"

"Isn’t it the demonic wolves?" Klein glanced at Leonard, wondering if the poet had contracted the traditional disease of the Nighthawkshaving a bad memory.

"I know." Leonard maintained his original posture as he said with a strange expression, "Then how do they act as a Midnight Poet? Or should I say that the potion’s name back then was called Midnight Roarer?"

"There wasn’t a potion name in the beginning…” Klein’s thoughts were accidentally led astray by Leonard. The scene of such fellows crouching on the ground and howling at the moon surfaced in his mind. He couldn’t help but mutter, "This might be more suitable for you. There’s no need to write poems, making it very easy."

The corners of Leonard’s mouth twitched as he said, "There are different types of poets. I’m a singing type."

As the two idly chatted, Audrey’s guidance attempt gradually pushed through. Groselle’s dream began showing the Waning Forest, Barren Tunnel, the corner of the Giant King’s Court, Dawn Town, and the Nation of Gold.

Groselle wasn’t a subordinate of the "deities" like the Giant King, and he was only able to occasionally see these high-level existences while on duty at the Waning Forest or in particular spots of the Giant King’s Court and passageway. Furthermore, he didn’t dare look at "Them" head-on, receiving them while genuflecting and having his head bowed. Therefore, he wasn’t able to present the images of Giant King Aurmir, Giant Queen Omebella, and the eldest son of the Giant King, God of Dawn, Badheil. They only appeared as portraits.

Similarly, Groselle knew very few secrets. His grasp of history and the situation in the world was completely incomparable to Elven Songster

Siatas. However, an interesting point was that in the Giant King’s Court and the giants, the "traitor" was synonymous with Soniathrym. They claimed that "His" abandoning of the alliance had resulted in the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith’s death.

Klein strongly suspected that, because of his bad temper, Soniathrym, was obviously not good at such things.

The Queen of Calamity seems capable, but the problem is what "She" plots is extremely hard to hide from "Her" spouse, a true ancient god, Soniathrym… In contrast, Giant King Aurmir being the traitor makes more sense… Klein did a rough analysis as Audrey changed the direction of Guidance in an attempt to let Groselle present anything he had seen or heard beyond the Giant King’s Court.

It was a pity that, shortly after the giant left the King’s Court and passed through Dawn Town before arriving in the Nation of Gold, he obtained the book and entered it. He didn’t know much about the styles and appearances of people from different regions.

"Currently, the most valuable piece of information is how to avoid the front entrance after entering the Giant King’s Court from Afternoon Town. It’s through the Waning Forest and the Barren Tunnel." Audrey ended the guidance and walked back to Klein’s and Leonard’s side. This is very useful for Little Sun and company’s subsequent explorations."

"Yes, we can tell him at the next gathering." Klein nodded.

Just as he was about to suggest that they enter the book world’s sea of collective subconscious through Groselle’s dream, Audrey suddenly looked back and said in thought,

"There’s one detail that’s illogical."

"Which detail?" Leonard seriously recalled what he had seen and heard, but he didn’t find anything suspicious.

Justice Audrey glanced at The World and said, "In the matter regarding how Giant King Aurmir’s father and mother are buried in the Waning Forest, the rule that only the ancient god can enter is illogical."

Klein didn’t notice that there was something wrong with that detail. But after Miss Justice mentioned it, he immediately had some ideas. He deliberated and said, "The father and mother of the Giant King are equivalent to the ancestors of the giants. Normally speaking, they should be consecrated by the entire race…”

"That’s right. Regardless of the race, they’ll have some level of worship towards their ancestor. The giants are no exception. From Groselle’s dream, the Keepers often make sacrifices to the ancestors outside the Waning Forest." Audrey nodded in agreement. "If there aren’t any other factors of influence, the Giant King should occasionally organize things and make it a point to honor their ancestors instead of making it a rule that only ‘He’ can enter."

"Perhaps the Waning Forest contains immense danger. Aren’t the oldest giants crazy, violent, and irrational? After their death, their corpses have corrupted the environment and affected the entire forest. It’s not something that can’t be understood." Leonard gave his opinion.

Audrey and Klein shook their heads at the same time, denying the statement.

"If it’s only danger or corruption, Giant Queen Omebella and the God of Dawn Badheil can clearly withstand that. With the help of the Giant King, there are almost no problems. Yet ‘They’ are also forbidden from entering the Waning Forest, even with the ancient god by ‘Their’ side." Klein simply explained his thoughts and guesses. "Perhaps what’s buried inside isn’t Giant King Aurmir’s parents; there might be some other secret."

"That’s more likely the case." Audrey nodded seriously.

She wore a silver mask, and her green eyes darted around slightly, faintly revealing a hint of curiosity.

"If that’s the case, what would a secret that can’t be known to ‘His’ wife, child, subsidiary gods, or fellow members of the same race be? That’s quite interesting…” Leonard smiled as he allowed his thoughts to wander.

After another round of discussion, the three of them made use of the time to enter the Giant King’s Court through the Barren Tunnel and enter the place that was frozen amidst the

sunset.

According to Klein’s experience, this was actually the path to the borders of Groselle’s dream.

This time, there was no need for him to activate Creeping Hunger and use the strength of a Zombie to open the heavy door to the giant guards’ quarters. Audrey directly influenced the dream and made the door flutter open like a piece of paper. Due to the Unshadowed Crucifix, Klein was unable to wear the human-skinned glove.

Outside the door was a hazy world. There was no longer the scene of the Giant King’s Court ahead of them, but a cliff.

After a brief exchange of the various situations that could occur in the sea of collective subconscious, Audrey made a staircase appear on the edge of the cliff.

The staircase spun around, sinking deep into the dark, hazy, silent, and bottomless mind world.

The three of them didn’t delay as they stepped onto the staircase and walked down.

In this lonely environment that could drive one crazy, Audrey used Placate a few times every time they traveled a certain distance.

This wasn’t only to Placate Klein, Leonard, and herself, but it was also to Placate the grayish-white cliff-Groselle’s subconscious. It was to prevent him from causing a stir that would contaminate their Astral Projection and Body of Heart and Mind.

The countless rotting giant palms that Klein "encountered" the last time didn’t appear. Even the most unbearable feelings of loneliness, silence, and being infinite didn’t feel that terrifying thanks to being able to speak to each other.

"This is the mind world. The domain of consciousness is indeed different from the others." Leonard looked around as though he wanted to use a few poems to express his feelings, but he eventually chose to give up.

If it were any other mission elsewhere, Klein might’ve asked his dear poet to remain quiet, but here, he felt that it was good for him to say something-anything.

Audrey didn’t reject the exchange as she said seriously, "That’s the essence of the environment that we can sense. The cliffs, precipices, and the hazy world are a reflection of our subconscious. If it were another race, it might not be like that…”

“…I now find psychology rather interesting," Leonard said with interest after hearing that.

Klein glanced at him and resisted the urge to say that, with his personality and habits, he really wasn’t suited to the Spectator pathway.

In this exchange, the three of them lost track of time until they finally stepped onto the solid but hazy ground.

Looking upwards, they could see the undulating shadows. They overlapped and formed an illusory sea.

Klein, Leonard, and Audrey were about to walk forward when a "water spout" suddenly surged over. A rather blurry figure stood up from within.

It was a grayish-blue giant that was six-to seven-meters tall. His chest was covered with dragon scales, and there were all sorts of indescribable patterns, symbols, and labels that went beyond what one would consider a normal language.

His single vertical eye was filled with blood vessels as it emitted a violent aura that couldn’t be concealed. It had obvious hints of destruction in it as it gnawed on a bloody human leg.

This was a demigod-level giant!

He was a projection left in the sea of collective subconscious. Perhaps it was an actual encounter with a human or some other race’s ancestor; or perhaps it was something Groselle and the other giants had heard about.

The moment he appeared, the madness spread towards Klein and company like a plague that could infect them.

This was a world that directly came into contact with one’s mind and consciousness!

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CHAPTER 1069
"UNDER THE SEA"

The leg-gnawing giant, whose vertical eye was filled with blood-red threads, wasn’t actually real. He was, in essence, a strong emotion produced by a particular living creature.

The emotions that originated from having a deep impression had entered the subconscious. It spread from one’s island of consciousness to the surrounding illusory "sea," before slowly settling and forming a mark. It wasn’t possible for all of its emotions and consciousness to ultimately settle dowoi as the foundation. Most of them would be washed away with time by the "seawater." Only extremely intense and repeated experiences would remain.

And once it formed a mark, it would be a drop of water in the sea of collective subconscious which would then affect living creatures of the same species in its surroundings. It would be a shared, ancient "memory" carved into one’s pulse.

Therefore, not only was the phantom image of the giant blurry, but it also had many mistakes caused by the subjective aspects of the mind. Normally, it wouldn’t result in Leonard and Audrey being unable to look straight at it, confusing their spirituality and breaking down their minds. However, the madness that came with it—an extreme sense of horror that stemmed from an unknown person—seemed all so real. It could contaminate every living creature’s Body of Heart and Mind, Astral Projection, and even Soul Body!

This was the essence of the danger in the sea of collective subconscious. It didn’t stem from the strength, level, and status itself, but from the emotions and feelings that were generated and imprinted there.

Of course, if one were to encounter a "mark" left behind by a high-level creature or deity, they could directly see some type or multiple types of Mythical Creature forms. However, the result was definitely nothing rosy. One would either have a mental breakdown or go crazy. Otherwise, they would be completely contaminated by the deity or high-level creature's emotions and feelings—their outcome would ultimately be completely unpredictable.

All in all, in this sea of collective subconscious, the style of combat was different from the outside world. Sometimes, the more anxious one was at trying to destroy the illusory figure, the more likely one would be contaminated by their stirring emotions.

It was precisely because of this that when Klein saw the 7-8-meter tall, grayish-blue giant rush over, he immediately took the initiative to control his emotions.

Then, he used "Illusion Creation."

The target of "Illusion Creation" was Leonard and Audrey.

In the eyes of these two Sequence 5 Beyonders, those 2-3-story-tall giants no longer had the madness and violence that left one trembling from one's heart. Everything seemed normal and ordinary.

Therefore, before those extreme feelings could truly contaminate them, Leonard and Audrey remained very calm, without showing any emotional fluctuations.

Then, with one hand in his pocket, Leonard reached out with his right hand and slightly opened his mouth.

Having become a Spirit Warlock, he originally wanted to use the first spirit —a Terror Banshee—that he sealed in his tooth with the help of the archbishop. It was a powerful spirit world creature with a beautiful face and rotting body. It had a pair of huge eagle wings and was good at draining the

consciousness of others, injecting feelings of terror in them. However, he quickly remembered that not only was he in an Astral Projection form, but he had also been cleansed by the gray fog. How could there be other spirits still "on him."

He had no choice but to use a Soul Assurer’s powers, turning his green eyes deep and quiet.

The giant shadow instantly slowed down as if it was soothed.

At this moment, Audrey calmly spread her arms wide and used Placate.

An invisible wind blew past, and the giant figure seemed to pause as it instantly weakened the contamination around it.

During this process, Klein took out the bronze cross that had many sharp spikes. As he opened the bottle containing his blood, he poured a few drops onto it and solemnly said, "Light!"

Brilliant, pure, and flawless light burst out, and amidst Klein’s fluttering black trench coat, the giant phantom was drowned by the light.

The grayish-blue giant melted away almost immediately.

One of the main powers of the Unshadowed Crucifix was to cleanse and purify lingering spiritual imprints!

This was the reason why Klein brought this Sealed Artifact along.

And when he used the cross from the ancient sun god, Klein dispelled the illusion, allowing The Star Leonard and Justice Audrey to "see" the true appearance of the giant to enrich their experiences in such matters.

Although it didn’t even take a second before the giant phantom was drowned by the endless light, Audrey and Leonard still felt dizzy. M

irresistible sense of fear surged from deep within their hearts, and they almost broke down.

This state didn’t last too long, as Audrey instinctively used Placate to calm her emotions before treating Mr. Star and Mr. World’s psychological problems one by one.

"How scary… Is this a giant at the demigod level?" When the light dissipated, Audrey looked around and sighed.

In that instant, she had a deeper understanding of the sentence:

"Do not look directly at God!"

Even at the saint level, the remnant impression a demigod leaves behind in a memory can’t be "seen" directly, let alone a real deity?

Leonard was also experienced. He laughed self-deprecatingly and said, "Sequence 4 is indeed a qualitative change in life’s natural order. However, that wasn’t very scary. It wasn’t as intense as when I was facing a pregnant woman."

Is the essence of a poet to boast? At that time, you could still control yourself, but you were almost on the verge of breaking down just now… However, if Megose gave birth to that child, we would probably lose control and turn into monsters just by looking at her… As Klein lampooned Leonard, it stirred up some memories as he sighed poignantly.

"Was that pregnant lady a demigod?" Audrey asked curiously.

"No." Leonard shook his head. "But she was pregnant with an evil god’s spawn."

Is that so… Audrey didn’t ask further. She knew very well that the adventure and exploration hadn’t ended, and that wasting time wasn’t an option.

She then looked at Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a black trench coat and holding a bronze cross and small metal bottle, and said with a smile, "Thank you for affecting our senses.

"Uh, where should we go next?"

As an experienced Spectator, it wasn’t difficult to determine the fact that she had received Mr. World’s help from making a comparison.

Klein controlled himself from subconsciously furrowing his brows, and he looked around.

"Doesn’t this sea of collective subconscious have a core region to it?"

"No." Audrey shook her head seriously. "Wherever there are living beings, there’s a sea of subconscious. There’s no such thing as someone who’s more important and lofty. This illusory sea won’t really stir, and the situations within the different areas will depend on their actual surroundings. We call it a ‘precipitating effect.’ To put it simply, the sea of collective subconscious of Loen will be quite different from Intis, because it precipitates the strong emotions and feelings of generations of Loenese. In contrast, this will also affect the citizens of both countries, making them have different qualities and personalities to a certain extent…”

After explaining this a little, Audrey concluded:

"If that’s the case, how can there be a general consensus of a core within the sea of collective subconscious?"

Klein nodded and asked thoughtfully, "In other words, you can’t give any effective suggestions on where to go?"

Mr. World is so direct… If it were another lady or gentleman with a more fragile heart, they would definitely be embarrassed and feel hurt… As the thought flashed through her mind, Audrey saw The World’s pair of deep,

brown eyes which were nearly black in color. They were in no way crazy or cold. Instead, they were calm and tranquil.

This… Audrey instantly came to a realization. She realized that Mr. World was doing such things on purpose so that she could experience the various problems within the details of a joint operation, allowing her to gain more experience.

Yes." She nodded frankly, not feeling embarrassed at all.

Klein secretly nodded and looked at The Star Leonard.

"Don’t look at me. My expertise isn’t in this strange sea of collective subconscious." Leonard immediately waved his hands.

Compared to Miss Justice, having participated in countless operations, he knew that he shouldn’t force it when he shouldn’t.

"Then follow me." Klein looked away and moved the Unshadowed Crucifix which had turned bronze again to the hand holding the metal bottle, and he took out a gold coin.

Ding!

As the gold coin tumbled, he grabbed it without looking at the results. He looked in a direction and widened his stride. This is a divination technique… Audrey was enlightened.

She looked at The World’s serious and calm side profile, black trench coat, silk top hat, and bronze cross. For some reason, she felt like the other party was a preacher.

Leonard suddenly recalled something from the past.

It was the first case he had worked with Klein—to find a kidnapped child. At that time, it was also a way for Klein to lead the way through divination.

He had been beside him the entire time.

Compared to his awkwardness before, it seems as if he had entered the mysterious world for more than ten years now… Sigh, it’s only been over a year… Leonard placed his hands in his pockets as he followed closely behind Klein.

Audrey glanced at him and felt the change in his mood.

Mr. Star and Mr. World not only know each other in real life, but they were probably rather close friends. Yes, they have at least met frequently in the past one to two years… As she made the judgment, she didn’t slow down her steps. Combining what she had learned, she observed the surroundings and identified which spots might hide "maelstroms" and "dangerous creatures."

With her help, Klein’s lead went very smoothly. It was nothing like how they had directly encountered a mark like the giant phantom.

Occasionally, they would walk straight and turn at other times. After some time, the area before the trio suddenly opened up.

In front of them was a huge crater in the deep sea. In the middle of the pit was an island-sized city.

The foundation of the city was grayish-white in color, and on it were several hundred-meter tall magnificent stone columns. They either stood there on their own, or they held up majestic ancient palaces together. They were bizarre and magnificent, unlike something built by ordinary creatures.

Although Audrey didn’t know the city, an idea instantly appeared in her mind:

City of Miracles, Liveseyd…

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CHAPTER 1070
MAYBE IT'S REAL

Liveseyd was a floating city that the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt "imagined" out of thin air. No matter what, it was a miracle, a divine miracle.

It was even more magnificent than the Giant King’s Court—more rugged and unique. Every stone pillar was nearly 100 meters tall, like a throne for the dragon to rest on. It was a city that left a deep, unforgettable impression just from hearing about it.

Therefore, although Audrey had never actually seen the City of Miracles, she instantly made connections from witnessing the scene. Of course, one of the main reasons for knowing that was because she knew that Groselle’s Travels came from the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt.

As for Klein, as he had once divined the origins of Groselle’s Travels and had seen the real City of Miracles, the Floating City, and now, he was sure that the island-sized city in the middle of the deep-sea crater was identical to Liveseyd. All it lacked were the dragons that flew in every direction!

Is this real, or is it a clone? Or is it a gathering of some special creature’s subconscious in the book world? Klein was slightly surprised as he quickly analyzed the situation.

According to his divination results and the contents of the dream from Giant Guardian Groselle and Elven Songster Siatas, he was certain that, when Groselle’s Travels was created, the City of Miracles Liveseyd still existed. When it reached the Giant King’s Court, the City of Miracles Liveseyd still existed. When Groselle began his adventure and when Siatas

was sucked into the book world, Liveseyd still existed. If the City of Miracles Liveseyd were to vanish, the various supernatural races wouldn’t have any reaction.

In other words, these facts were undeniable proof that the city in the middle of the deep-sea crater was unlikely to be Liveseyd.

But very quickly, Klein remembered something.

That was the answer that Arrodes had once given him:

“…certain that it first appeared among the dragons, after the disappearance of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd."

This is interesting… What did the magic mirror rely on to confirm that Groselle’s Travels was the first to appear and to believe that it was after the disappearance of the City of Miracles Liveseyd? It wasn’t even able to see matters related to Zaratul, so how could it pry into the origins of an ancient god’s possession? I originally used this conclusion to infer and consider things, but this point was completely overturned by my divination. I never expected… Klein observed the tall stone columns and magnificent city as many thoughts ran through his mind.

Suddenly, he grasped onto an idea:

The last owner of Groselle’s Travel was Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, a member of the Church of Knowledge. They believe in the God of Knowledge and Wisdom;

The God of Knowledge and Wisdom can almost be confirmed to be one of the Kings of Angels who served the ancient sun god, the Angel of Wisdom;

And from the Church’s history and the history of the Third Epoch, it’s reasonable to suspect that the Angel of Wisdom is most likely the Dragon of Wisdom, Herabergen!

This was the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt’s subsidiary god, a high-level member of the dragons!

This… The appearance of Groselle’s Travels after the disappearance of the City of Miracles was thanks to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom passing it around through a certain method, which had convinced the magic mirror? If "He" really is a Dragon of Wisdom, it means that "He" was directly involved, and "His" level was already very high back then. "His" understanding of this matter definitely trumps the Groselle and Siatas… But how do I explain the scene I divined above the gray fog? Just recalling it now makes my head ache. What I saw was definitely the ancient god, Dragon of Imagination, "Himself… Klein cheered up when he managed to string up all these matters together, but he also fell into a state of puzzlement.

He tossed the gold coin continuously and quickly came up with some theories.

Since the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, was "imagined," couldn’t it just be "imagined" again after it disappeared?

The original Liveseyd was stuffed into the book by the Dragon King Ankewelt. Then, the one that subsequently existed was one "He" "imagined" again?

This could fool all the dragons, but not the one that was known for being intelligent?

If this were true, then there were actually two instances of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd. The one here is the oldest one…

But here comes the question. Why didn’t the Dragon of Wisdom enter the book "Himself1? Even if "He" wasn’t a Spectator, with "His" title of being omniscient and omnipotent, "He" should have enough powers to perform a deeper exploration…

"He" has actually been here a long time ago, but didn’t alert any living beings in the book. Also, because of certain motives, "He" left this City of Miracles here?

As thoughts surfaced in Klein’s mind, The Star Leonard, who had both hands in his pockets, looked at him and then at Miss Justice, who had also been looking down in silence for a long time. He took the initiative to speak and break the silence:

"This city is grand and magnificent. It clearly doesn’t belong to humans or humanoid creatures, but there’s no need to stare at it for so long. You’re not an architect after all."

Klein gathered his thoughts and glanced at Leonard.

"This might very well be Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt’s City of Miracles, Liveseyd. In a sense, it’s the divine kingdom of an ancient god."

Of course, if there was really another Liveseyd, the nature of the divine kingdom here didn’t hold much importance. "Divine kingdom…” Leonard’s pupils dilated as he repeated the keyword.

Audrey regained her senses and whispered, "Is it really Liveseyd?"

"It’s only possible." Klein had already calmed down and replied simply, "It’s not floating in the air like the legends, but has sunken to the bottom of the sea of collective subconscious, so it’s hard to tell if it’s real or fake."

At this moment, Leonard finally managed to control himself. He looked at the magnificent city in the deep-sea crater again and smiled self-deprecatingly.

"I didn’t expect the day when I’ll come to the divine kingdom of an ancient god…”

Frankly, if Miss Justice wasn’t here, he wouldn’t have been able to help but marvel at how "rich" Klein’s life was.

Ever since he reunited with his former teammate, not only did he meet the two sons of god—Kings of Angels—he had also entered the mysterious book world and found a city suspected to be a divine kingdom.

This was many times more interesting than what he had experienced in the past year. The level of such matters was many times higher!

Of course, it was a lot more dangerous.

Having said that, he looked up at the floating "seawater phantoms" and asked thoughtfully, "How do you know if the sea of collective subconscious is real or if it’s imagined?"

This was a continuation of the problem of determining Liveseyd’s authenticity.

Audrey thought for a while and said with uncertainty, "There’s no way to tell the difference, or rather, the sea of collective subconscious here is also real.

"In essence, collective subconscious is the accumulation and settling of strong emotions and feelings. Although the people in this world may be imaginary, their experiences, feelings, joy, anger, sadness, pain, and happiness, they all truly happened before…”

As she spoke, Audrey stopped as she vaguely realized something, but she was unable to say it out loud.

At this moment, Klein suddenly said, "The objects that ‘He’ can imagine will be conjured. The kingdom ‘He’ dreams of will surely descend upon the physical world…”

As his voice echoed, Klein put away the gold coin in his hand and jumped into the deep-sea crater, his black trench coat flaring up as a result.

The future that ‘He’ declares will definitely be carried out, becoming reality…”

As his figure glided down, the following words came out.

Audrey’s green eyes were dazed at first before they lit up. Then, she "jumped" towards the City of Miracles.

"Aren’t you going to divine the level of danger? This might be the divine kingdom of an ancient god!" Leonard looked at the two of them in surprise and blurted out.

In the education he received, this wasn’t in line with the standard operating procedures.

When did you get the wrong impression that I didn’t divine it? You just didn’t notice my tiny actions. I just put away the gold coin… Also, I didn’t get any warnings from my intuition for danger… Furthermore, if my theory is right, then the Dragon of Wisdom Herabergen should’ve entered this place before… If there’s any form of danger that w head, it would’ve long been finished off by "Him”…If Miss Justice wasn’t here, I’d really wish to berate you… As Klein silently lampooned, he adjusted his direction and speed, passing through a few thick stone columns that stood nearly a hundred meters tall. He descended one level after another before stepping onto the grayish-white ground.

He was in a Spirit Body state now and could fly if he wanted to.

About two to three seconds later, the silver-masked Justice Audrey landed beside him.

Audrey looked up, and after reeling from a few seconds of shock due to the grandeur of the stone columns and palace, she said, "Looking from the

inside and looking from a distance feels completely different…

"Perhaps, this is how a rat truly feels in Backlund…”

As she spoke, Leonard also glided over and looked sideways at Klein.

It wasn’t that he didn’t believe in Klein, nor was he unaware of how cautious he was. He just needed to clarify such matters in a joint operation, because there was the possibility of teammates being unknowingly corrupted, turning reckless.

This was a conclusion the Nighthawks gleaned from their experience of repeated sacrifices.

"Currently, the indications don’t point to much danger," Klein said truthfully.

Leonard no longer looked around and said, "The City of Miracles is really big…

"I mean that, for such a big city, even if we can fly, we won’t be able to completely explore it without spending a few days here. Or perhaps, do you have a destination in mind?"

The second half of his sentence was said while looking at Klein.

Klein nodded and pointed to a huge palace that was more than 200 meters tall.

"There.

"If I remember correctly, that is the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt’s residence."

This was what he saw in the dream divination.

Seeing that Klein already had a plan, as if he had received Mr. Fool’s guidance, Leonard felt relieved. He looked at the grayish-white foundation on his feet and said, "Is this a divine kingdom?

"I don’t feel anything."

At this moment, Audrey, who was observing the surroundings carefully, said with uncertainty, "All the abnormalities here seem to be gathering towards that palace."

She was referring to the place that Klein had pointed out to be the ancient god’s residence.

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CHAPTER 1071
HALL OF TRUTH

In front of the grayish-white grand palace that was more than 200 meters tall, there were a few thick stone columns that were slightly shorter than it was, as though they were a squadron of soldiers standing at attention there.

Klein could imagine that, when the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, was still floating in mid-air, these stone columns would definitely have powerful dragons crouching on them.

These were the servants of the ancient god.

He then looked up at the open door and said to Leonard and Audrey, "Stay close to me. Once an accident happens, I'll immediately take you out of the book world and return directly above the gray fog."

This was the main reason why Klein dared to explore the area.

"Okay." Audrey and Leonard didn't try putting on a brave front as they walked to Klein's side and walked alongside him.

Relying on their Spirit Bodies' flight ability, the trio passed the stairs and entered the palace through the exaggerated and magnificent door.

The first thing they saw was a wide space that was enough for multiple dragons to roll around freely, as well as an ancient stone pillars that seemed to prop up the sky.

On the two sides of the hall, there were colorful and beautiful murals. They kept extending forward and intertwining themselves with a huge pillar that

was multiple arm spans wide.

The giant pillar was in the deepest recesses of the hall right ahead of them. Without relying on anything else, just the pillar alone was enough to make people feel a strong sense of fear and make them experience the vicissitudes of time. It was like a fossilized deity.

Almost instantly, a grayish-white figure appeared on the pillar.

The figure was covered in scales, and every scale resembled a sturdy stone slab. Just the faint outline of the figure made it seem epic.

Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt! Just as this thought flashed through Klein’s mind, he heard an oddly familiar voice echoing in the spacious hall:

"Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt!"

As Klein looked around in astonishment, he heard Leonard sigh emotionally.

"The deep air listen’d round ‘Him’ as ‘He’ rode, "And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear[l]…

…This fellow still has the mood to recite poetry, I wonder whose poem he’s reciting… Klein turned to look at Leonard. Then, he heard an echo:

"This fellow still has the mood to recite poetry, I wonder whose poem he’s reciting…”

At this moment, Leonard’s expression was one of shock. He shut his mouth tightly and shook his head in denial.

But the next second, a voice sounded beside him:

"I didn’t recite anything!"

"What’s going on? Strange…” At the same moment Klein had this thought, he realized that the strangely familiar voice belonged to him.

As it echoed again, repeating the thoughts that flashed through Klein’s mind.

Then, Audrey’s gentle and mumbling voice sounded:

"This… This hall is able to let our thoughts present themselves in our surroundings, and is even able to conjure them? Hmm… When I saw that huge pillar just now, I was imagining what the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt looked like. It was based on the blueprint of the mind dragon I saw before…

"Why is whatever I’m saying—No, indeed, the ‘hall’ articulates it…”

So that’s the case. Luckily, I didn’t think of anything strange just now. Yes, rein in my thoughts, rein in my thoughts… Klein began to use Cogitation to focus his mind and not let his imagination run wild.

At the same time, the corresponding words echoed around him almost in sync:

“…rein in my thoughts, rein in my thoughts…”

"So that’s what Mr. World’s inner world is like. He’s like a child who just started school, constantly emphasizing matters that he needs to take attention of. Also, the image for his Cogitation is actually layers of spherical lights. It’s so beautiful. No, no, I’m not thinking of this! I’m not describing you like this. Mr World, I m serious ^ thoughts kept appearing as she finally couldn’t help but curl her lips.

As for Leonard, the voices around him were already echoing with "Hahaha."

"These two fellows… No, why am I using ‘fellow’? Be polite, be more polite…” As Klein listened to his thoughts, he sighed helplessly. "This place is very suitable for playing ‘Truth or Dare.’ Perhaps it should be called ‘the Hall of Truth…”

"What game is that?" Audrey didn’t need to open her mouth to express her doubts.

"It was probably invented by Emperor Roselle… I have to be careful not to think about things I shouldn’t think about. Seriously, it’s too difficult to rein in random thoughts without the use of Cogitation…” As Klein replied, he habitually warned himself, only to have the hall ruthlessly betray him again.

This time, Audrey laughed and said, "Haha, Mr. World actually has such a side to him. I actually failed to read it in the past…”

"Hahaha, to think you’re experiencing such a day, Klein. No, what did I say…” Leonard suddenly raised his right hand and covered his mouth.

Unsurprisingly, he heard Miss Justice’s "question":

"Klein?"

And a certain someone’s complaint:

"Perhaps only turning them into marionettes can stop these fellows from having wild thoughts. Wait, what was I thinking? Phew, calm down, calm down…”

Klein took a deep breath and began to focus his attention on the matter itself.

"Let’s take a look at what the murals describe. In ancient times, murals were very important methods for recording memories. They often contain plenty of information…”

At the same time he made the suggestion, he heard Audrey's inner thoughts laugh and think:

"Klein—is this Mr. World's real name? No, no—Don't think too much about it. Mr. World will be angry. No, I think it's more likely for him to feel embarrassed. No, no—this is all Lie's fault. Mr. World, please believe me! Phew, calm down. Calm down! Focus. Focus!"

Using the Spectator pathway's ability to control her emotions and thoughts, Audrey gradually reined in her thoughts and cast her gaze on the mural on the right.

Compared to them, Leonard's ability to control his mind was slightly weaker. There were still plenty of random thoughts resounding around him.

"Turning into marionettes… Is this fellow that dangerous now? Tsk tsk, so this is what's truly on your mind. Haha, Miss Justice's reaction is very interesting… I haven't seen that fellow in such an embarrassing situation in a long time…"

When Klein and Audrey began seriously looking at the murals and were exchanging their thoughts through the stirrings in their hearts, only then did Leonard gradually calm his thoughts and focus his attention.

The mural on the right depicted historic developments. There was a scene of human construction, scenes of snow- covered plains, war and migration, various nations and cities, as well as towers and fruits that represented zero communication barriers…

It was obvious that these murals started from the entrance and ended at the Dragon of Imagination's throne.

Towards the end, Klein suddenly noticed a familiar figure.

It was a gigantic dragon with bluish-blue eyes and ice-crystal scales.

It was the King of the North, Ulyssan!

"This… The book world’s development is based on these murals?" As Klein’s thoughts were exposed, he quickly looked back and found many blurry-faced adventurers hunting the frost dragon before opening a door to leave. The snow and ice melted before flourishing cities like Pessote appeared. They then discovered the weather turning cold, implying an end in which a new story was about to unfold.

"The contents of the murals will become reality in this book world?" Audrey couldn’t help but have such a thought.

"This wall, this mural looks very ordinary. It’s not even as good as the works of street artists… As expected of the Dragon of Imagination’s residence. Is this the power and authority of an ancient god…?" Leonard similarly had poignant thoughts.

"It’s possible." Before Klein could give a more tactful reply, he heard his own voice. "Let’s look at the murals on the other side before putting everything together for analysis."

Leonard and Audrey didn’t object and followed him to the other side.

During this process, they realized that even their Spirit Bodies couldn’t fly in the palace.

As the murals were huge, it didn’t take much walking before the three of them could see the corresponding content. The first mural near the entrance made Klein’s pupils suddenly dilate.

In the mural, a giant with blurry looks, grayish-blue skin, and a single vertical was holding a hard-covered book in his hand!

"This…” Klein heard his own shocked and hesitant voice.

In the subsequent murals, the common highlight was the goatskin binding. There was a dark brown-covered book: it was obtained by the elves; the words on its surface changed; it was being put into a collection; It was obtained by different people, and it kept exchanging hands until it flew above the clouds and came to the cosmos where it landed on a gigantic claw.

In the next mural, the book seemed to have nothing to do with the scenes in front. It suddenly appeared over the surface of the sea and stayed inside a blurry ship.

In the penultimate mural, it was taken away by a man wearing a top hat before he left that ship.

The next mural was located behind the gigantic pillar suspected to be Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt’s throne. It depicted that the book from before met a classic quill.

At this point, all the murals came to an end.

"0-08!" Leonard’s shocked voice echoed in the hall.

"The Dragon of Imagination wants to create a set with the book and quill? What will happen? When dealing with Ince Zangwill, this scene almost appeared… But ultimately, it didn’t happen because the book landed in my hands… before I sacrificed it to Mr. Fool. Otherwise, Adam was already prepared against it and deliberately provided some help?

"Oh right, previously while inside Groselle’s Travels, the moment the ascetic mentioned the Angel of Imagination Adam, the frost dragon attacked the camp… It was because the book itself didn’t allow him to finish his sentence, or had Adam heard his thoughts which became a connection for ‘Him’ to see and cast his gaze over, stirring up a certain reaction?" Klein’s thoughts wandered before sounding it out loud.

During this process, he could only control himself to treat The Fool as another existence.

At the same time as he "spoke," Audrey’s thoughts appeared:

"The contents on this mural will become reality in the physical world?"

[1] Adapted from Tennyson’s Godiva.

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CHAPTER 1072
THE CALL FROM BEHIND THE DOOR

"The contents on this mural will become reality in the physical world…”

Be it Klein or Leonard, they couldn’t help but repeat Miss Justice’s words in their hearts.

If the murals on the other side determined the history of the book world, then it was only considered rather amazing. However, the discovery on this side would be enough to shake everyone’s hearts and bring about a huge upheaval throughout their bodies.

The pictures you depicted would definitely show up on stage in the real world, not in an illusory world. This was the performance of a deity!

"It’s not that exaggerated, right…” After Leonard repeated the statement, he whispered in a low voice, finding it hard to accept.

Klein, on the other hand, started his analysis out of habit.

"Even if 0-08 can only affect a big city, making it difficult for it to exceed this range, a Sequence 1 Author of the Spectator pathway should be similar… And the Visionary’s Uniqueness has been confirmed to be in Adam’s hands… Then what does this City of Miracles rely on to guarantee that the contents on this mural will become a reality?

"The divine power of the Dragon of Imagination from back then? When this book was formed, the contents of the murals had already been branded into

the sea of collective subconscious, sinking right inside and spreading its infection in every direction, so as to drive generation after generation to accomplish this without realizing it?

"If this is true, then the possibility of making another mural become a reality would definitely be nil, as the Dragon of Imagination has already perished, and there’s no way to provide any more divine power…

"But we can give it a try. If the contents of the new mural really happens in the physical world, it means that this City of Miracles really is Liveseyd, and it contains a huge secret. It also implies that matters regarding the Spectator pathway goes deeper than what I had imagined."

"Author? There’s a potion name like that?" Hearing Klein’s thoughts, Leonard couldn’t help but mutter.

Compared to how the name "Dragon of Imagination" could be stretched to make an inference to the name "Visionary," the potion name of "Author" was more eye-catching. It made one’s imagination run wild. It felt more like walking from reality and into the realm of fantasy.

Audrey, who had long known the name of the High-Sequence potions of the Spectator pathway, suddenly had another thought:

"Uniqueness… Mr. World actually managed to link up and analyze so many things in an instant. Impressive! Uh, did I praise him too directly? Mr. World has heard it all… This hall is really hard to adapt to… No, Mr. World, I really am praising you, I really mean it!"

Audrey felt a little ashamed at first, but then she quickly adjusted her state of mind, trying her best to keep calm.

“…As expected of a Psychiatrist. She adjusted herself really quickly…” A thought came to Klein’s mind.

"As expected, Mr. World isn’t as cold as he looks. He’s the type of person who will inwardly mutter to himself-Uh… I didn’t say anything!" Just as Audrey instinctively thought of something, she immediately denied it.

The same voice echoed around Leonard:

"Klein’s Gehrman Sparrow disguise isn’t bad. Almost everyone who knows him believes that he’s cold and crazy. Hehe, who would’ve thought…”

Just as Leonard’s thoughts were about to wander, a voice interrupted him.

"Shut up!"

Looking at the way Gehrman Sparrow was dressed, he spread out his hands, and held back his laughter as he said, "Look, that isn’t cold enough, right?"

"Cold? Then I’ll directly press the Unshadowed Crucifix against your head! If you don’t want your Beyonder characteristic, donate it to the people who need it!" Without being able to use Cogitation to control his thoughts, Klein instinctively retorted.

"…” Audrey looked at Mr. World and then at Mr. Star, and her heart skipped a beat. "So they have so much drama in their hearts… I could only tell that was the case for Mr. Star, but I failed to read what’s under The World’s poker face. Uh… Jiant, Boss, Minnie…”

At crucial moments like this, the experienced Audrey forcibly manipulated her thoughts to begin reciting names so as to stop her thoughts from wandering off.

"Who are they?" Leonard’s attention was diverted.

"They’re the hounds and horses my family rears," Audrey replied politely.

"A hound costs 450 pounds…” Klein suddenly recalled Butler Walter’s suggestion of buying a batch of hunting dogs when he purchased Maygur

Manor.

"Why is the first thing on Mr. World’s mind the price…?" This question floated into Audrey’s mind.

Leonard pursed his lips. Even though he didn’t say a word, he answered, "Isn’t this normal? This fellow has always been a little picky about this, I remember…”

Before he could "finish," Klein coughed lightly and said, "We’ll continue exploring the other areas, and when we have time, we’ll perform experiments on the murals.

"Sigh, this hall really complicates matters very easily. The main point is that everyone’s privacy is brought to the forefront if we aren’t focused…”

Upon hearing the last sentence of his complaint, Audrey and Leonard couldn’t help but laugh out loud-but not by their own will.

Seeing that Mr. World clearly didn’t want the situation to develop into chaos again, Audrey raised her head, looked up at the ceiling, and focused her attention and got down to business.

"The mural on the right side controls the book world, and the left seems to affect reality… What if you draw the mural on the ceiling? What would happen?"

Klein immediately made a connection.

"The Dragon of Imagination’s authority contains at least three aspects: An ‘envisioned’ kingdom will descend upon the physical world, a declared future that will happen in the real world, and ‘imagined’ objects that will be conjured… The first point corresponds to the right mural, and the second point corresponds to our guesses on the left mural. Then, could the blank spot on the palace’s ceiling be related to the third authority?"

"As long as you draw an object you imagined onto the ceiling, it will be conjured and be usable?" Audrey easily understood what The World meant.

"Then what if I were to draw a Dragon of Imagination?" Leonard "suggested."

Klein glanced at him again.

"First of all, you would've had to have seen the Dragon of Imagination without completely breaking down and losing control. Secondly, you need to restore the main details of 'His' body. Finally, you have to know how to draw."

"…I might not know how to now, but it doesn't mean that I can't in the future. I can hire a home tutor to teach me," Leonard "grumbled" in reply. "And what does 'the main details' refer to? 'His' body structure, or the symbols and labels depicted from godhood?"

At this moment, Audrey pursed her lips and "said" with a brisk tone, controlling herself so as to not burst out laughing, "I can draw."

This was the basic skill for a noble lady, and Audrey was quite talented in this aspect.

"Yeah, we can try it in the future when there's time." Klein nodded and walked towards the giant pillar right in front of the main hall.

His plan for this expedition was to first gain a complete understanding of the situation before considering how to venture deeper.

At the same time, he thought of something else because of Leonard's question:

"The symbols and labels from godhood… These contain plenty of mixed knowledge. It can even let people learn the corresponding potion formulas and Beyonder powers after surviving the impact from witnessing it

directly… Then, before the first Blasphemy Slate appeared, what would one obtain if they survived directly looking at a demigod or even an ancient god? There were no such things as potion formulas back then…

"Is it only through using a magic potion to advance one’s Mythical Creature form step by step that the godhood aspect is able to contain this portion of knowledge? Or perhaps, after the potion formula appears, Mythical Creatures who used any method of advancement had the corresponding knowledge forged within them?

"If it’s because of the two reasons I came up with, it means that the knowledge of godhood can change, and it can increase… Do angels of the Marauder pathway have the ability to alter such knowledge or even delete them directly?"

"Mr. World’s considerations are so deep and profound. They involve very high levels…” Audrey couldn’t help but "sigh."

Leonard couldn’t control the voice in his heart either.

"There’s such a thing? I should ask Old Man when I return…

"This fellow sure knows a lot… It’s not entirely a pretense when he’s acting as Gehrman Sparrow. At least this sense of profoundness seems to belong to him…”

"Thank you for your praise. Stop!" With a small blood bottle in one hand and the Unshadowed Crucifix in the other, Klein forced himself to rein in his thoughts and cast his gaze at the ancient god’s "throne."

They were in their Spirit Body forms now. Although they were unable to fly due to the restrictions from the main hall, their top speed was still much faster than their human form.

It was only then that Klein realized that, behind the pillar that looked like the Dragon of Imagination’s throne, there was a dark tunnel.

"I can’t see anything. If only there was light…” A thought subconsciously flashed through Audrey’s mind.

Then, in that tunnel, a pure and soft light shone out, illuminating the inside of the tunnel completely.

Without needing to enter, Klein, Leonard, and Audrey saw a pair of double bronze doors at the deepest end of the tunnel.

There were countless indescribable symbols covering the door, like countless chains that extended behind them, as if they were sealing something. It gave off a heavy and mysterious feeling.

In the City of Miracles of the dragons, in the residence of an ancient god, there was apparently a sealed door behind "His" throne.

Almost at the same time, the three of them seemed to look through the bronze door and into the darkness inside.

Following that, they heard the loud thumping of hearts.

It was from their own heartbeats.

Yet, they were in their Spirit Body states now, so there was no such thing as a heart!

After that, the bronze-green color on the surface of the Unshadowed Crucifix slowly peeled off, revealing a corporeal body formed from pure light that emitted a sun-like glow.

As for Klein, Audrey, and Leonard, they felt a baffling sense of coldness. It was as if every cell had their own sentience and wanted to form another "self."

In their illusory vision, in the darkness behind the bronze door, an eye opened. Its pupil was dark, filled with ghostly-blue cracks.

One after another, similar-looking eyes opened too. They were densely packed together and wore a cold gaze that stared intently at them.

At this moment, Klein and the others seemed to hear a silent calling. It was an extremely attractive shout.

Without any hesitation, Klein’s Spirit Body burgeoned and enveloped Leonard and Audrey. He ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog.

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CHAPTER 1073
THREE POSSIBILITIES

As he returned to the world above the gray fog, Klein felt the coldness in his body rapidly dissipate. There were no more Worms of Spirit trying to give birth to new consciousnesses.

A moment later, the mottled long bronze table appeared in front of him. He saw that Miss Justice and Leonard’s Spirit Bodies were gradually becoming clearer amidst the thin gray fog, although they still maintained a certain blurriness to them.

After the gray fog swirled around them and sank into the "ground," Klein asked, "How are you feeling now?"

He used Gehrman Sparrow’s usual tone, but he immediately recalled how his inner grumblings, inner thoughts, habitual analysis, and him dissing Leonard had been exposed. He was no longer able to maintain his image in front of Miss Justice.

It’s all Leonard’s fault! Sigh, as per the doctor’s advice, not only did I not wear a thick mask this time, but I even removed the thin kind… This thought flashed in his mind unconsciously as he cut off his thoughts and warily glanced around.

He still hadn’t gotten rid of the fear of having his thoughts "spoken" out loud.

Luckily, this was no longer the place that he had named "the Hall of Truth." There were no more "magical" powers that he couldn’t defend again via normal means.

It was obvious that Audrey and Leonard also had a similar trauma due to their post-traumatic stress. One of them suddenly pursed her lips, while the other sat up straight, as though they had instinctively thought of something.

After a few seconds of silence, they then remembered that The World had asked about their situation, so they quickly turned their attention back on the right track.

"I feel like something was being purified… I had the illusion that I would dissociate into a second personality—no, it wasn't a second personality—it seemed like a consciousness that didn't belong to me was awakening inside my body. Yes, it's now gone. Praise be to Mr. Fool!" Audrey rather professionally did a psychoanalysis on herself before sincerely expressing her gratitude.

I can openly accept such gratitude… That was a dangerous thought. Thankfully, Miss Justice's and Leonard's thoughts didn't steer towards The Fool while inside the Hall of Truth. Otherwise, I'd definitely not be able to resist the urge to "reply." That'd spell the end of me… My sense of shame will cause me to lose control on the spot, breaking down into a clump of Worms of Spirit… Klein's thought flashed as he seriously replied, "Praise be to Mr. Fool!"

"…Praise be to Mr. Fool." As a believer of the Evernight Goddess, Leonard hesitantly echoed and quickly changed the topic. "There's nothing wrong with me too. Just now, I felt something calling me from behind the bronze door. What about you?"

Seeing that Leonard had confirmed his condition, Klein placed the Unshadowed Crucifix and the metal bottle containing his blood onto the long, mottled table in front of him.

"I felt the same way too," he answered with certainty.

"Me too. It wasn't an illusion. I did an analysis on my own mind," Audrey said in a very clear and certain tone.

Leonard held his chin and said, "What could that be?

"It actually needed an ancient god to seal it behind ‘His’ throne…”

After what had happened before, he felt that he no longer had much of an image in front of Miss Justice, so his posture became more casual.

"We can try analyzing this…” Audrey carefully glanced at The World.

She had a deep impression of this gentleman’s ability to gather information, make connections, complete an analysis, and infer the information in a short period of time.

Klein thought for a moment and said without any inclinations, "There are only three possibilities. One, it’s a powerful creature from the Second Epoch of the real world. It’s at least close to Sequence 0, and the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt had sealed it behind ‘His’ throne and beneath the City of Miracles Liveseyd. However, I don’t think that’s very likely. This is because that ancient god definitely had ‘His* reasons for creating this book and stuffing Liveseyd into it while affecting the book world and the real world. It’s unlikely ‘He’ would place an unpredictable element in here for prolonged periods of time."

"Yeah, we all know that we have to eliminate possible accidents, what’s more, an ancient god." Audrey nodded slightly and began to discuss seriously with The World Gehrman.

At this moment, Leonard chuckled and said, "Perhaps an ancient god like the Dragon of Imagination had seen certain scenes of the distant future and believes that the sealed item will help ‘Him’ achieve ‘His’ goals?"

"That’s why I said that it’s not impossible, but it’s highly improbable," Klein replied calmly. "The second possibility is that the sealed item is key to the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt’s ploy. Once this book and 0-08 meet, the seal will be released and that object will return to the real world

and bring about certain changes. I believe that this theory has the highest possibility."

Amongst them, perhaps it also involves the Dragon of Wisdom’s true attitude or intent.

"Then what could it be? Mr. Fool once said that, after Adam obtained 0-08, ‘He’ is even closer to being divine. The times have changed as a result. Does this mean that Adam has gathered all the ingredients for Visionary and is just short of the ritual… Is there anything wrong with my understanding?" Audrey shared her point of view.

"I’m not sure either. I’ll pray to Mr. Fool and see if I can get a clearer revelation." Klein didn’t want to say give a firm answer.

Unfortunately, Old Man is an angel from the Fourth Epoch and doesn’t know much about the Second Epoch, but "He" isn’t unfamiliar with Adam… The Star Leonard thoughtfully said, "I’ll try…”

He wanted to say that he would try investigating, but upon recalling that the two knew his secret, he gave up such thoughts and directly said, “…try asking Old Man."

"Sorry to trouble you," Audrey sincerely thanked him.

From her point of view, this was a matter regarding the Spectator pathway. The person most concerned about this was undoubtedly herself, while others were merely providing help.

Then she said, "The third possibility is that there is some sort of object or monster sealed inside the book world?"

"Yes, it might be closely related to the book world, and destroying it might cause the book world to collapse. Therefore, all Ankewelt did was seal it." Klein shared his theory.

Audrey thought for a while before saying, "I have an idea regarding this possibility."

Seeing Mr. World and Mr. Star cast their gazes over, awaiting an answer, she slowed down her pace and said, "I'm considering it from a psychological perspective.

"Since that book world was created by Ankewelt's 'envisioning' it, the sea of collective subconscious there would definitely be formed as a result of 'Him.' It would have 'His' psyche, emotions, and feelings branded into it.

"Perhaps the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, seals the most extreme parts of these things. They're the trauma or fears of the Dragon of Imagination. Some terrifying matters from 'His1 consciousness might be projected onto this brand. As long as 'He' cannot defeat them, and if it hasn't been dealt with in the real world, the book world's sea of collective subconscious cannot be destroyed and can only be sealed. If it's ignored, they will slowly contaminate the sea of collective subconscious and make the development of history deviate from its intended path."

Leonard was more focused than when he attended Red Gloves meetings. He couldn't help but mention when he had heard that:

"As an ancient god that ruled the sky and the mind, what could've left an irremovable trauma and create such an intense sense of fear?"

"I don't know." Audrey shook her head frankly. "If it's just a psychological analysis, since it's sealed under the throne and at the bottom of the City of Miracles, and is reached by a tunnel, it means that the source of the trauma and fear comes from underground. Therefore, the Dragon of Imagination sealed it—no, 'He' isolated the mental projection coming from underground. Otherwise, why wouldn't it be beside the throne, in the depths of the hall, in a specially created jail, or somewhere else?"

Upon hearing Miss Justice's words, Klein instantly thought of what had happened to Miss Magician and Miss Judgment.

According to the information provided by the Sanguine, they found an ancient castle of unknown age. At the bottom of the castle was a bronze door that seemed to seal something terrifying that came from underground. Once they approached the door or stayed in its vicinity for too long, they would be corrupted, dying a tragic death!

It was an ancient castle that was built to defend against something unknown. It was originally guarded by humans from an unknown era… After the Sanguine discovered it, no one dared to enter… Back then, I thought that it might be related to Devils and that one needed to be a demigod in order to explore it… Could this be related to the seal in Liveseyd? Klein's thoughts wandered as he quickly found the relevant information from his memories.

On the way to the ruins of the battle of the gods on Cattleya's Future, he met a so-called "deep-sea well."

At that time, the Future's sailor, Nina, had dived to the bottom of the sea and did a series of investigations. She said that it wasn't a giant well. It was deep and dark, impossible for a human child to enter. The bottom couldn't be seen, and there were strange honeycombed signs of corrosion along the inner walls. Surrounding it were collapsed iron buildings.

In a sense, this is also a "tunnel" that goes deep underground… Klein looked around and deliberated before saying, "Do you remember the matter Miss Magician mentioned? Under an abandoned castle in Delaire Forest, there is a pair of doors that seals a powerful corruptive force."

"Ah, right!" Audrey instantly recalled the past. "Could it be that in the early days of the Second Epoch—in that ancient era—supernatural beings had some common, terrifying enemy that came from underground?"

"Perhaps." Klein couldn't give an affirmative answer, so he took the opportunity to say, "It might also be like the many predictions of the apocalypse which state that the danger comes from the cosmos."

"Yeah." Audrey and Leonard didn’t know much about such matters, so they couldn’t discuss this matter too deeply.

"Let’s end it here for today. After we have a preliminary understanding of the situation, we will try to experiment on the murals. Also, remember to keep this a secret." Klein shot a look at Leonard and said, "Oh, after you return, pray to Mr. Fool and request that ‘He’ be the witness to our vows to not divulge each other’s secrets."

Audrey didn’t object and added, "I’ll use Hypnosis here to forget certain matters here to prevent myself from remembering it when I return."

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CHAPTER 1074
THE ANSWER TO QUESTIONS

After Audrey and Leonard left the gray fog, Klein didn’t immediately return to the real world.

He was still sitting on the high-back chair that belonged to The World, silent for more than ten seconds.

Then, he beckoned for an item.

It was a "heart" that was the size of a child’s fist, one that full of grayish-white wrinkles:

A Manipulator’s Beyonder characteristic!

Holding the Beyonder characteristic, Klein stood up and walked out of the majestic palace. He entered the depths of the mysterious space above the gray fog and arrived at the staircase of light that seemed to lead to a divine kingdom.

Walking along the stairs, he walked up to the floating grayish-white clouds and stood in front of the strange door of light and the hanging transparent cocoons. Klein raised his right hand, lifting the brain-like, heart-like Manipulator Beyonder characteristic to his chest and extended his spirituality, hoping to use it.

He wanted to see if there were still any subconscious thoughts in the people inside the "cocoons." He wanted to see if they had put together a miniature sea of collective subconscious.

If that happened, he planned to use Hvin Rambis’s Manipulator Beyonder characteristic to enter the consciousness and check on the psyche branding to figure out what the people who had been hanging above the door of light had experienced before their "transmigration." He wanted to know if they sensed anything during that long "slumber."

This was the inspiration that the expedition today gave him.

Of course, the Beyonder characteristic left behind by Hvin Rambis might not be able to help Klein do what he wanted.

It was because it hadn’t been made into a mystical item, and it was very difficult to use effectively.

In an instant, the grayish-white and wrinkled "heart" in Klein’s hand started to beat slowly as it emitted thumping sounds.

Klein then heard the synchronized heartbeats among the transparent "cocoons."

Thump! Thump…

This meant that the people inside were still alive, only in a certain state of slumber.

In Klein’s vision, their figures gradually evolved into several blurry islands beneath them.

This represented their consciousness.

However, these spiritual islands were also trapped within transparent "cocoons," separating them from the prying eyes of the outside world.

Similarly, they were unable to integrate and create a sea of collective subconscious.

Unless the ‘cocoon’ is destroyed, there’s no way to bypass them and enter the corresponding mind world… Klein muttered to himself and lowered the hand holding the Manipulator Beyonder characteristic.

After a few seconds, he sighed deeply and turned around to leave.

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

With the silk blanket over her, Audrey, who was sleeping soundly with her eyes closed, suddenly opened her eyes.

She then sat up, moved to the side of the bed, and prayed sincerely to Mr. Fool, asking "Him" to witness her vow to secrecy.

After she was done with this matter, she pulled a pillow over and placed it behind her waist, reminiscing over the experiences that she had yet to "forget" during the exploration.

The history of ancient times is really interesting and terrifying… Mr. Star’s performance is similar to my usual observations of him. He’s more carefree and casual, and his thoughts easily wander in an uncontrollable manner. Yet, there are matters where he shows his experience and acuity. He’s rather reliable… This isn’t a contradiction, as many people have such "mixed layers to themselves”…

Mr. World is indeed a gentle person. He doesn’t seem to wear much of an expression on his face, but he’s secretly inwardly muttering something to himself all the time. His mental conversations with Mr. Star can practically be adapted into a play…

People call him a crazy adventurer who doesn’t care about his surroundings, one that directly draws his gun to shoot when he sees a target… Well, at the last moment, I thought he would attempt to approach the bronze door, but in the end… He fled. No, he broke away so decisively! Audrey’s lips slowly curled up when she thought of this.

Then, she made a conclusion.

The facts have proven that, in the mysterious world, unless one has completely lost all sense of rationality or has given up on thinking, there will not be any Beyonders who will really do crazy things. One has to be careful and cautious, not seeing things that shouldn’t be seen, and not hear things that shouldn’t be heard.

Audrey, you must remember this!

7 Pinster Street. Leonard returned to his body.

He quickly thought of how he should talk to Pallez Zoroast before pretending like nothing had happened and saying in a deep voice, "Old Man, I have something to ask you."

In his mind, Pallez’s slightly-aged voice immediately laughed.

"You have to remember this. The more you ask, the more I can guess what you did tonight."

"It’s not like there’s anything that needs to be kept a secret…” Leonard replied habitually before getting down to the main issue. "Old Man, what do you know about the Amon’s brother?"

"That depends on what you want to know." Pallez Zoroast tossed the question back at Leonard.

Leonard thought for a moment and said, "After Amon’s brother obtained 0-08, is ‘He’ only short of the ritual to become a god?"

Probably." Pallez didn’t give an affirmative answer.

Leonard wasn’t too satisfied with this answer. Instead, he said, "I remember you mentioning it once. In the early stages of the Solomon Empire, the two

Kings of Angels, Medici and Ouroboros were quite scared of Amon and his brother. This means that they were already very close to being divine."

This was something that Pallez had occasionally mentioned during their previous exchanges. This time, Leonard had confirmed it from some of Mobet's answers.

"Heh, I've only said the first half of the sentence. I didn't tell you that Amon and Adam are very close to being divine." Pallez rejected Leonard's claim. "There are too many possibilities as to why Medici and Ouroboros are afraid. It's not just because 'He' is close to being divine. It's not enough to make such a conclusion based on that."

The Sequence 1 angel cleared his throat and continued, "'Them' being close to being divine is one of the possibilities. Adam and Amon wield unique authorities, and them being hard to deal with is another possibility. For instance, you will always have no idea that Adam is sitting beside you. You have no idea if what you're doing was arranged by 'Him,' nor do you know that you're walking into 'His' trap by your own volition. Heh, I'm referring to you, not me. Of course, I also have to be way of such matters. Letting my guard down might result in terrible consequences for me too.

"As for Amon, 'He' has many different ideas and has a 'do-it' spirit, making it hard for people to guess 'His' motives and be on guard against 'Him.' Besides, 'He' is very good at deceit. There's always some conspiracy behind 'Him.' In that era, apart from the true deities, there was no one who wasn't afraid of 'Him.' Heh heh, even true deities had to be wary of him; otherwise, they might have certain authorities stolen by 'Him' at some point in time."

Leonard nodded indiscemibly and diverted the topic:

"Old Man, do you think the Spectator pathway is hiding any secrets?"

"I don't think there are any secrets below the level of angel. I'm not sure of anything above it." Pallez said after pondering for a few seconds.

Without waiting for Leonard to respond, "He" hesitantly added, "I heard from Medici that high-level Beyonders of the Spectator pathway are the hardest to lose control or go crazy, but it’s also the easiest to lose control and go crazy."

"Why?" Leonard asked in surprise.

Pallez Zoroast scoffed and said, "I have some guesses, but I lack the necessary evidence and logic behind them. I don’t want to tell you for the time being."

"You actually don’t have any ideas or theories, right…” Leonard habitually grumbled.

"Don’t try your little tricks in front of me." The slightly-aged voice wasn’t affected at all.

Leonard didn’t dare to ask further as he deliberated for a moment before saying, "Old Man, I went to a real dream this time. There were quite a lot of psyche remnants of people from ancient times in it.

"Do you know a viscount named Mobet Zoroast?"

"Mobet…” Pallez’s voice suddenly aged significantly before returning to normal. "He’s a direct descendant of my bloodline. He vanished after a large-scale war, and I thought that he had been killed by Amon or Jacob in passing, causing me to fail to divine the murderer… From the looks of it, things weren’t that simple."

"Indeed." Leonard gave an affirmative answer. Then, he briefly provided the gist of things: "He’s been dead for some time, leaving some of his psyche behind. In that real dream, he married a songster from the elves…”

After listening quietly, Pallez said after a while, "That’s good, too…”

Leonard had originally wanted to mention that Mobet also addressed Pallez as "Old Man," but he suddenly couldn’t bring himself to. He had no choice but to end the conversation there.

After witnessing Leonard’s and Audrey’s vow, Klein returned to the real world.

He tidied up the altar in the room, took out a pen and paper, and drew a complicated symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

He wanted to summon Arrodes to ask how it had confirmed that Groselle’s Travels had appeared after the disappearance of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd.

After waiting for more than ten seconds, the full-body mirror in the room lit up with a faint aqueous light.

Silver words appeared one after another in the dim light:

"Exalted, benevolent, Great Master, your puny, loyal, and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

"Do you have any orders for me?"

"Some questions." After giving his answer, Klein was in no hurry to ask about the matter regarding Groselle’s Travels, intending to start with something that wasn’t very sensitive first.

He thought and said, "Arrodes, there’s an abandoned castle in Delaire Forest. In the depths of it is a pair of bronze doors. It seems to be sealing some power coming from underground. Do you know what it is?"

The moment he finished speaking, the light on the full-body mirror’s surface suddenly dimmed and turned pitch-black. In the pitch-blackness, white, liquefied words appeared one after another:

"I came from underground…”

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CHAPTER 1075
NO RESPONSE

"I came from underground…”

Looking at the ghastly-white words that appeared on the full-body mirror, a chill suddenly ran down Klein’s back. His pupils dilated as he instinctively wanted to switch places with his marionette next door.

In the room where the valet was, Enuni, who was lying quietly, had opened his eyes.

His stomach began to expand and contract as though he had a second heart, one that beat extremely slowly.

At the same time, the scene of the magic mirror, Arrodes, answering where it came from flashed through Klein’s mind:

Large amounts of black sticky liquid spewed out from an underground hole, writhing and expanding, an uneven number of hands and legs that turned into numerous monsters grew out. During this process, a speck of light was shot out along with the black liquid before landing on a rock, to which it rapidly fused together, turning into a mirror with ancient patterns and black gems adorning its two sides—Arrodes’s main form.

It really came from underground… And this underground is the same as the underground area sealed by the bronze door inside the ancient abandoned castle… I didn’t make the connection before… It’s not like I could help it. There are just too many things that involve things from underground. Most of them have little special meaning, just like coal… Hmm, a few days ago, I didn’t think that there was anything overly special with the underground…

Klein controlled the urge within him and ignored the shock from Arrodes’s answer, and he said with an unperturbed expression, "What’s the exact situation?"

The ghastly-pale words changed and gave off a baffling feeling, as though it was almost crying.

"Great Master, I’m not exactly sure what happened. I only came to the surface and became a mirror before I gained true sentience. I don’t remember anything from before.

"Oh yeah, there’s something that might be related. Do you want to hear it?"

"Speak." Seeing that Arrodes’s attitude was still alright, Klein heaved a sigh of relief.

The color of the words on the full-body mirror’s surface had slightly recovered, and it became somewhat pure white:

"Didn’t I say it before? I see support and dominance from you, and other than that special calling, I have similar feelings towards the underground. It makes me feel warm and makes me want to return to submit myself. This might be why I became your servant."

What? The things from underground give people the same feeling as the gray fog? They all involve support and dominance? Upon seeing Arrodes’s answer, Klein jumped in fright once again. If not for his Clown’s ability, he would’ve lost his composure.

At that moment, he suddenly recalled a Chinese joke he had seen in his previous life and substituted himself into it: "What? The things that the ancient gods fear come from underground?

"What? Arrodes also comes from underground?

"What? I also come from underground?"

This is really funny and scary… No, this might not be a joke. The original owner of the mysterious space above the gray fog, the creator of that strange door of light, the existence that pulled all the transmigrators over, might be related to the underground, or he has all kinds of connections with it… Klein's thoughts wandered as he instantly thought of many matters.

As an indescribable shadow loomed over him, he smiled and mocked himself, "No matter what, there are new clues and directions for the investigation into the gray fog and transmigration…"

Klein composed himself and asked in deliberation, "What do the Churches and secret organizations know about the underground objects that require sealing?"

On the full-length mirror, the white words returned to its silver color:

"It's almost unheard of. It seems to be concealed by some sort of power."

Isn't that "concealment"…Klein frowned slightly and didn't say a word.

The silver words on the mirror continued to appear:

"However, there are some legends that exist within a group of secret organizations.

"According to the legends, the underground is described as the lair of Devils and evil spirits, the source of humanity's decadence, the primordial sins and evil."

The first one is wrong. The underground object that needs to be sealed has a high chance of having nothing to do with Devils or evil spirits… Legends are actually similar to the mysterious symbols. Don't look at what is said, but peel off its outer skin and figure out what it symbolizes… This symbolizes the fear of the underground, from the body to the spirit, from one's consciousness to one's feelings? Klein's thoughts raced as he said with a nod, "It's your turn to ask a question."

"Great Master, your loyal servant, Arrodes, has a small suggestion. Do you want to hear it?" Silver words appeared on the full-body mirror one after another.

"Speak." Klein could vaguely guess what Arrodes was suggesting.

"Before you return to being divine, try not to investigate anything related to being sealed underground." The silver words quickly squirmed, reforming into a new sentence.

As expected… Klein sighed and calmly said, "Next question: how did you confirm that Groselle's Travels appeared after the disappearance of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd?"

The words on the surface of the mirror quickly distorted, merging into a clump, and then quickly dispersing:

"It's a revelation and information obtained from the spirit world; since it originated from the dragons' subsidiary god, the Dragon of Wisdom, your loyal servant believes that it can be confirmed.

"Great Master, is there a problem with that?"

How direct… After sighing, Klein instantly thought of how the Dragon of Wisdom, Herabergen, should've entered the book world before and approached the bronze door behind the ancient god's throne, likely having some knowledge of what was sealed underground due to "His" "omniscience." Furthermore, Klein believed that the ancient dragon had hidden a deeper layer of secrets in Groselle's Travels.

He could vaguely grasp it, but he couldn't tell what it was and grasp at it.

"No," Klein answered Arrodes's question.

Then, he probed, "Why didn't you mention the Dragon of Wisdom's true name?"

"It’s because I don’t dare to directly give the name of a god." Arrodes gave a confirmed answer in a tacit manner.

Klein nodded and didn’t ask further.

"It’s your turn."

"Great Master, do you have any more questions?" The silver word rapidly reorganized itself on the slightly dark mirror. "No, that’s all for today." Klein shook his head.

With that said, he remembered what had happened the previous time and added, "I’ll summon you again when there are new questions."

The full-body mirror immediately brightened, and the silver words sparkled:

Yes, Master!

"Your loyal and strong servant, Arrodes, is waiting for you to call again!"

This time, it wasn’t a simple drawing but a white cat’s paw with a red center.

…There’s always something new… The corner of Klein’s mouth twitched slightly as he watched the full-body mirror the bedroom return to normal.

He stood in the darkness, bathed in the crimson moonlight shining through the curtains. After standing quietly for a while, he returned to his bed and quickly fell asleep with the help of Cogitation.

The next morning, on Monday morning, Klein woke up 15 minutes earlier than usual. He led his valet, Enuni, down to the first floor and said to Butler Walter, "I had a nightmare last night. I want to visit the cathedral before breakfast."

Although Butler Walter was surprised by this, it wasn’t too strange. After all, as long as the cathedral’s doors were open, people could enter at any time.

He quickly arranged for a carriage and sent Dwayne Dantes all the way to the door.

When Klein arrived at Saint Samuel Cathedral, the door wasn’t opened yet. He waited until eight before entering the main hall with the first batch of believers. He found a seat in the first few pews and sat down facing the Dark Sacred Emblem. Closing his eyes in the tranquil environment, he focused on chanting the Goddess’s honorific name in ancient Hermes.

"The Evemight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity. You are also the Lady of Crimson, the Mother of Concealment, the Empress of Misfortune and Horror, Mistress of Repose and Silence…”

After he finished reciting the honorific name, he changed to his normal Loen language and said almost soundlessly, "There’s an ancient castle in the middle of Delaire Forest. There’s an ancient bronze door deep within it. It’s sealing a powerful corruptive force… How should I eliminate this latent problem there?"

This wasn’t a test of a deity, but an open report. As for what reaction the Church would have after that, and what they would see through their operations, was a whole other matter.

After repeating it seven times, he began to pray seriously.

Time passed. In the quiet and peaceful church, Klein stood up and walked out of Saint Samuel Cathedral with his valet, Enuni.

During this process, he didn’t receive any revelations, nor did he see the matron of the Evernight cloister, Arianna.

The feedback itself meant something.

That was he wasn’t qualified to know about the underground seal.

East Borough, in a two-bedroom apartment.

Fors pulled up the blanket and covered her head.

She abhorred the curtains here because they were too thin and translucent and couldn’t block out the morning sun. That seriously affected her quality of sleep.

I have to change it. No, we might have to move again soon… Just as Fors’s thoughts wandered about, she heard the sound of the bedroom door opening and Xio’s familiar gait.

In a flash, her blanket disappeared and a letter landed on her.

Your letter, from Pritz Harbor," Xio informed her.

“…Teacher’s reply." Fors sat up suddenly, opened the letter, and quickly read it.

After a moment of silence, she said, "I have to go out for a while. My teacher has already reached Backlund… This letter should’ve arrived two days ago!"

The letter had a date and address.

"The postman over here isn’t that responsible." Xio glanced at her friend and said, "Will you be late?"

"Fortunately, Teacher said that he would wait three days for me." Fors hurriedly got off the bed and started changing her clothes.

She had a feeling that she would be able to understand the Abraham family more deeply this time, and also receive the potion formula of Traveler and some Beyonder ingredients.

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CHAPTER 1076
DORIAN'S REQUEST

Outside Room 2016 at the Hat Trick Inn on Cherwood Borough’s 22 Hope Street.

Fors directly walked through the wall without drawing anyone’s attention. Then, she knocked on the door in a rhythm that was previously agreed upon.

Not long after, Dorian Gray Abraham, who was dressed in black, with his broad shoulders and thick arms, unlocked the door and turned the doorknob.

The gentleman quickly sized up the area and made way for Fors to enter the room.

"I really didn’t expect you to become a Scribe so soon…” After closing the door, Dorian carefully examined the door’s lock before turning around and sighing.

Based on the standards of this era, he was considered a middle-aged man, but he was still a Sequence 7 Astrologer. He had no hope of advancing

Yet, his student, Fors Wall, took about a year to go from Sequence 9 to Sequence 6.

This comparison between the two made Dorian feel poignant and sad.

The Abraham family’s bloodline should’ve been noble and enviable, but now, it was a heavy curse that made him depressed.

"It’s because you taught me well." Although Fors didn’t like going out and enjoyed staying at home, she would still be invited by the nobles from time to time. She was a best-selling author who participated in high society’s literary salons, so she wasn’t clueless as to how to speak. Furthermore, she had indeed obtained quite a bit of help from her teacher—from providing knowledge and money to formulas and ingredients.

Dorian looked at her and shook his head with a smile.

"It’s not like you’re my only student. As far as I remember, this advancement speed can only be matched by one person."

He paused and continued, "Next up, your target is Sequence 5 Traveler. And I have even higher expectations for you. I hope that you can obtain godhood and become a Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer.

"Of course, I also have a request. When you truly become a demigod, try to pray to a hidden existence and listen to ‘His’ answer to figure out what ‘He’ is talking about.

"This is indeed a bit dangerous, but a Sequence 4 demigod would have sufficient power to withstand it. Without any other elements at play, there shouldn’t be any problems."

"Teacher, is this answer important to you?" Although Fors knew what was going on, she still acted curious and puzzled.

Dorian fell silent for a few seconds before sighing

"It’s very important. My parents, my brothers, my sisters, my children, too many people have sacrificed their lives in pursuit of this answer, but to no avail…

"Don’t worry. We paid such a huge price because there’s an ancient curse on our family’s bloodline, and you aren’t related to us by blood.

"I don’t expect to find a way to break the curse through that answer during my generation. However, I hope to know where it originates from and understand the cause of my death…”

Upon saying this, Dorian took a deep breath and didn’t continue.

For some reason, Fors could feel the weight of time that had accumulated over a thousand years, generation after generation, bearing down on her shoulders.

She really couldn’t imagine how painful it would be for a person’s ancestors, parents, brothers, sisters, and children to directly or indirectly die from the same curse.

Thinking of how well her teacher had been taking care of her, Fors, who had only received this type of care from her elders, opened her eyes, lowered her head, and nodded.

"I’ll try my best."

Dorian held back his feelings and nodded slightly.

"The most praiseworthy trait of yours is your kindness."

Fors felt a little embarrassed as she turned to talk about a phrase the teacher had mentioned.

"Family?"

She remembered that her teacher had never told her about the Abraham family. He had claimed that he, Lawrence, and Aulisa were members of a secret organization.

In order to differentiate between matters which her teacher had told her and what she had learned at the Tarot Club, Fors had done a serious list of what

she should know before she left home, to prevent herself from accidentally revealing information she shouldn’t have.

Dorian answered simply, "In order to solve the curse, everyone in my family joined that organization."

He immediately changed the subject.

"Why did you move out in a hurry this time?"

"I was targeted by official Beyonders." Fors first said a half-truth before complaining a little about the mailman.

Dorian didn’t say anything else as he stepped away from Fors and set up a ritual. He summoned the music-loving void creature, Malmouth, and he made it spit out three items.

One was a transparent, nearly illusory crystal, and the second item was a piece of ancient goatskin parchment. The third was a small hunter’s backpack.

"This is a Beyonder characteristic left behind by a Traveler. With it, you don’t need to gather any additional main ingredients. This is the Traveler potion formula. This backpack contains the corresponding supplementary ingredients. If you don’t have a good way to preserve them, try your best to finish digesting the Scribe potion within half a year. Otherwise, their spirituality will be completely lost…” Dorian handed everything over to Fors.

"Thank you, Teacher," Fors said sincerely.

Then, she unfurled the goatskin and quickly skimmed through the potion formula before placing her focus on the ritual.

"Set up special coordinates in four completely different spots deep in the spirit world which are all set up extremely far away from each other."

"The goal of this ritual is?" Fors thought for a few seconds and asked her teacher.

"After consuming the Traveler potion, you will wander the spirit world chaotically. When you grasp some degree of initial level over your powers, you will realize that you have lost your way. At that moment, you can use the four special coordinates to return to the real world. Otherwise, you will be trapped in the depths of the spirit world for a long time. Not only is it dangerous inside, but it will also assimilate you, making you lose your mind and become a living creature that is attached to the spirit world." Although Dorian had no hope of becoming a Traveler, he had seen students advancing to Sequence 5 before.

"Then there should be another alternative…" Fors muttered in thought.

"Yes." Dorian nodded and said, "Previously, there was something in the organization that could allow people to instantly return to the real world from the spirit world. Unfortunately, it was lost."

Without waiting for Fors to ask, Dorian said, "If I'm saying-if you really become a demigod and fulfill my wish, I'll hand over an important item that I'm in charge of to you. This is an expectation your teacher has for

you."

One of the powerful Sealed Artifacts of the Abraham family? Fors had a vague guess, but she didn't dare promise anything. She said the same thing, "I'll try my best."

Following that, she asked curiously, "Teacher, you mentioned that Sequence 4 is a Secrets Sorcerer. What about Sequence 3, 2, and Sequence 1?"

Dorian immediately laughed.

"You're only a Sequence 6.

"Yes, Sequence 3’s name is ‘Wanderer.’ Sequence 2 is ‘Planeswalker,’ and the Sequence 1 potion name is ‘Key of Stars.’

"Heh heh, it’s a good thing that you mentioned this. I actually forgot to organize a list of things to take note of in the spirit world. These are things that must be remembered after becoming a Traveler.

"In that case, I’ll stay for another night. You can visit me tomorrow for the documents."

As Fors ruminated over the names of the High-Sequence potions of the Apprentice pathway, she agreed.

"Alright, Teacher."

After settling these matters, Dorian paced back and forth and thought for a moment before instructing, "The Beyonder characteristics of the same pathway have a certain attraction towards each other. It’s not obvious when one’s at a low Sequence, but the higher the Sequence, the stronger it becomes.

"Sometimes, this kind of attraction isn’t something you can directly feel, while also making you unknowingly approach a High-Sequence Beyonder of the same pathway. When you become a Traveler, you have to pay attention to this matter."

At this point, Dorian paused and said, "Not many demigods of the Apprentice pathway are still alive. Among them, you need to be extra careful of a man named Botis. He is the Saint of Secrets from the Aurora Order and, just like Lewis, he’s a traitor of our organization. I will give you his portrait tomorrow."

Botis… Fors repeated the name her teacher had mentioned in her mind.

At the same time, she had a new understanding about the Aurora Order Oracle, Lewis Wien, over the previous chance encounter.

Perhaps it wasn’t a chance encounter, but the attraction force between Beyonder characteristics. Teacher had a sufficiently powerful Sealed Artifact from the Apprentice pathway on him!

Fors quickly suppressed this thought and began asking for advice on how to act as a Scribe.

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

There’s actually a path that can bypass the front of the Giant King’s Court and enter the interior from the Waning Forest and Barren Tunnel… Derrick Berg recalled the information he had been shared by Mr. World above the gray fog.

This was very important to the City of Silver, as the early-stage explorations after the Afternoon Town camp had set off implied that the closer they were to the Giant King’s Court, the stronger the monsters that originated from the darkness were.

"I have to tell the Chief!" Derrick abruptly stood up and rushed out of his house, heading straight for the spire. As he wished, he saw the Chief of the six-member council, Colin Iliad.

He followed Mr. Hanged Man’s instructions and said that he had recalled some murals he had seen in the Afternoon Town’s "shadow." On it was a secret passage that led into the Giant King’s Court.

Colin Iliad listened quietly without interrupting Derrick’s narration. Finally, he nodded gently and said, "Good, you did well.

"What do you want to exchange for this contribution?"

"A mature mind dragon’s complete brain." Derrick was prepared.

Colin didn’t ask why as he thought for a moment and said, "If that secret passage is real, then the value will definitely exceed the complete brain of

an adult mind dragon. Hmm… You can pick something else. Are you interested in the potion formula for a relatively higher Sequence of the Planter pathway?"

This is a question for Mr. Fool… While Derrick was enlightened, he said in surprise, "Do we have a relatively higher Sequence potion formula for the Planter pathway?"

He had no recollection of it.

"Of course. You should remember that the Giant King’s queen is the Goddess of Harvest, but the surrounding areas lack the corresponding Beyonder ingredients. There’s no rush. You can think about it again." Colin Iliad calmly changed the subject. "Are you skilled with your Priest of Light powers?"

"Yes," Derrick replied succinctly.

Colin was silent for a moment as he looked at the adolescent child before him and said, "What kind of Saint-level Sealed Artifact do you want to choose?"

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CHAPTER 1077
FOUR CHOICES

What kind of Saint-level Sealed Artifact do I want to choose? Derrick Berg subconsciously considered what he needed.

Due to the fact that the Sun pathway was rather powerful against the monsters in the darkness, and with Thunder God’s Roar, he didn’t have the desire for Sealed Artifacts that provided offensive or supportive effects. Instead, the pain from being beaten up while making friends made him subconsciously hope to obtain a mystical item that could provide stronger defensive capabilities.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Derrick suddenly realized that the question wasn’t directed at the Saint- level Sealed Artifact he wanted, but which Saint-level Sealed Artifact could be used to exchange for the Creator’s cross from Mr. Fool.

He hesitated and frankly asked, "Your Excellency, do you have any suggestions?"

Colin glanced at him and left his original position. He slowly walked to the window and turned around.

"There are four Sealed Artifacts that are relatively suitable for you.

"The first item is called ‘Sword of Silverdawn.’ It was left behind by an elder who died thirteen hundred years ago.

"With this sword in hand, one can hide their malicious intent and certain actions, effectively interfering with divination and prophecy. They would

obtain an exaggerated amount of strength and bring to their surroundings a dawn that can resist evil and degeneration.

"It can also stir up a powerful destructive Hurricane of Light. It can create an invisible and sturdy defensive wall around the wielder. Every time it connects to the land, its defensive strength will be unshakeable.

"At the tip of the hilt is a single-eyed, huge-mouthed head engraving with living characteristics. Feeding the corresponding herbs, essential oils, and medicine to this engraving will give the Sword of Silverdawn different effects. For example, Lightning Strike, Freeze, Purification, Decay, and Exorcism.

"This sword has strict requirements for its usage. It’s impossible to lift up if one isn’t at least 180 centimeters tall. Below 200 centimeters, it will be hard to unleash its full strength. In addition, the head engraving at the hilt is very fond of talking. It’s always talking non-stop. If the wielder doesn’t respond, the Sword of Silverdawn might suddenly give up resisting at a critical moment and even attack its owner. If the wielder is willing to converse with the head engraving, they will be pushed to the edge of madness."

This is what I want, a Sealed Artifact that’s good at defense… Derrick muttered to himself. He didn’t interrupt the Chiefs explanation as he quietly listened to him introduce the other Sealed Artifacts.

"The second is ‘Twilight Mask.’ This is from the first Chief. It’s a mask made from a skull. It can hide any malicious intent, thoughts, and inclinations. It makes the wearer feel like a dead person without any thoughts.

"As long as one puts on this mask, one will possess the power of a real giant and have control over the undead. Any living creature that looks directly into the eyes of the wearer will immediately die. Even those that possess godhood will be seriously injured. And even without any direct eye contact, the target of the wearer will slowly wither away as if they were floating across a river of death.

"The person wearing this mask can also create a terrifying Twilight Storm. Any item stained with the dim light will disintegrate, rot, wither, and die, losing the vibrancy of life.

"Most of the attacks, aside from purification, are ineffective against the wearer of Twilight Mask, as though no one can kill a dead person.

"This Twilight Mask is extremely powerful, but it's extremely dangerous. Even if it's not doing anything, the people around it would suddenly die one after another for no reason. Therefore, it must have a proper sealing method…

"No matter who it is, once you put on this mask, you will hear the sharp shriek and howls that seem to come from deep within the Underworld. This is a psyche attack that will drive people crazy and make them lose their minds. At the same time, as long as you wear this mask for more than five minutes, you will permanently become its slave."

This Sealed Artifact is almost useless. Although it's powerful, it can only be sealed… Uh… Only a mighty existence like Mr. Fool can ignore its negative effects… Derrick opened his mouth but didn't say a word.

Colin Iliad did some recollecting and continued, "The third item is called 'Life's Cane.' It can control Beyonder creatures with low intelligence and reduce their insanity for a short period of time. It can use incomplete spirits and various materials to complete the ultimate 'Alchemical Life.' This could create an ordinary human that can exist for a long time. It can also create different dolls that could be used for battle and various kinds of things; this includes stone golems, mud golems, and steel golems.

"Any living creature lashed by this cane would have an increased tendency towards madness and losing control. Their bodies would also have a certain chance of mutating, producing watermelons, mushrooms, and wheat. Of course, these things cannot be eaten, as they would result in contamination.

"As for the living beings touched by the cane’s tip, they’ll be healed no matter how seriously injured they are—other than those that have already lost control.

"This cane will fill the surrounding areas with a vibrant life force. Be it plants or animals, it can grow with exuberance and reproduce rapidly. Unfortunately, it is useless against this land that is cursed.

"The person carrying Life’s Cane has a high chance of mutating. The longer one holds it, the higher the odds. This will result in additional organs, or even them having missing body parts, being replaced by various plants."

Sounds very sinister… For some reason, Derrick felt a little horrified. Finally, he couldn’t help but ask, "What’s the fourth Sealed Artifact?"

"It’s from a demon which lost control. I hunted it and called it ‘Fallen Flute.’

This is a plain-looking silver flute. However, once someone blows it, the living around it will fall into an unavoidable illusion. Their anger, sorrow, pain, greed, vanity, arrogance, and other desires would rapidly swell. Some would have their mind explode, others lose their sanity or experience a loss of control.

"Being in the vicinity of Fallen Flute, all sentient beings, other than the wielder, will significantly have their mental facilities deteriorate and will easily make mistakes.

"At the same time, the wielder of the flute is exceptionally sensitive to danger. Sometimes, they can even predict the possibility of a threat to their lives one to two days early.

"Wherever this Fallen Flute is, one’s humanity will gradually degenerate, and all kinds of desires will enter center stage as their beliefs are cast aside. The wielder will also turn cold and be unable to have normal emotions again. The more they use it and the more they carry it, the worse it will be.

And this might result in conflict with their own pathway’s acting, leading to an increased risk of losing control."

After introducing the fourth Sealed Artifact, Colin Iliad’s light blue eyes, which seemed to be filled with stories, looked at Derrick and asked, "What do you think?"

“…I need some time to consider," Derrick replied rather skillfully.

"Indeed, this is really important to you. You can’t rashly make a decision." Colin nodded. "Three days later, we will set off for the Afternoon Town camp. Tell me your answer before we set off, and reserve some time to familiarize yourself with the Sealed Artifact."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Derrick bowed seriously and left the Chiefs room.

He wasn’t in a rush to return home to pray to Mr. Fool. Instead, he planned on heading to the training field first to temper his various "Sun" domain theurgical spells.

This was a habit engraved deep within the pulses of every single person in the City of Silver. Only a self-disciplined person who could endure hardship was able to live longer in these desolate and dark lands.

In a dark alley in the Backlund Bridge area.

Xio once again met the golden-masked MI9 member who clearly showed kindness to her.

The Judge potion formula might take some time," the golden-masked man said.

This was because, although the investigation into Xio didn’t continue, it didn’t end.

Xio pursed her lips and nodded, as though she had finally made up her mind.

"I don’t want that formula anymore."

"You… gave up?" The golden-masked man was surprised and couldn’t hide his joy.

Xio didn’t directly answer as she turned her head to the side and said, "I-I’ll exchange all my contributions for cash." After hearing her answer, the golden-masked man nodded in relief.

"It’s best that you understand.

"Let bygones be bygones. You, your mother, and brother will have a brand new future.

Yes, if your contributions are exchanged for cash, it’ll be about 2,000 pounds. I’ll help you gain more. After that, you can continue being an outer circle member of MI9. Having an official status is very useful for unaffiliated Beyonders."

Xio was silent for a few seconds before her lips quivered.

"Thank you."

She could clearly sense the kindness coming from the man in front of her, so she sincerely thanked him.

However, there was no way she was giving up. The reason why she chose cash was because she had already reserved the Judge potion formula from The World Gehrman Sparrow—the crazy adventurer had also claimed that the Disciplinary Paladin potion formula would subsequently follow.

At the same time, giving up on the surface could effectively dispel the suspicions of MI9.

After briefly explaining the progress of the previous commissions, Xio bade farewell to the golden-masked man and left the alley.

On Tuesday morning, Fors went out early and came to the Hat Trick Inn in Cherwood Borough where she met her teacher, Dorian Gray.

"This is one of the things to take note of in the spirit world. This is a portrait of Botis." Dorian covered his mouth and yawned before handing a thick stack of paper to Fors.

Fors wasn’t in a rush to read the documents as she cast her gaze at the portrait.

On it was a black-robed man who likely wasn’t even forty. His brown hair was slightly curled, but it gave off an unusually firm feeling. His dark eyes seemed to contain countless objects.

This is the Saint of Secrets… Fors rubbed her fingers together and used her Trickmaster powers to burn that portrait. "Not bad. Very cautious." Dorian nodded approvingly.

He then carried his suitcase and said to Fors, "I have to return to Pritz Harbor. It will arouse suspicion if I come to Backlund for too long."

Fors knew that the situation in Backlund had been tense recently, so she was eager for her teacher to leave as soon as possible; therefore, she didn’t hold him back and watched him leave the room.

Then, with the help of Door Opening, she walked all the way to the alley behind the hotel.

Just as she got her bearings and turned into a street, she suddenly saw a man in a black trench coat walking over.

The person swept a glance at her before looking away naturally. However, Fors’s back muscles tensed up.

Her eyes reflected the other person’s appearance:

A man who likely wasn’t even forty. His brown hair was slightly curled, but it gave off an unusually firm feeling. His dark eyes seemed to contain countless objects.

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CHAPTER 1078
THE HIDDEN SECRET

Saint of Secrets Botis… Fors had experienced many things recently, to the point of being watched by a King of Angels, so she didn't show any signs of abnormality. She retracted her gaze in a natural manner and didn't slow down her pace as she walked towards the man in the black trench coat.

After a few steps, they brushed past each other.

…Did he happen to pass by here because of the attraction between Beyonder characteristics? If he knew that Teacher was here, he wouldn't be so slow and would use Teleport to chase after him… Luckily, Teacher has already boarded the carriage and left the inn… Fors's heart calmed down, her tense mind relaxing a little.

She took a few more steps forward and looked up at the sky. She wanted to confirm if it would rain later.

At this moment, a raven flew over and landed on a tree along the way. It faced the spot where Fors had just passed by.

Fors stopped thinking about Saint of Secrets Botis as she maintained her speed and left the street.

As the Aurora Order hadn't held a gathering in Backlund for a long period of time, and with the target being a demigod, Fors didn't have any thoughts of seeking revenge for her teacher. Ignoring her lack of combat strength, just finding and locking onto a Secrets Sorcerer was a nearly impossible task.

…It’s best that I wait till I become a Traveler. I might encounter Botis by chance before entrusting Mr. World the corresponding mission. I’ll take the time to save up money… Now, it’s certain that the Aurora Order has saints in Backlund… Hmm, I can’t eliminate the possibility that during Botis’s "Travel" elsewhere today, he was influenced by the attraction force of Beyonder characteristic and had accidentally lost his way in Backlund… Fors very naturally considered looking for The World Gehrman Sparrow’s help.

From what she knew, this gentleman had killed two demigods with his own hands, and he had only become a demigod for three months!

In the upper echelons of the seven Churches, they only have about ten demigods… Based on Mr. World’s progress, it will take him at most two years to wipe out the powerhouses of a Church… Of course, the real world isn’t an ideal measurement… Having received higher education, Fors, who had been a surgeon, gradually let her thoughts wander. She walked to the street and boarded a rental carriage.

Above the gray fog, there was a mini-gathering with The Sun Derrick, The Hanged Man Alger, and The World Gehrman Sparrow.

However, unlike before, Mr. Fool was present as the witness because The Sun’s main motive was to find out which Sealed Artifact could please this great existence, as well as to exchange it for the cross left behind by the Creator.

At the same time, he still had some questions to consult Mr. Hanged Man and Mr. World about, so he had applied for a private exchange.

Sword of Silverdawn, Twilight Mask, Life’s Cane, Fallen Flute… These were all items that have outstanding powers and negative effects, ones that require sealing. This also confirms that the City of Silver doesn’t have any Beyonders from the Artisan pathway. All the spoils can only be formed naturally. Even with a godlike Sealed Artifact, they can shatter the characteristics, but they are unable to reform them in a better way… As The

Fool Klein listened to Little Sun's description, he quickly analyzed the pros and cons of different Sealed Artifacts in his mind.

The first thing he did was eliminate the Twilight Mask because the negative effects of the Sealed Artifact from the City of Silver's first Chief were too great.

Although Klein could let his marionette wear this mask and cut off the aural senses; thus, avoiding the continuous howls and screams. Furthermore, he didn't have to worry about his marionette becoming a slave to the Twilight Mask. However, in that case, his actual body might become a member of the dead who died suddenly for no reason.

Following that, Klein similarly gave up the Fallen Flute for the same reasons. This Sealed Artifact's ability to predict danger ahead of time was indeed better than the Desire Apostle in Creeping Hunger. It was alluring, but the negative effects were also not easy to avoid.

If Klein used this flute with his actual body, he would gradually turn cold and lose his normal emotions. This would be completely contradictory with the concept of using humanity to battle godhood to maintain balance. And if he were to hand it over to his marionette, he would experience a significant decrease in his mental facilities and easily make mistakes. This caused him to lose his main advantage as a Beyonder of the Seer pathway.

In addition, this flute will make the people around it give themselves up to degeneration and desires. I don't want the residents on Boklund Street to be degenerates who give up on their morals. By then, how many illegitimate children will be bom… I can only consider the Sword of Silverdawn and Life's Cane… Klein mumbled silently before quickly choosing between two.

The Sword of Silverdawn's head engraving seemed to have a living characteristic. To Klein, this meant that communication was possible, and as long as they could communicate, the negative effects could naturally be reduced. As for the height restriction, he could just ignore his thickness and

only focus on his height. After all, this didn’t affect a Clown due to its extremely high sense of balance.

Regarding the problem of mutation with Life’s Cane, he could avoid it by handing it to his marionettes. When he lost or gained any organs, he could heal himself with Flower of Blood. And causing the surroundings to be filled with vitality, allowing for lush growth wasn’t much of a negative effect.

Since the negative effects of the two Sealed Artifacts weren’t too serious, he had to consider their effects. The Sword

of Silverdawn was clearly from a Demon Hunter of the Warrior pathway. Be it attacks or defense, they were both potent. It could hide his malintent and be good at dealing with Devils. As for Life’s Cane, it was good at creating and causing mutations, which made it rather sinister.

After a few seconds of consideration, when Derrick asked for the answer, The Fool Klein spoke unhurriedly, as though he was discussing something ordinary.

"The cane."

In the end, he decided on Life’s Cane!

In fact, the Sword of Silverdawn and Life’s Cane had their own pros, making it a tough decision. Klein’s final decision stemmed from an uncommon reason:

The sinister Life’s Cane could be described as bizarre, so it could effectively aid him in acting as a Bizarro Sorcerer and raise his potion digestion speed!

"Yes, Mr. Fool!" Derrick replied, unable to hide his joy.

This meant that when he completed the sacrificial and bestowment ritual, he would obtain the cross from the Creator. After determining this, he cast his gaze at the figure at the bottom of the long bronze table.

"Mr. World, other than the complete brain of an adult mind dragon, do you still need a relatively high Sequence potion formula for the Planter pathway?"

As the secret passage of the Giant King's Court was shared by The World, he became the target of Derrick's question, and not Mr. Fool.

Of course, to Derrick, The World was Mr. Fool's Blessed. His answer represented Mr. Fool's intentions to a certain extent.

A relatively high Sequence potion formula for the Planter pathway… Sitting at the end of the long bronze table, The Fool Klein immediately had a headache and fell into an intense internal struggle.

He could roughly understand what the Chief of the City of Silver's thought process was. On the one hand, this experienced Demon Hunter hopes that he can usher in a bright future through the Giant King's Court's exploration, while on the other hand, he's still cautious and doesn't hold much hope. He's prepared to continue staying in the darkness, so he mentioned the Planter potion formula to see if Mr. Fool has the corresponding authority, or rather, does the faction that "He" watches over have a need for it. If this could bring about certain feedback, it would effectively improve the survival of the City of Silver.

Meanwhile, on Klein's end, Frank Lee had recently come to believe that he's just one step away from his research goals. When he becomes a Druid, he should be able to succeed. This made Klein very hesitant on whether he should give him a push.

…I don't know what the future holds… I'll just focus on what's in front of me. A Sequence 5 Beyonder who doesn't even have godhood wouldn't be able to do anything too serious. Furthermore, Ma'am Hermit is already a

demigod. It’s not a big problem for her to watch out for Frank… Klein thought for a moment and let The World Gehrman Sparrow say, "Sequence 5."

"What if there’s more?" Derrick pressed.

Klein felt like he was being tested. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "If your side is willing to give it, then that works…”

"Alright." Derrick didn’t probe any further. Instead, he asked the person beside him, "Mr. Hanged Man, I have a strange feeling about this. Why did the Chief suddenly mention the relatively high Sequence potion formula of the Planter pathway?"

The Hanged Man Alger looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and said, "This should be a test from your Chief, to see if the City of Silver can change its environment.

"I remember you mentioning that you only know that the Goddess of Harvest is the Giant King’s queen, and according to the records of the Sanguine from The Moon, the Goddess of Harvest is named Omebella. Your City of Silver originally believed in ‘Her.’

"I was originally only certain that the name Omebella was real, so I didn’t have any inclination towards other explanations. Now, with your Chief suddenly taking out a relatively high Sequence potion formula that you didn’t know before, this makes me suspect that The Moon is right.

"This means that your City of Silver hid the fact that they once believed in the Goddess of Harvest. They even deliberately didn’t mention ‘Her’ true name.

"There must be a huge secret behind this."

"A huge secret…” Derrick thought seriously but couldn’t think of any secret.

Fortunately, this wasn’t an important matter to him. He quickly ended the private conversation and returned to the City of Silver to prepare for the exchange of Sealed Artifacts.

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CHAPTER 1079
THE HARDWORKING GARDENERS

Above the gray fog, Klein, who was sitting at The Fool's seat, beckoned for the Unshadowed Crucifix.

The bronze cross was tied together with an ordinary-looking button, and the surface of the latter was already covered with a layer of crystalline but heavy-feeling particles.

This was The Hermit Cattleya's Judge button. It was reserved for Judgment Xio at a price of 3,500 pounds. Therefore, Admiral of Stars had sacrificed it to Mr. Fool in advance, requesting the mighty existence to get an angel under him to shatter it.

And on Monday's Tarot Gathering, Xio had made a reservation for the Judge potion formula at a price of 2,000 pounds.

According to their agreement, Justice Audrey wasn't to share anything they obtained from exploring Groselle's Travels —other than knowledge. She was only providing free help for The World killing Hvin Rambis. As for The Star Leonard, he had the right to sell the potion formulas and historical knowledge, but obviously, Judgment Xio trusted The World Gehrman Sparrow more.

The purging should be almost done. This way, I can trade the Unshadowed Crucifix with Little Sun without any worries… In the future, if there are other similar requests, they'll definitely be more willing to trade with Little

Sun, instead of asking Mr. Fool for help. No one will dare frequently disturb a hidden existence, unless there’s really no other way…

When Little Sun has the chance to become a demigod and transform the Unshadowed Crucifix into a special characteristic, I should be a Sequence 3. I’ll be able to use the power of this mysterious space above the gray fog to shatter Sealed Artifacts…

After the "disinfection" process of the gray fog, Adam probably wouldn’t be able to rely on the Unshadowed Crucifix to lock onto Little Sun. However, even if he were able to find it through this, it wouldn’t be too serious. His brother,

Amon, knew long ago that Little Sun is related to Mr. Fool…

Yes, it seems that Amon can freely enter and leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods. I wonder if that’s also the case for Adam… As Klein separated the Unshadowed Crucifix from the button that had begun to praise the sun, he looked at the Beyonder characteristic that had been purged while waiting for Little Sun to hold a sacrificial and bestowment ceremony.

The City of Silver, within the spire.

Derrick Berg had finished setting up the ritual. He watched as a black, mud-covered doll approached with a wooden cane which looked like nothing special, and he placed it on the altar.

After a serious prayer and doing some work, the illusory sacrifice and bestowment door opened and took away Life’s Cane, leaving behind a bronze-green and spiky cross.

At the same time, the name of the cross suddenly appeared in Derrick’s mind, including information of its usage and its negative effects.

He suppressed his excitement and first thanked Mr. Fool before ending the ritual. He walked to the front of the altar, picked up the Unshadowed

Crucifix, and scrutinized it repeatedly.

After tidying up, Derrick left and went to a room opposite and knocked on the Chiefs door.

"Come in." Colin Iliad’s deep voice rang out.

Derrick turned the doorknob, pushed open the door, walked in, and openly revealed the bronze cross.

Your Excellency, this is the item left behind by the Lord I previously mentioned. It’s called the ‘Unshadowed Crucifix.’ The method is to let the spikes on it be stained with the blood of the holder."

He had deliberately changed the term "relic" to the "item left behind."

The white-haired Colin had already cast his gaze over when Derrick took out the ancient cross. After listening to the introduction, he walked towards it with heavy steps. He took the item and kept examining it.

Finally, Colin Iliad placed his thumb on a thorn and allowed fresh blood to flow out.

The mottled bronze-green started to peel away as the Unshadowed Crucifix revealed a physical body formed from pure light, illuminating the entire room without any trace of darkness.

After an indescribable sacred feeling filled the surrounding area, Colin released his fingers and sighed.

"This is indeed the Lord’s item…”

Although he was born in an era more than two thousand years since the City of Silver was "forsaken," making it impossible for them to sense the aura of god, this city still had quite a few things that were used to offer sacrifices to the Creator. Every time the Black-Faced Grass was harvested,

they would be taken out and used in the ritual. Through a comparison with these items, Colin Iliad could almost confirm the origins of the cross.

Derrick had wanted to give a response, but the heavy tone in the Chiefs words suddenly pressed down on his heart, preventing him from speaking.

Colin Iliad didn’t make any further comments and just stood there silently with the Unshadowed Crucifix in hand.

After a few seconds, the City of Silver Chief broke the silence and said with a slightly hoarse voice, "The return of the Lord’s item is a sign. We shall welcome the sign of dawn.

"I will hold onto this Unshadowed Crucifix for half a day. I want to gather all the Elders in the city to present this item to them.

"Heh heh, even I can’t casually deal with a saint-level Sealed Artifact. Since I lost Life’s Cane, I have to explain it to the other Elders and request to be punished. You must remember that, as Chief, you must have the courage to shoulder the corresponding responsibilities. You can’t avoid punishment just because you think that it’s good for the City of Silver. You might be right this time, but you can’t guarantee that you’re always right.

"Don’t worry. This Unshadowed Crucifix will eventually return to you."

The Chiefs words are deep and profound… I’ll get Mr. Hanged Man to explain it to me at the next Tarot Gathering… Derrick instinctively wanted to raise his right hand and scratch the back of his head, but in the end, he endured it and informed Colin Iliad of the negative effects of the Unshadowed Crucifix.

Backlund North Borough, 160 Boklund Street.

Klein sacrificed Winner Enuni above the gray fog to ensure "marionette preservation." This was to make it convenient for him to use him in the future. He planned on getting Earl of The Fallen Qonas Kilgor to wear the

Flower of Blood ring and wield Life’s Cane. In day-to-day life, he would create some harrowing and bizarre situations from time to time, helping him expedite the digestion of his potion. This way, Enuni had no way of using Flower of Blood to hide in Qonas Kilgor’s stomach. He needed to hide in a more concealed manner, making it rather troublesome. Therefore,

Klein decided to simply leave him above the gray fog. After all, Klein could create ordinary marionettes anytime he wanted.

Why does the action of placing a marionette in a preservation cabinet to keep fresh feel odd… It’s not like I’m acting in a horror movie… However, this does fit the name of Bizarro Sorcerer a bit. The angel from the Antigonus and Zaratul family all hang up their marionettes to "wind dry," so I’m much better than them! After rubbing his chin, Klein stuffed the ordinary wood-colored cane into a specially-made cane he bought through Miss Judgment.

The cane was hollow, and it could be used to contain a sword that wasn’t considered too wide. It was perfect for hiding Life’s Cane.

After he was done with this work, he allowed the servant who looked like Enuni, who was actually Qonas, to take away his cane and return to the room next door. He washed up himself before getting into bed.

While sleeping soundly in a pleasant, relaxed state, Klein’s spiritual perception suddenly stirred. He abruptly sat up and cast his gaze at the attached balcony.

The curtains weren’t fully drawn, and he could see the situation outside.

It was dark green outside the window with vine-leaves, and flowers were growing all over the place in layers. This made him suspect that he had been transported to the forest.

This… The corners of his mouth twitched as he vaguely guessed what was going on.

He rolled out of bed and walked to the balcony, drawing the curtains open.

What entered his vision was no longer the garden in the residence of Dwayne Dantes. Instead, it was a lush forest.

This is what it means to make the surrounding area become filled with a vibrant life force. Be it animals or plants, they’re all flourishing and growing rapidly. Isn’t this a little too fast? Klein’s expression instantly turned a little blank.

Previously, when he had divined that the Life’s Cane’s negative effects, he had "seen" similar scenes. However, the revelation he received was that it wasn’t harmful to the surrounding area. Thus, he believed that the growing and proliferation process took a fairly long period of time and could be effectively controlled, allowing one to pay no attention to it for a very, very long time before seeing such a scene.

With this thought in mind, he observed all the Spirit Body Threads in the surrounding area. He realized that humans weren’t affected at all, but the number of rats and cockroaches was clearly increasing.

This result made him heave a sigh of relief. He looked out of the window at the "forest" and sighed silently.

Indeed, there isn’t much danger. It’s just quite exaggerated… I still have to keep it above the gray fog most of the time…

More than ten seconds later, figures appeared within the "forest." Some of them were very thin, and others were thick. They all wore black trench coats, and their faces were very flat. They had no eyes, noses, and mouths.

These figures were either crouching or standing—busy burning weeds, cutting the vines, and removing the unnecessary flowers in the quiet night.

The next morning, Butler Walter woke up as usual and opened the window.

The garden outside was bathed in the morning fog. There was some dew that gathered, emitting a fresh scent.

Better than yesterday… Walter nodded slightly and praised the two gardeners.

The vibrant scene made him feel a little restless as he began missing his wife for no apparent reason, so he left the room to patrol the estate and made arrangements for all sorts of affairs. Finally, he waited at the entrance of the dining room.

Not long after, his employer, Dwayne Dantes, led his valet, Enuni, down from the third floor.

Walter went forward to bow and talked about today’s arrangements before taking the initiative to mention it.

"Sir, I would like to take one day leave from the current month’s allowance."

As he spoke, he suddenly saw the mixed-blood servant’s neck split open, revealing a black eye.

Walter was shocked and nearly tumbled backward. But in the blink of an eye, he realized that there was no strange eye on Enuni’s neck.

It must be because I didn’t sleep well last night and had a strange dream, resulting in me being distracted and having hallucinations… Walter hurriedly gathered his thoughts and lowered his head slightly.

In his heart, Klein apologized and nodded.

"No problem. Have a wonderful day with your family."

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CHAPTER 1080
THE LINE OF THINKING FOR ACTING

After watching Butler Walter leave the second floor, Klein entered the dining hall. As he looked around, he realized that the servants were much more energetic than usual. They even felt a little agitated.

Indeed, Life's Cane also affects humans, but it's not that ridiculous. It's at a rather normal level and still within acceptable levels… According to this logic, the servants' reproduction abilities would definitely increase. The only problem is that they don't have spouses, so there's no way to show that…

Eh… Will Mr. Butler's act of returning home today result in him having another child in nine to ten months… His wife is almost 40 years old. It's a little dangerous for her to have children at this age. Of course, as the other party in the copulation process, the effects of Life's Cane would pass over to them. There shouldn't be any problems…

Man, I wonder if the potential effect will result in an increase in conceiving a child. If Dwayne Dantès's moving into Böklund Street causes one to have an increased chance of having children, my reputation will practically be doomed… Klein's thoughts drifted without end. Finally, he concluded in his mind:

Life's Cane truly is very sinister!

In the future, he would only bring it into the real world for some time each day and try his best not to affect the humans around him!

After breakfast, Klein brought his valet, Enuni, to the first floor and prepared to take a stroll.

At that moment, two chambermaids were cleaning in the main hall.

"Good morning, sir." Upon seeing Dwayne Dantès approach, the two chambermaids immediately stood up, made way for him, and greeted him.

Of course, if they were in a more remote corner, they would try their best not to make a sound, just in case they disturbed their employer. This was something they learned from Butler Walter’s teachings.

Klein nodded and gave a simple response as he slowly approached the door.

At that moment, the two maids suddenly saw a wheat head embedded in Enuni’s head. It was full of golden particles and was extremely attractive.

Before they could even take a closer look, the valet seemed to have sensed something amiss. He raised his right hand and yanked off the piece of wheat using plenty of force.

The two maids looked at each other in surprise and amusement.

They imagined that Enuni had accidentally gotten some wheat on his body when he followed Mr. Dantès over to Maygur Manor, bringing it all the way back to 160 Böklund Street, where they scattered in places that weren’t easy to clean. For example, under the pillow he slept last night. In his dreams, he pushed the pillow away and ended up lodging a piece of wheat into his hair without realizing it when washing up in the morning and during breakfast.

Although this process was complicated and not easily achieved, it was still possible.

It can’t be that Enuni grew a single wheat head, right… The two maids mumbled to themselves as they continued with their work.

After exiting 160 Böklund Street, Klein and Enuni slowly walked with one behind the other under the withered Intis parasol trees, breathing in the fresh autumn air.

Like him, a number of neighbors were taking a morning stroll.

Of course, this wasn't a habit belonging to those amongst Backlund's high society. Last year, the smog was very serious, and the air was quite pungent. No one was willing to waste their time in the streets, braving the cold wind and the humidity.

As a neighbor, since they had met each other, there was no doubt that they would greet each other. When they walked past each other, one of the lawyers glanced at Dwayne Dantès's valet from the corner of his eye-he had raised his hand to cover his mouth as if he was yawning.

When the mixed-blood youth put down his right hand, the lawyer suddenly realized something was different.

His nose seems to be even higher…

Haha, I must've been thinking too much about such matters, causing me to hallucinate…

If only my nose was slightly higher…

As the lawyer thought about it, he raised his hand and rubbed his nose. At the same time, he saw two wild dogs engaged in a chase in front of him, attempting to reproduce on the street.

After the stroll, Klein returned to the activity room on the third floor and sent Life's Cane above the gray fog.

Indeed, there's a certain effect. The main point of the Bizarro Sorcerer's digestion is actually to create shocking scenes to scare people, as well as

use a strange method to make people horrified… This really does resemble a "director," but it’s just a horror flick’s director…

Yes, I don’t have to really scare them… Peaceful daily life events contain terrifying scenes, but the surrounding humans don’t notice them at all. They only occasionally made the connection, and when they think about it, they would feel a sense of fear from certain possibilities, to the point of not daring to turn off the lights and ending up having nightmares. That’s also a horror film archetype… As Klein observed his condition, he summarized his experiences over the past few months and finally summed it all up with the keyword "horror film director."

After understanding this, he had many ideas on how to quickly digest the potion.

Not only did he have to deal with enemies, but he also had to turn his enemies into the main characters or important supporting roles in a horror film!

This will be quite troublesome. I definitely have to give my all to the targets at the demigod level. I wouldn’t be in the mood to waste my time and effort on pulling some tricks… Well, there’s no need to find a demigod target. There’s no restriction for acting like this. I can "Teleport" to the sea, and find some lucky pirates to "participate," creating some horror stories…

That’s right. Since I’m a director, I have to let my "works" spread! It seems like I have to let some of the actors escape successfully every time and spread the nightmare that they experienced, creating a corresponding myth at sea. I can’t feed them to Creeping Hunger… As he formed his plan, Klein suddenly thought of a question:

In the horrifying legends of the people in the Northern Continent and the sea, how many of them were deliberately created by Bizarro Sorcerers?

There must be some… Sigh, if Amon were to act as a Bizarro Sorcerer, "He" would probably be able to digest the potion in less than a month.

"His" talent in this aspect is astounding, and "He" doesn’t consider the consequences… In truth, while looking for pirates to "film the horror movie," I can find an opportunity to scare other demigods. I don’t have to fight them to the death. Once my goal is accomplished, I can escape… With this thought in mind, Klein came up with a plan for the supporting role.

Hence, he carefully considered his targets.

There’s no way I can find an angel or higher. Those who I’m not familiar with will make me the leading character of a horror movie on the spot. Those who are familiar with me are well aware that I’m a Bizarro Sorcerer, so there’s no way to scare them…

There are many saints that I have no idea about their whereabouts. Frightening the archbishops will easily cause unnecessary chain reactions, causing the world situation to become even more tense and for the war to erupt prematurely…

Uh, after eliminating all the possibilities, the most suitable target is the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction’s demigod, Patrick Bryan, as well as the councilors of Will Auceptin’s Fate Council, as well as…

After creating a name list, Klein decided to take some time over the next two days to visit Dr. Aaron Ceres. He wanted to bring some ice-cream for a certain baby to ask where the "councilors" were recently seen.

If he wanted to frighten someone else’s subordinates, he had to get the approval of the president!

Klein was in a good mood after organizing his thoughts. He went out again and went to Saint Samuel Cathedral to pray and donate before heading to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation where he stayed till noon.

In the afternoon, he saw a few businessmen and professional lawyers and accountants who were seeking investments, behaving like a normal tycoon.

After filling his stomach, he returned to the half-opened room with the balcony. Just as he was considering whether to visit Dr. Aaron Ceres’s house directly tomorrow, or invite their family to have a nice dinner at the Srenzo Restaurant which served excellent ice-cream, his spiritual perception was triggered.

He turned his head and, without any surprise, saw Miss Messenger walk out of the void with four blonde, red-eyed heads.

One of the heads bit on a letter.

"Who sent it?" Klein habitually and expectantly asked.

As he had yet to receive the letter, Reinette Tinekerr could only answer with three heads.

"King…” "Of…” "Idiots…”

Patrick Bryan? This nickname has even evolved? Klein reached out and took the letter. When he opened it, he realized that it was indeed from the Artificial Death faction’s demigod.

He wrote on the letter:

“…I’ve already prepared the special ritual that will help my teacher, Haiter, recover further. Your Excellency, I will hold it tomorrow at midnight given your permission…”

The ritual that points towards the angel, Haiter? There’s no way to avoid the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction’s testing of Patrick… This can be interfered with using Paper Angel… Just in time… With a flick of his wrist, Klein burned the letter.

Following that, he took out a piece of paper and wrote down an answer:

"Yes, you may. You must be careful."

In the quiet night, near midnight, in a uninhabited clothes factory in St. George Borough.

There was an open area that had been cleared. Nearly ten black-robed figures were standing there.

In the middle of them was a deep black coffin that looked rather heavy. Around the coffin were many golden ornaments with mud stains. There were many candles flickering with pale-white flames, as well as one skull after another.

The hideous white skulls belonged to humans, others from animals. Some were extremely strange and had a deformed look to it. It was hard to imagine their original appearance.

The skulls were piled the highest up at the front, with Patrick Bryan standing there.

He had also changed into a black robe, but he didn’t pull up his hood, revealing a deep outline. He had black hair, brown eyes, and a rather long face.

This demigod hadn’t done anything, but his surroundings had turned extremely cold, as though countless invisible creatures were celebrating

As Patrick Bryan raised his right hand, the hooded believers jumped up and twitched a little. It was a crazy and rhythmic dance.

This was a Spirit Dance, a ritual that Death loved. The stronger the spirituality of the dancers, the better the effects.

As the dance became more intense, a cold and formless wind blew out from the coffin. Patrick Bryan lowered his head and recited in a language that seemed to come from the Underworld:

"The King from the depths of Hell;

"An Angel playing the music of death;

"The Ruler above River Styx."

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CHAPTER 1081
THE RETURNEE

With Patrick Bryan’s chanting, the bones around the black casket were gradually stained with a dark green layer. They blended with the white, bringing out an extremely scary sensation.

As the Spirit Dance became more and more intense, as though the voices from the Underworld were constantly reverberating, the bones floated up one by one, as though they possessed lives of their own.

Then, they were cast towards the heavy and pitch-black casket in what could be described as orderly chaos. They passed through the lid and entered as though they were incorporeal.

The casket immediately transformed into a deep whirlpool that seemed like it couldn’t be filled. It expanded on the spot, emitting a cold aura that was high and mighty. This made Patrick Bryan instinctively tremble and lower his head.

This was an angel, the aura of a Death Consul!

At that moment, the believers of Death, the ones who were dancing Spirit Dance, all collapsed to the ground with their bodies left convulsing. Their consciousness became muddled, as though they were touring the Underworld.

And above the gray fog, with the help of his marionettes’ prayer points of light, The Fool Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief because the leader of the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction, the angel who was sleeping in the mausoleum, the High Priest Haiter’s test didn’t exceed his

expectations. Using the enslavement and control higher Sequence Beyonders of the Death pathway had on lower Sequence Beyonders, "He" could directly obtain information from Patrick Bryan.

From a certain point of view, this was an "interrogation" at the psyche level, something that Klein was rather proficient at dealing with.

Nas

He immediately let the Red Priest card fly into his hand and enter his body.

All of a sudden, Klein had a dark red robe draped over him. This appearance seemed to look like rust and settled gunpowder. As for his face, it was covered by a dark gold mask. The patterns on it were ancient and set off a contrasting appearance with the crown he wore that was embedded with gems that sparkled red, blue, and green.

Following that, he mobilized all the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog that he could, turning them into invisible torrents that surrounded the paper figurines he had prepared in advance. Through the prayer lights, it shot towards Undying Patrick Bryan.

At this moment, Patrick’s body trembled slightly due to the feeling of submission he felt towards his teacher’s aura, as though he could see layers of holy wings.

Klein had hidden the exact appearance of the flaming angel, allowing a portion of it to be revealed. This also meant that he had interfered with the special effects.

One holy wing after another enveloped Patrick before vanishing, causing him to hallucinate in confusion.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, he quickly came to his senses. He realized that he no longer yearned to submit and not be able to disobey his teacher’s

orders. His consciousness seemed to have been pulled out of his body as he stared calmly at everything above the mind world.

At the same time, as a zealot, Patrick Bryan didn’t hesitate to view Angel’s Embrace as a gift from Death. There was no doubt about it.

At that moment, in the deep vortex formed from the black casket, an old and cold voice sounded out-one that could rip out a person’s soul from their bodies:

"Not bad.

"Any progress in awakening God recently?"

Patrick Bryan followed the instructions given by the Blessed, and he described his efforts and intentions in a half-truthful manner.

After a series of questions and answers, the Death domain angel on the other side of the vortex, Haiter, didn’t suspect anything. "He" calmly said, "Very good. Continue doing it. I will support you."

"He" paused for a moment and nonchalantly said, "I’ll send you an assistant first. A Sequence 5 Gatekeeper to help you in completing the corresponding tasks to relieve your stress."

Is this what His Excellency mentioned about not being at ease with me? Teacher is indeed unwilling to see me gain the favor of God and threaten "His" position… Having been slowly influenced by Klein through his daily communications with him, Patrick Bryan, who had slowly changed his mindset, had no way of rejecting such "kind intentions." He could only answer politely, "Yes, Teacher."

Just as he said that, the pitch-black vortex suddenly opened up. It transformed into a mysterious pattern, conjuring up a pair of indescribable double bronze doors.

With a creaking sound, the door opened and a crack widened.

There was still darkness behind the rift, and there seemed to be eyes hidden in the depths of the darkness, quietly watching the outside.

At that moment, a palm stretched out and rested on the door crack.

Its skin was rather pale, allowing one to see the blue blood veins underneath.

With a tug, a figure leaped out of the door.

This was a young, tall man wearing a black robe with red linings with his hood pulled up.

His facial features were gentle, and his skin was slightly brown. It was obvious at a glance that he was from a Southern Continent bloodline. He was rather handsome, but he looked anemic.

Stepping on the solid ground beneath his feet, the young man didn’t even glance at Patrick Bryan. He raised his head and looked into the sky. The corners of his mouth curled up as he narrowed his eyes and sighed.

"This intoxicating atmosphere…”

As a Beyonder of the Death pathway, to be ignored by someone whose Sequence was lower than his, there was no doubt that Patrick Bryan was a little angry, but in front of his teacher, he had no choice but to follow the flow and end the ritual.

During this process, The Fool’s response above the gray fog was even more intense than Patrick’s.

Because through the gray fog’s "true vision," he could see the abnormality of the new Gatekeeper!

The Gatekeeper’s internal Underworld expanded in an odd manner, covering every part of his body. And there was only one soul in the Underworld-a young and handsome soul with red hair, signs of rotting on its face, and a flag mark on its glabella. It wore black blood-stained armor.

Klein wasn’t unfamiliar with this soul, for he immediately recognized it:

The Red Angel evil spirit, Sauron Einhorn Medici!

This fellow has returned to Backlund again, and had a certain working relationship with the angel of the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction… Klein instinctively took out the Red Priest card and accommodated the Tyrant card before summoning the Sea God Scepter. He planned on giving the Red Angel evil spirit a zap of Lightning Storm, but as his thoughts raced, he restrained this impulse and gave up on the corresponding thoughts.

This would expose Patrick Bryan’s problem and let the angel from the Death domain guess that something had happened to Artificial Death!

This wasn’t beneficial to the Evernight Goddess’s control and digestion of the Death pathway’s Uniqueness.

Amidst his thoughts, he quickly left the world above the gray fog and returned to the real world. He made his marionette secretly leave the clothing factory and "Teleport" away with his body.

He had originally planned on creating a shocking experience for Patrick Bryan after the ritual. He had even made some preparations beforehand. Now, he could only give up to prevent the Red Angel evil spirit from discovering him.

Inside the clothing factory, the young Gatekeeper, who had been possessed by Sauron Einhorn Medici, pulled his hood even lower before turning his head slightly and looking in a particular direction outside.

That was the spot where Klein’s marionette, Qonas Kilgor, had been hiding, nearly a kilometer away from the factory.

After staring at it for a few seconds, the young Gatekeeper revealed an obvious smile.

Just as Patrick Bryan was about to say something, planning to use his identity of the person-in-charge of the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction to haze the envoy of his teacher, his spiritual perception was triggered. He turned around in a bizarre manner, casting his gaze on another building in the factory.

On the second floor of the building, behind a glass window in a room, there was a pair of emotionless black eyes staring at them.

Patrick Bryan’s eyelids twitched, and his body suddenly vanished.

Woo!

A cold wind blew, causing the glass window to rot silently. Without any movement, it crumbled into countless "snowflakes."

In the corresponding room, a skinny Patrick in a black robe and a thin face emerged. He saw that the master of that pair of cold, black eyes was a rough mud doll.

Who made the doll… Who moved it here? Patrick Bryan looked around cautiously, not missing any corners.

Just as he turned his gaze towards the corridor and faced the glass window with his body slanted, the crude, black eyes of the mud doll suddenly turned. Then, it raised its hands and grabbed Patrick’s neck.

Halfway through the action, the mud doll seemed to lose its support and lost all mobility. Many cracks appeared on its surface as it instantly shattered into pieces.

Patrick Bryan’s figure disappeared first before he appeared in the corridor, staring at the collapsed doll as if he was facing a most powerful enemy.

At that moment, he had really jumped in fright. Although there were all sorts of bizarre and harrowing matters related to spirits, it was still quite scary for a puppet to suddenly come alive without the influence of an external Spirit Body.

The mud doll lay there quietly in fragments without so much as a stir. Patrick Bryan waited patiently for a while before finally confirming that there were no more abnormalities.

He shuttled through the spirit world once again and returned to the place where the ritual had been held.

At that moment, the heavy, pitch-black casket had completely decayed. It was as if it had been buried in the ground for centuries, if not millennia. And the surrounding Underworld believers were slowly recovering from their semi-conscious state.

Patrick Bryan looked around but could not find the young Gatekeeper sent by his teacher. He didn’t know when he had left.

Isn’t he here to spy on me? The demigod of the Death pathway was at a loss.

Taking into consideration the abnormal discovery he had made—the living mud dollPatrick Bryan didn’t delay any further. He quickly snapped his followers awake and cleaned up the scene and removed all traces.

After he was done, he suddenly heard a voice:

"Is this clothing factory yours?"

Patrick Bryan’s figure instantly disappeared and appeared again, now facing the person who spoke. That was the young Gatekeeper who had gone

somewhere.

"No." Patrick frowned slightly.

How could he do such a thing in his own factory? If he was exposed, wouldn’t there be no way out?

"Not too stupid…” The young Gatekeeper nodded gently.

Patrick narrowed his eyes and suppressed his anger.

"Where did you go?"

The young Gatekeeper chuckled and said, "I visited some familiar spots and met a friend."

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CHAPTER 1082
SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS

After "Teleporting" back, Klein didn’t delay at all. He immediately set up an altar and held a ritual to pray to Death.

"You are the essence of death;

"You are the lord of the dead;

"You are the final home to all living beings.

"I pray for your help. I pray that you will know how to resolve the problem of the Red Angel evil spirit. ‘He’ has possessed the body of a Gatekeeper and is cooperating with the Numinous Episcopate’s High Priest, Haiter. He has come to Backlund and been made an assistant to Patrick Bryan…”

With regard to this matter, there was really no choice but to seek help from the Evernight Goddess.

Ignoring the possibility of seeking out the ascetic leader, Arianna, in a cooperation effort, or whether he had the ability to get finish off Sauron Einhorn Medici, even if he could, once the Red Angel evil spirit disappeared, the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction’s High Priest would immediately understand that something major had happened here. "He" could then connect it to other abnormalities and determined that there was something wrong with Artificial Death’s condition. Then, using "His" own level and status, possible Sealed Artifacts, and "His" familiarity with the pathway, "He" might be able to create mutually harmful acts of destruction.

And if he ignored the Red Angel, this evil spirit who was a Conspirer wouldn’t take long to detect something abnormal with Patrick Bryan. With "His" knowledge and intelligence, it wasn’t difficult to guess the nature of the problem.

No matter how I deal with it, it’ll be a problem. As expected of an angel in the War domain. Even if "He" is a three-in-one Spirit Body, "He" can still create unresolvable problems for others. This must’ve actually been an idea that "He" gave Haiter…

Actually, I do have an extreme idea; that is to let the Red Angel evil spirit be killed by other Churches, official organizations, or secret organizations for another whole different matter. In short, anything related to the Goddess cannot come center stage. Things must be made very clear…

The difficulty with this approach is how to let an extremely experienced, high-ranking member of the conspiring domain fall into a trap… If I don’t handle it well, it might backfire on me… After the prayer ended, Klein casually let his thoughts wander as he waited patiently for the Evernight Goddess to give him a response.

After more than ten seconds, the herbal dregs that pleased the deity were swept up by an invisible wind. They flew out and landed on the table, forming words:

"His’ coming spells the raising of arms."

What does that mean? Looking at the sentence that gave him a sense of déjà vu, he frowned slightly.

As a Seer, he habitually interpreted it:

Due to the king’s problem, Loen has fallen into the shadows of war. Hence, the Red Angel that symbolizes war came.

This means that it might no longer be possible to stop the war.

Upon reaching Sequence 1, one would become a symbol of certain phenomena.

As these thoughts flashed through Klein’s mind, the invisible wind came to a stop. The altar which was completely isolated by the wall of spirituality turned extremely silent.

There are no other revelations? After waiting for a while, Klein confirmed that this was all, so he ended the ritual and cleared the altar.

He then walked to the sofa in the room and sat down to see if anything else would happen.

After a full fifteen minutes, he didn’t usher in the arrival of the matron of the Evernight cloister, the leader of the thirteen archbishops, angel of Concealment, Arianna.

I don’t have to deal with the Red Angel evil spirit, and I should just leave "Him" be? Or, there’s another solution, but my involvement isn’t needed? In essence, he wasn’t a devout believer of Evernight. Since the Goddess said that he didn’t need to bother about it, he naturally couldn’t be bothered to do so. After all, this matter was not only extremely troublesome for him, but it was also extremely dangerous.

Shaking his head, Klein took out a pen and paper from his pocket and began a dream divination.

What had happened tonight made him feel that he couldn’t waste any time. He had to digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion as soon as possible.

Above the Fog Sea, inside a steam-powered merchant ship that was extremely close to a pirate ship.

One by one, the men and older women were tied up and pushed to the edge of the deck. Then, the pirates either used their hands or legs to throw them into the sea.

The splashing sounds didn’t affect the pirates at all, guffawing over this bloodless massacre.

After clearing the captives, they carried their guns and lanterns to the shipboard, preparing to enjoy the pitiful bugs’ struggling.

However, under the light, the dark blue sea beside the boat quietly undulated. No one was there.

"They sank so quickly," a pirate blurted out in surprise.

The leader of this pirate crew frowned. After looking at it for a while, he said, "Perhaps some sea monsters passed by and treated those who dared resist us as food bestowed by the gods.

"Perfect timing. If we feed it, it won’t attack us…”

Upon saying this, the leader waved his hand.

"Everyone, enjoy yourselves!"

As a fairly experienced pirate, he knew that there were many strange things at sea. It was best not to seek out the reason and try to figure out the truth. Since it didn’t harm him or his crew, he would thank the Lord of Storms for his blessings, doing so as though nothing had happened.

After making sure that there were people on duty, the pirates began gulping down copious amounts of alcohol, ate huge chunks of meat, and sang loudly, and fought for the rights to the young female captives.

In the noisy and lively atmosphere, the pirate leader led a beautiful passenger that he had long taken a liking to into the captain’s room. He eagerly began the final process for that night of revelry.

In the middle of the night, the tired pirate leader stretched out his right hand and touched something cold.

He jolted awake. Through the crimson moonlight shining through the window, he saw a piece of coarse wood in his arms.

A series of branches with green leaves grew out from the wooden block, hugging him like a human’s limbs.

Pa!

The pirate leader’s pupils rapidly dilated. As he pushed away the wood, jumped off the bed, and stumbled back.

Was I with such a thing previously? His mind was filled with terror. He couldn’t care less about his clothes, picking up a flintlock and cutlass before leaving the room immediately.

Outside, there was a pirate on duty.

"How can I be happy to steal your ear…” When the pirate saw his leader open the door, he quickly asked.

The pirate leader had originally wanted to chide the other party for secretly drinking, resulting in his incoherence. However, when he looked up, he saw that his subordinate’s mouth and his surroundings were filled with golden grains. Even the surface of his tongue was covered in dense clusters.

The pirate leader’s scalp tightened as he felt a numbing chill run down his spine.

At this moment, the door across the corridor opened as well. A pirate shouted with a sobbing tone, "Oh no! Boss, I-I have a lot of mushrooms growing there!"

As he spoke, the pirate ran out.

At the same time, he felt his eyes itch. He raised his hand and rubbed his right eye.

As he rubbed his eyes, a green vine slowly grew out from the gaps between his eye socket and his eyeball. There was a dark red grape at the end of it.

The flesh around the grape was a blur.

The pirate leader’s body froze when he saw this. He asked in a voice that didn’t belong to him, "What… did you guys encounter…”

While rubbing his eye, the pirates who didn’t notice the problem said without any recollection, "A pole-like shadow struck me!"

"W… Ye You…” The pirate whose tongue was covered in golden wheat echoed.

He was blocked by his leader and didn’t see his fellow crew member’s terrifying appearance.

The pirate leader’s legs began to shake uncontrollably. He instinctively turned around and ran out of the cabin.

At this moment, he saw a long wall that looked like a shadow from a pole rapidly sweep towards him before lashing out at him.

The shadow flashed and soon disappeared. It was as though it was a surreal nightmare.

The pirate leader was just a beat slower before he subconsciously raised his hand to block. This was obviously not effective.

Then, he looked at himself in panic and didn’t find anything unusual.

"Thankfully, thankfully…” The pirate leader couldn’t help but let out a sigh.

Before he could finish, he suddenly heard a slightly muffled voice:

"Thankfully, thankfully…”

This voice seemed to come from his body!

The pirate leader’s pupils dilated to the extreme as he involuntarily lifted up his clothes.

He then saw three cracks appear between his chest-one big, two small.

Two rows of white teeth were neatly arranged in the large crack, and in the middle of the small crack were two lively and nimble eyeballs embedded in them.

It was a mouth and two eyes!

The pirate leader had a mouth and two eyes on his chest!

"No!

A scream rang out from the boat, filled with indescribable terror.

In the next fifteen minutes, some of the pirates went mad and killed their companions. Some successfully escaped back to their own ship, only to discover that the people on it had also turned mutated. Hence, they jumped into the sea in despair.

By the time everything calmed down, there were only about ten normal pirates slumped on the deck and hiding in their rooms. There was a stench around them.

After a while, passengers came out of the cabin one after another.

They looked at the scene in front of them in disbelief. They either thanked the gods or stood there in a daze.

It was early in the morning. Klein got out of bed and began to wash up.

Just as he was changing his clothes with the help of his valet, Enuni, he saw Butler Walter, who had just returned from a leave of absence, walk to the door and say, "Sir, Bishop Elektra is here to pay a visit."

“…Let him wait for me in the activity room where he can enjoy a cigar." Klein hesitated for a moment before saying.

He suspected that this was a late response from the Goddess.

Walter immediately turned around and went downstairs to make the arrangements. Before long, he returned and said, "Sir, Bishop Elektra has already bade farewell and left. He wanted me to tell you that you must go to Saint Samuel Cathedral in the morning. He said that the Church and the government are going to hold an air-raid drill together."

"Air-raid drill?" Klein frowned.

At that moment, his spiritual perception was triggered. He turned around and looked out the window.

In the air, there were rows of dark brown-colored airships approaching.

These airships had slanted patterns of red, white, and yellow emblems. This was the flag of Feysac!

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly understood what he had overlooked.

War might not be initiated by the Loen Kingdom!

An ancient and hidden organization definitely had very high-ranking members in other countries. Otherwise, it wouldn’t have been able to affect the world’s situation!

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CHAPTER 1083
BACKLUND IN CHAOS

Although the Sonia Sea wasn't like the Fog Sea, with it often being filled with fog, the northern regions would occasionally fill up with a rather thick fog every autumn and winter morning.

Alger Wilson's Blue Avenger was sailing in such an environment, following the borders of the Sonia Island back to the Loen coast.

He had already spent too long in the North Sonia Sea, so he needed to return for a routine report.

Within the pale white fog, the ghost ship quietly proceeded forward, occasionally appearing like a dream that didn't leave any traces.

Alger was wrapped by the wind as he stood in midair in front of the window, admiring the white world outside. He allowed his thoughts to wander in different directions.

Suddenly, his eyes focused as some silvery-white light flashed in his pupils. He saw a large sail through the fog in the distance, and a massive ship silently cruised past.

This ship wasn't alone. Behind it were several similar ships. One, two, three… they formed a fleet that spanned a great distance.

Feysac's Sonia Sea Fleet… They've all been mobilized… Where are they heading to? Alger's feet landed on the deck.

His gaze immediately turned to the other side, where Sonia Island was located.

After the various exchanges at the Tarot Club, Alger was already certain that the world situation was tense, with war about to break out at any moment. At that moment, he made some connections and made a guess.

To the Feysac Empire and the Loen Kingdom, Sonia Island was extremely important. If it were occupied by the Loen Kingdom, Feysac's eastern naval fleet would be completely blocked off in the cold north, unable to vie for any of the various colonies in the Sonia Sea or head to East Balam. Meanwhile, after waging war, if they wanted to threaten the Loen Kingdom's hinterlands, they would have to cross the Amantha mountain range or cross the Midseashire, passing through the defenses of several counties. That would be extremely difficult.

And if Sonia Island was conquered by the Feysac Empire, then they could use that as a base to attack all the ports in the north and central regions of Loen, including but not limited to Enmat Harbor or Pritz Harbor. If the Feysac commander was more daring and unfazed by the losses, he could even be able to directly target the capital of the Loen Kingdom, Backlund, which was not far from the port.

It was precisely because of this that the two countries had waged the Twenty Year War. The Feysac Empire clinched victory, and they had obtained the crucial southern path.

In the Battle of the Violated Oath, Loen had won the war but had failed to regain this territory. Its strategic goals for the war were only half-achieved.

Alger stared at this scene for a moment before speaking in a serious tone, "Is war about to erupt…?"

In Backlund, a large number of airships from Feysac had entered from North Borough and arrived above the huge city.

As soon as they drew near, the Holy Wind Cathedral seemed to have made certain precautions. The howling of the wind intensified, turning into several giant bluish-black blades that whistled towards the target like surface-to-air missiles.

Seeing that the huge blades were about to hit the airbags of the airship, an invisible layer of defense appeared and shielded it from all the attacks.

Under the violent strike, the transparent "wall" shook, but ultimately managed to hold on.

At the same time, the compartment for guns, projectile launchers, and cannons of the airship opened up and aimed downwards.

Boom!

As a hurricane around the Holy Wind Cathedral took form, a loud explosive boom emanated in every direction.

In such a terrifying storm, the airships were like boats sailing through the sea where they met mountain-like waves and were about to be tossed into the distance.

At that moment, the blood and rust-like beams of light flashed on the leading airship. They enveloped all the other accompanying airships and connected them together.

Suddenly, Feysac’s airship fleet had stabilized in the hurricane and was no longer a puny boat in the gigantic waves. The power of the high-level Red Priest pathway belonged to war, and war was the art of gathering the masses!

This was the authority of a War Bishop!

After the Feysacians blocked this wave of attacks, they took advantage of the gap in between the wave of attacks to deliver their bombs through the

hatches and allow them to drop beneath them.

And in the hurricane, the trajectories of the bombs became unpredictable.

Boom! Boom!

The cannon hatches also lit up and showed off their prowess that would honor the God of War.

This airship fleet didn’t attempt to travel through Backlund. After entering North Borough, it immediately turned to West Borough, the center of politics for the Loen Kingdom.

North Borough, Backlund University of Technology.

The withered Intis parasol tree leaves swayed in the wind. Students were either carrying books or bags as they walked around the campus.

As a member of an institute of higher education, as the first batch of students of this reorganized university, these young adults were full of vigor. They looked forward to their future and would gather together every day to discuss their ideals, recite poems, and research technology. They were pure and happy.

Melissa Moretti walked amidst them as she raised her head to look at the wall clock at the top of the main teaching building and involuntarily hastened her pace.

She had to go to Chancellor Moment’s office today to prepare for the upcoming mechanical laboratory that was to be officially launched.

This was something that she enjoyed greatly, something which made her feel happy every day. She felt that life on campus was so wonderful and that her classmates were so adorable.

Subconsciously, Melissa looked at the steam locomotive in the middle of the square. Its massive, complicated body was displaying its infinite charm in the machinery industry.

Quite a number of students liked to gather there, knocking, hitting, and analyzing its structure. As for the school, it didn’t encourage or forbid it.

The corners of Melissa’s lips curled into a smile as she moved to look away.

Suddenly, a metallic gray object descended from the sky and landed in the middle of the square.

Boom!

The ground shook violently as all the windows of the main teaching building shattered. If not for the distance, Melissa might’ve been thrown up by the blast of air.

Countless screams rang out, and like the other students, Melissa fled in panic, not knowing what had happened.

She was only 16 years old after all—she had never experienced such a scene before.

The billowing dust and smoke gradually fell. After hiding behind a tree, Melissa subconsciously looked at the spot where the explosion had just occurred.

Her expression instantly froze, and her eyes glazed over.

The steam locomotive’s head was already in pieces, its components and fragments were scattered everywhere.

The students around it, and those passing by, had already collapsed to the ground, their bodies no longer intact. They were no longer breathing. Some

of them were covered in blood, others charred. There were some moaning in pain.

This scene was like an oil painting that wasn’t realistic enough. Melissa stared at it in a daze, momentarily at a loss for a reaction.

Carter—she knew that male student who had a great spirit for research. Every time everyone was in discussion, he would confidently say that he was going to be a ship engineer. Now, he only had half his lower body left, and his intestines were all over the ground.

Eudora—she was a student from the same faculty as her. Despite studying machinery, she loved poetry very much and was rather talented in this aspect. She was loved by the people around her. Sometimes, Melissa would also attend their gatherings and quietly listen to Eudora’s recital. She felt that this girl was really attractive, but now, her leg was badly mutilated, and she was moaning half-consciously in pain.

In just a few seconds, these people’s future had been cruelly changed.

It was only when many teachers rushed out of the teaching block and started to rescue the injured and evacuate the students that Melissa woke up from her trance and hurriedly moved closer to the teachers.

"Listen to me! All of you are to split up into two groups. One batch will head to the laboratories, and the other to Tiffany Cathedral. They all have an underground area that you can hide in." One of the teachers wore a look of terror, but he still held his breath and made arrangements with his clear voice as though he had been specially trained.

He looked around and saw that the students didn’t dare to leave the teachers. He hurriedly said, "Don’t worry. The enemy’s airship has already turned and gone to West Borough. There’s no danger here."

His words were accompanied by a rumbling explosion that came from the southwest.

West Borough… The kingdom’s parliament, various departments, and municipal halls are there… Upon hearing the teacher’s words, Melissa immediately thought of many things.

As the light in her eyes flickered, she suddenly pursed her lips tightly and ran towards the school gate, ignoring her teacher calling from behind.

As she moved along a sheltered area, Melissa quickly arrived on the streets. She panted heavily and looked around, trying to get her bearings.

At that moment, she saw the subway entrance nearby. Although she was flustered, she still remembered what the teacher had just said.

“…underground area that you can hide in!"

Isn’t the subway underground? The bombing has just started, and the subway probably hadn’t stopped moving… As her thoughts raced, Melissa rushed towards the entrance that showed signs of bombardment.

Upon going underground, she realized that the people here weren’t as many as she had expected. Most ordinary people who had never been trained wouldn’t think of hiding in here immediately.

The subway had indeed not stopped moving, but no one was checking the tickets. After a short wait, Melissa ran over, her lips tightly pursed and her face filled with anxiety.

After three stops, the subway stopped at King’s Avenue. Melissa squeezed through the crowd and rushed out of the carriage.

She had already recovered her stamina. She ran along the stairs, her speed increasing ever so slightly before she quickly reached the surface.

At this moment, whatever she could see was in a state of chaos. Many buildings had collapsed as they were burning in scarlet flames. Broken

limbs, blood, and the dead were everywhere. She could hear cries, screams, and orders.

Upon seeing this scene, Melissa became even more anxious as she tried to run towards the four-story building where the kingdom’s Ministry of Finance was located.

However, the area had already been sealed. She could see that many window panes had shattered. The walls were riddled with bullet holes, and there were still traces of an explosion.

Melissa tried to enter the perimeter but was stopped by the soldiers who were maintaining order. This only served to increase her anxiety as her eyes reddened.

At this moment, she saw a familiar figure. It was the black-haired, brown-eyed Benson who wasn’t wearing a hat.

Upon seeing Melissa, Benson immediately rushed over. He looked anxious and angry as he shouted, "Why are you here? Why aren’t you hiding underground! I’m very safe here!

"Quick, follow me there!"

Didn’t you not go underground either… Melissa, who had never been shouted at by her brother, wanted to instinctively retort, but her vision was already blurry.

"Phew…” After he shouted, he let out a breath and softened his tone. "It’s good that you’re okay. Quick, don’t wander around on the streets."

Upon hearing his words, the panic and concern in Melissa’s heart calmed down. At this moment, she felt that even if she were to die, it wouldn’t be that scary anymore. At least, she wouldn’t be the only one left at home.

At this moment, a bomb was blown over by a hurricane and was landing towards the area.

But suddenly, the bomb changed directions abruptly and flew off horizontally.

Boom!

It exploded in midair, only stirring up a blast of air.

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CHAPTER 1084
THE PEOPLE IN WAR

Boom! Boom!

In the building at Cherwood Borough’s 17 Minsk Street, the female owner of the building, Stelyn Sammer, and her maidservants heard a loud explosion from afar. She fearfully hid in a corner of the room, feeling as though the ground beneath her feet was trembling.

Only after the constant, terrifying commotion started to fade away did she straighten her body and look left and right with an unusually strained mind.

"What exactly happened?"

The two maidservants simultaneously shook their heads. They were both at a loss and also afraid.

As soon as she left the comer of the room, she instinctively wanted to walk out of the room and talk to her neighbors to figure out what had just happened. However, she was worried that another attack would happen again, so she had no choice but to pace around in the living room.

After a few minutes, she suddenly heard the sound of the door opening. She quickly turned her head and realized that her husband, Luke Sammer, had returned with his valet.

"Aren’t you working?" Stelyn asked subconsciously.

The stout Luke replied solemnly, "I happened to pass by the vicinity and came back immediately.

"Quick, put on your coat. Let’s go to the cathedral now!"

"What happened? What happened?" Stelyn asked again.

Luke took two steps forward and said, "Feysac’s airships are bombarding Backlund!"

"How… How could this be?" Stelyn’s eyes widened in disbelief.

"Now is not the time to discuss this. Whatever it is, it has already happened. We have to go to the cathedral immediately!" Luke gave his wife a hug. "Don’t worry too much. I think those airships aren’t heading over."

"Alright, alright!" Stelyn replied in a panic.

As she wore the coat the maidservant had brought over, she instinctively said with concern, "What about the children?"

"They’re at the Church’s school, so there will be people who will arrange for them to take shelter. We don’t have the time to reach them," Luke said calmly.

"Alright." Stelyn made a prayer gesture, hoping that the deity she believed in would provide them with protection.

The two of them, along with their male and female servants, quickly exited their house and walked towards the other end of the street.

As she passed by Unit 58, Stelyn took a glance and whispered, "Previously, I had laughed at Lawyer Jurgen, saying that he gave up a lot of opportunities in Backlund from moving to the south just because of Mrs. Doris’s ailments. Now, I’m starting to envy him…”

Luke shot her a look and said, "Don’t worry too much. It’ll be fine."

While walking quickly, Stelyn couldn’t help but ask, "Luke, are we fleeing Backlund?"

"No, there’s no need!" Luke Sammer answered firmly. "This was just an accident."

Seeing that his wife was clearly confused, he added, "Backlund is the capital of the kingdom, so it has to be the most well-defended area. This time, it was just an oversight that no one expected. The next time, the Feysacians won’t have another chance!

"The kingdom has the strongest military in the Northern and Southern continents. The Feysacians will definitely be taught a lesson. There’s no way they can invade Backlund again. After this, Backlund will definitely be the safest place to be!"

"I see…” Stelyn felt that her husband’s words made sense, and she was willing to believe him.

After the explanation, Luke fell silent for a few seconds.

"However, we still have to make some preparations. Once the Church announces that we can move freely, we’ll immediately fetch the children back and buy more food. We’ll buy as much as we can!"

Inside a public school in the Backlund Bridge area.

Due to the distance, Daisy and her classmates didn’t realize what had happened in the North and West Boroughs, nor did they sense the chaos that had spread from Hillston Borough to Cherwood Borough.

However, teachers still came to their classrooms and arranged for them to line up to head to the nearest cathedral.

This made Daisy recall the Great Smog of Backlund last year. Back then, they had also been asked to hide in the cathedral beside the school.

D-did something similar happen again… The trauma in Daisy’s heart made her tremble slightly as she felt intense sadness and anger.

When she passed by the door, she couldn’t help but turn her head to look at the teacher in charge and ask, "Is it another disaster?"

"Maybe…” The teacher didn’t know the details and had only followed the orders sent by a telegram.

"Is there a disaster like this every year, or maybe even more than one?" Daisy asked with a slightly ethereal voice with a tinge of innocence.

The teacher looked at her with pity and shook his head.

"All difficulties will pass. God will protect everyone."

Daisy didn’t waste his time and followed the crowd to the nearest cathedral in a somewhat blank manner.

North Borough, 22 Phelps Street.

After hearing the explosion inside the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, the first thing Audrey did was to conceal her dragon scales before rushing to the window.

Seeing the airships with the Feysac flag appearing in the air and the bombs being carried away by a hurricane and being thrown into the distance, either landing on the ground and exploding or disappearing as though they had entered the spirit world, a thought flashed across her mind—the words that The World Mr. Gehrman Sparrow had said, as well as the mission of the Psychology Alchemists. She came to a realization:

War had truly erupted!

She immediately turned her head and said to the huge golden retriever, Susie; her personal lady’s maid, Annie; and the others, "Quick, hide in Saint

Samuel Cathedral!"

Although Audrey didn’t know how to deal with an air raid, the education she received from a young age told her to go to a cathedral as soon as possible if she ever encountered danger.

In fact, she instinctively wanted to rush back to Empress Borough to protect her mother. However, considering that Annie, the other servants, and staff were ordinary people who lacked experience and the ability to deal with su^ crisis, she had no choice but to take care of them and accompany them to Saint Samuel Cathedral.

In order to resolve any dangers that she might encounter along the way, she planned to put on Hand of Horror and Lie. On the one hand, she could "Distort" the trajectory of bullets, while on the other hand, she could control flames and trigger the bombs in advance.

In the face of long-range attacks, the Beyonder powers of the Spectator pathway were indeed not effective.

While secretly protecting her servants and the foundation’s staff, she successfully entered Saint Samuel Cathedral and saw a few bishops and priests approaching her.

"Miss Audrey, you don’t have to worry about the Earl and his wife, as well as Lord Hibbert. They have people to protect them. An air raid like this won’t harm them. Besides, you also know how grand your family basement is and how strong it is." One of the bishops quickly brought her to the side to console her.

After taking off her fishnet gloves, she nodded and acknowledged the words of the bishop. She was no longer in a hurry to return home and instead asked, "What’s the current situation like?"

The Feysacians have lost two airships and have moved towards West Borough. Don’t worry, all the defenses have been mustered. They won’t

cause any further damage." After a simple exchange of words, the bishop led Audrey’s group towards the underground area of the cathedral. And further below was where the Nighthawks were active.

160 Boklund Street. Butler Walter and a group of servants hid in an underground area which was used as a wine cellar.

This was done under Dwayne Dantes’s orders, and this gentleman had headed out to find Bishop Elektra with his valet.

After an unknown period of time, Walter and company heard a knock on the door. Through the peephole, they confirmed that their employer had returned.

"There aren’t any more raids now, but it’s best you hide at Saint Samuel Cathedral for a while," Klein said as he surveyed the area.

"Yes, sir," Walter replied on behalf of the servants before asking, "And after that?"

As a qualified butler, he often read the papers and understood that the situation was tense. It wasn’t difficult to guess that a war would break out after the explosions.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Once the Church has verified the situation, we’ll head to Maygur Manor. You can bring your family along.

"No matter what, the capital of the kingdom is definitely a relatively safe place. And the manor at the periphery of the capital definitely wouldn’t be a target of air raids, as it’s of no value. Yes, there’s enough food in Maygur Manor, and there’s a large supply of wine. Even if the war were to be extended for a long time, we won’t have to worry about starving to death."

Upon hearing the employer’s words, the servants who had already formed a family immediately revealed looks of delight, wiping away their pale looks

of fear. Walter expressed his gratitude directly.

He said with some deliberation, "You can buy more food. Under such circumstances, no one will find it excessive.

"Also, there might not be any more attacks near Backlund, but I can’t say the same for security. The manor outside the city must be on guard."

Klein nodded.

"I’ve also considered this. I’ll discuss this with Member of Parliament Macht and military personnel about purchasing a batch of ‘decommissioned’ weapons and bullets. You must practice more.

"Anyway, during this period of time, Enuni and I will return to Backlund to handle certain matters according to the situation. If there’s anything I haven’t considered, I’ll make up for it later."

As for the food, he didn’t forbid Butler Walter from buying it. This way, if a famine really happened, he would have the ability to save them.

After discussing the follow-up procedures, everyone in the residence of Dwayne Dantes packed up their luggage and brought their valuables. They followed their employer into Saint Samuel Cathedral and arrived underground.

With a single glance, he saw Audrey walking amidst the people, Placating their moods. He smiled and nodded at her.

Upon seeing Dwayne Dantes, Audrey smiled back and confirmed that nothing major had happened from his attitude.

Fors and Xio had moved again, but they were still at the borders of East Borough, and they were even closer to the Backlund Bridge area.

After waking up naturally, Fors rubbed her hair and walked out of the bedroom to prepare lunch.

As she looked around, she saw Xio, who had gone out early, sitting on a chair and flipping through the newspapers. "What’s wrong?" Fors asked blankly.

Xio frowned and said, "The Feysacians air raids bombed North and West Borough…”

"What?" Fors first blurted out before recalling the matters that had been discussed at the Tarot Club.

At that moment, a paperboy’s voice came from outside.

"Extra! Extra! The kingdom declares war on Feysac!"

"Extra! Extra! The kingdom declares war on Feysac!"

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CHAPTER 1085 SCRUTINIZING THE SITUATION

"Extra! Extra! The kingdom declares war on Feysac!"

On the way from Maygur Manor to Backlund, Klein heard the paperboy shouting on the streets with brisk steps while on a horse carriage.

Although he had already made preparations, he still sighed after confirming that the war had truly erupted. He couldn’t help but feel depressed again.

The grudge from having Sonia Island, a key territory, taken away… The conflict over the rights of the colonies… The defeat from the previous war… The political corruption leading to a recession… Ever since the repeal of the Grain Act, many farmers of the kingdom have gone bankrupt due to the importing of foreign food products… The lower-class live in abject conditions… The rich-poor divide only grew deeper…

The middle class’s blind confidence in the Loen Kingdom’s might, and the eager desire to raise their own positions… The intensifying conflict between different political factions in high society leading to a fracture… The king and his faction wish for a large-scale war… With all these factors combined, just from an objective standpoint, and considering this from the angle of materialism, it’s almost inevitable for Loen to start a war… Reality is the best author… Jumping out from his experience from the past, Klein scrutinized the Loen Kingdom’s situation from a fresh point of view. He realized that the tides of the times had already formed and were surging over. Without a true deity’s descent, it was completely unstoppable.

In comparison, what puzzled him more was why the Feysac Empire would be willing to initiate a war.

Even if the members of an ancient secret organization were indeed members of the upper echelons of Feysac or the Church of the God of Combat—key figures who had the right to make the decision—there was no way they could be alone in deciding such an important matter. How could the others agree to a world war?

Could it be that the conflict between the various classes in the Feysac Empire has also completely escalated to the point that it urgently needs a war? With his lack of understanding of the empire of the north, it was difficult for Klein to make an accurate judgment. But they just won the East Balam war and reaped more of the rights to the colonies. There's no reason for its situation to be more serious than Loen's… Yes, the royal family—the Einhorn family—is in control of the Red Priest pathway. It's understandable that they crave war, but the Church of the God of Combat has no reason not to stop it. As a member of the orthodox deity alliance, they lacked the motivation to help Amon's brother advance to Sequence 0.

Thinking of this, Klein suddenly came up with a theory.

Did that brother of Amon realize that the Goddess has already acquired the Uniqueness of the Death pathway and is in a critical stage, so "He" revealed this information to the Church of the God of Combat? And the God of Combat is in a neighboring pathway with the Goddess, so there's no way "He" can ignore this matter; "He" will definitely make an intense response…

Of course, it might not be done by the brother of Amon. It might also be because of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction's angel, Haiter. After being warned by Einhom Sauron Medici, this Conspirer expert, "He" discovered the abnormalities ahead of time. On the one hand, "He" pretends not to notice anything and continues to set up a probe. On the other hand, "He" pulled in the Church of the God of Combat to worsen the

situation and make it more chaotic… The Red Angel evil spirit is truly a symbol of war…

If this is really the case, then it's inevitable for Feysac to wage this war. Furthermore, the matter regarding the Uniqueness of the Death pathway has no room for compromise. At the critical moment, the God of Combat might descend, causing a battle of gods that hasn't happened since the end of the Fourth Epoch to happen…

This time, for the airship fleet from Feysac could stealthily to travel from the coast for nearly a hundred kilometers without being detected, it would definitely have a Weather Warlock providing protection. Otherwise, even if they were to take a detour across places with few people, they'll still be seen ahead of time and definitely be stopped by the Loen airships… A Weather Warlock is an angel. Since the Fifth Epoch, the number of wars that have Beyonders at this level are few and far between… After Emperor Roselle's death, most soldiers don't even know of Beyonders, even in the colonial wars… To have a Weather Warlock be involved in this means…

This is really a battle that will sweep through the entire world. It involves battles at all levels. Is this what Amon's brother wants?

When the time comes, the Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Earth Mother, the God of Steam and Machinery, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom will have to take their respective stances. Would the conflicts that "They" have temporarily suppressed for almost two thousand years be escalated…

Earth Mother likes the giants, and even amongst "Her" Blessed, they are Feysacians. And because of the splitting of Lenburg, Masin, and Segar, these made the Feynapotter Kingdom bear a bone-deep grudge with the Loen Kingdom and Intis. The king's powers and the divine powers are highly likely to be unified, and they might form an alliance with Feysac. From the south to the north, they will attack Loen and Intis. Of course, countries like Lenburg and the Church of Knowledge, who are in the crossfire, will definitely try to stop it. Uh… As for Desi Bay, Feynapotter,

and the Loen Kingdom are directly connected, the south wouldn’t be peaceful either…

The more Klein thought about it, the more he felt that the situation in the Northern Continent would become abnormally chaotic. And no matter what direction it developed into, he couldn’t stop it.

Even if he were a Sequence 4 demigod, under the tide of the times, there was no way for him to cause any major impact in this battle of gods, or exert any key influence. It would be pretty good if he could protect himself and the people he cared about.

Previously, when the Feysac air fleet attacked, the first thing he did was arrange for Butler Walter and company to hide in the underground area that was used as a wine cellar. Then, he "Teleported" to Backlund University of Technology. At that time, a bomb had already hit the ground. Some had died, and others were injured. The only thing he was thankful for was that his sister, Melissa, wasn’t within the vicinity of the explosion.

By the time Melissa and Benson met, the airships from Feysac didn’t stay for long and quickly retreated from Backlund. Only then did he return to Dwayne Dantes’s residence.

Phew… Klein let out a slow sigh of relief. He turned his head to look out the window and saw that, after hearing that the kingdom was declaring war on Feysac, a small number of pedestrians on the street wore a look of horror as though they had recalled the air raid in the morning. Most of them wore blank expressions with a look of panic. They had no idea what they could do even if they wanted to.

They might not have truly understood what this war would bring, but they instinctively felt that peace had been broken. The future was a chaotic mess, fraught with danger.

Klein retracted his gaze and looked at his valet, Enuni, who was sitting opposite him. From his eyes, he realized that he was somewhat at a loss.

He gave a half-smile and sighed. He raised his hand to rub his temples and wiped away his depressed and helpless feelings. He thought about what he could do and what he needed to take note of.

No matter what, with this experience and lesson, the king’s faction has had a war spark out as they wished. Before all of Loen collapses, it’s nearly impossible for Feysac to invade Backlund again. It would be safer for Benson and Melissa to stay here…

What’s most worrisome is the lack of food and various assassinations. The latter is nothing. The place where Melissa and Benson live in is decided by their own levels. They aren’t anywhere close to coming into contact with someone important who is a target for assassination, so they won’t be implicated. Fortunately, Portland Moment’s research laboratory has just been established, and there are no results from it yet. It won’t become a target that must be destroyed. As for the former, I can provide some "help" through Miss Audrey…

The Winter County at the Holy Cathedral is located in the far north reaches of the kingdom, next to Feysac. It’s always the front line of every war. Ma’am Arianna might’ve returned to help the military. Oh, "She" might also be sent elsewhere to protect the coast. After all, the defenses of Backlund are sufficient. The royal family definitely has Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts and also angels. The three Churches most likely have hidden tricks up their sleeves… In that case, my greatest pillar of support is gone. At most, I can get some help from the Church and use some Sealed Artifacts…

In the past, I wasn’t too worried about the effects the Red Angel evil spirit’s return has on me. Now, I have to raise my guard for this matter.

Patrick Bryan knows very well that Dwayne Dantes is equivalent to Gehrman Sparrow, who is equivalent to the Blessed of Death. I had intentionally revealed this information, hoping that it would direct the points of suspicion to Mr. Azik, the Death Consul. And now, this also means that the Red Angel evil spirit would be able to grasp this information in no time…

The Red Angel evil spirit currently only has a high level, but "His" actual standard shouldn’t have recovered to the level of an angel. There’s no irreconcilable feud between "Him" and me, nor do I have what "He" wants. Even if "He" knows that Dantes is equivalent to Gehrman Sparrow, it would be very unlikely for him to deal with me directly…

Other than attacking me directly, what harm will it bring after "He" grasps this situation?

Is he using this to set up a conspiracy or sell the intelligence to someone who needs it?

What conspiracy… Who would want it…

Many thoughts and names surfaced in his mind, but they were quickly eliminated by him. This included Amon’s brother and the Angel of Fate Ouroboros. From the Red Angel evil spirit’s past actions, for the time being, "He" wouldn’t make contact with Rose Redemption, and Amon’s brother is a sworn enemy of Medici and company.

Suddenly, a name appeared in his mind:

Zaratul!

The leader of the Secret Order, the Sequence 1 Seer pathway angel, Zaratul, who had returned to normalcy after becoming mad!

According to Arrodes’s feedback, this powerful and concealed existence had already left "His" original location, and "His" whereabouts were unknown.

Previously, Klein had been wondering if "He" would come to Backlund due to the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence.

Medici and the Zaratul and Zoroast families were serving under the Solomon Empire. Even if they weren’t friendly with each other, they must

be very familiar with each other… In the foggy town, Zaratul had met Gehrman Sparrow. If he really wants to pursue something, he would definitely chase after the crazy adventurer… With a thought in his mind, Klein instinctively began to assume that Zaratul was in Backlund in search of Gehrman Sparrow, and with that, he began to analyze the situation for other abnormalities.

At almost the same instant that he thought of something, Klein recalled the failure of the joint operation between Sharron and the Sanguine.

The Rose School of Thought is also looking for Gehrman Sparrow, so would Zaratul, who received the corresponding news, work with them?

Back then, the operation was on the brink of success. The Rose School of Thought's person-in-charge in Backlund had left in a hurry. Clearly, he had only noticed the problem at the last moment. With the Sanguine preparing the corresponding Sealed Artifact, it's rather impossible for such a failure to happen. Even the Sanguine Duke was puzzled and confused, but what if—what if it was thanks to the perceptive intuition of a Sequence 1 angel of the Seer pathway?

This would explain it perfectly!

Back then, Zaratul was sitting opposite the Rose School of Thought's Backlund person-in-charge?

The Rose School of Thought retreated in a panic and had even deliberately left behind a doll to create moonlight and cleanse everything so as to cover up the existence of Zaratul?

Also, the fact that Gehrman Sparrow has a certain relationship with the Death Consul isn't a secret. Will Zaratul spread out all his marionettes and sense if there's the power of Death in Backlund? Previously, when Patrick Bryan was holding rituals, there was actually Zaratul's marionette watching him?

If the Red Angel evil spirit has already sold the intelligence to Zaratul, then wouldn’t my returning to Boklund Street in such a chaotic situation be giving myself up?

His pupils constricted, and he immediately said to the coachman in front, "Just stop here. I suddenly thought of something else I need to settle."

After he said that, he felt extremely tense, afraid that the coachman wouldn’t answer him and continue driving.

Fortunately, none of this happened. The horse carriage stopped by the side of the road, and with his valet, Enuni, Klein walked towards a small alley nearby.

Immediately following that, he snapped his fingers and allowed the scarlet flames to emerge from his pocket, covering both himself and his marionette.

He had to rush to Saint Samuel Cathedral as soon as possible in a concealed manner!

With a flash of flames, their two figures disappeared.

However, after completing a leap, the flames within his senses suddenly disappeared —all of them.

A spacious living room appeared in front of him. On an ordinary reclining chair was a tall and thin man. He was young and had Southern Continent blood in him. He looked rather handsome and appeared a little anemic.

The Red Angel evil spirit, Sauron Einhom Medici!

This Red Angel played with a ball of scarlet-red flames in "His" hand as the corners of "His" mouth curled up.

You actually sensed it earlier than I expected.

"Heh, using Flaming Jump in front of me…”

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CHAPTER 1086
A SIMPLE INFERENCE

The moment he saw the Red Angel evil spirit, Klein's pupils dilated. The human-skinned glove on his left hand suddenly turned transparent.

He didn't listen to what the other party had to say. His instinctive reaction was to immediately "Teleport" away, but at this moment, the spirit world that entered his eyes was different from usual.

Countless transparent creatures in indescribable forms were all dyed in a color that was a mixture of iron and blood. The surrounding area was filled with thick smoke, and there were seven rays of light that contained infinite knowledge hidden above them. It was almost impossible to see them.

Klein's heart skipped a beat. He didn't rashly "Teleport."

Upon seeing this, the Red Angel evil spirit chuckled.

"What are you afraid of? Zaratul?"

Upon hearing this, Klein subconsciously looked around, but he didn't discover anything unusual.

The Red Angel evil spirit maintained that annoying smile and pointed to the sofa opposite the reclining chair.

"If I had already informed him that Dwayne Dantes is Gehrman Sparrow, and that you will return to 160 Boklund Street in the morning, then the person waiting in the wine cellar wouldn't be a living person. Instead, it

would be your hungup butler and servants, looking as though they were ham left to dry-age. Of course, they would similarly welcome you warmly.

"Sit. Under such circumstances, listening to my thoughts and intentions first isn't a bad thing."

He imagined the scene described by the Red Angel evil spirit. Although Klein had done similar things himself, his hair stood on end, and he was horrified.

He kept his guard up, allowing the marionette, Qonas Kilgor, in the form of Dwayne Dantes to sit on the sofa while he waited by the side as though he was his personal servant, Enuni.

He had unknowingly swapped places with his marionette and instantly changed their appearances.

"Perhaps it's because you just learned of this information from Patrick Bryan, and you haven't even informed Zaratul yet?" Klein retorted through his marionette.

At the same time, he determined from the words of the Red Angel evil spirit that Zaratul had really come to Backlund!

This was a complete and unrestricted, terrifying, and bizarre Sequence 1 angel. It was enough to be called a hidden existence!

The Red Angel evil spirit's gaze swept across the valet and his master before smiling.

"I'll be able to get something I want to know in 15 minutes from a fool like Patrick Bryan. Furthermore, an entire night and a morning has passed since the ritual."

…You and Miss Messenger might have something in common… Klein made the marionette raise his eyebrows.

"And so?"

The Red Angel evil spirit gently rocked the reclining chair it was in.

"I'm not sure if you've heard of such a saying. When you choose a Beyonder pathway, your corresponding friends and enemies will be determined. As for us, we aren't friends, but we aren't enemies either.

"Of course, you did have some conflicts with me, but no one suffered any great losses. The matter has passed. To me, your growth will bring great trouble to a few people I hate, so I don't want to kill you in advance. I'm happy to see you continue your advancement."

The emperor had said similar words… A few people "He" hates… Klein deliberated and asked, "Blasphemer Amon?"

"Not that ignorant and not that stupid either." The Red Angel evil spirit laughed and stroked "His" chin.

Be it "His" words or actions, "He" gave people the urge to hit "Him."

After some thought, Klein calmly pointed out a question:

"Then you can definitely choose Zaratul. If 'He* can rise up because of this, 'He' will similarly bring about extreme trouble for Blasphemer Amon. Compared to 'Him,' I'm still too weak. I'll still need a long time to grow. There are too many possible accidents from this point forth."

The Red Angel evil spirit nodded seriously.

"Indeed, that's what I thought in the beginning as well. A fellow like you, who isn't much stronger than a wild dog, what are you going to use to compete with the already Sequence 1 Zaratul? Die faster than anyone else?"

At this point, the Red Angel evil spirit changed the topic and sighed.

"However, if one can choose the most ideal proposal in this world, that would be too wonderful…”

Before "He" could finish "His" sentence, a bloody gash appeared on "His" left bloody cheek.

The wound opened up in a wide manner, opening and closing like a mouth, and revealed two rows of illusory white teeth.

"I've investigated. The collapse of the Sauron family was caused by Zaratul and Roselle!"

Is this the spirit left behind by the ancestor of the Sauron family? The dissociation of the Red Angel is worse than I imagined. No, this isn't considered a normal split personality, but three people being stuffed into one body. No matter what they do, they have to first come to a unanimous decision, or there will be internal strife… Klein believed that the Red Angel evil spirit wasn't setting up a trap, but that "He" had no way of informing Zaratul of the relevant information.

This is 'His' weakness. I can use it in the future… Klein muttered silently before asking, "Then why did you come to me? Just to say those words?"

The Red Angel evil spirit raised its hand to rub "His" left cheek, causing the mouth that appeared to slowly disappear.

At the same time, "He" smiled and said, "Aren't you investigating the Loen royal family?

"It seems to involve a high-ranking Demoness named Katarina. If you have any tracks from her, inform me before you carry out any operation."

Saintess of White Katarina… Why is the Red Angel evil spirit looking for her? Hmm, the Hunter pathway's Sequence 4 can cause women to become men. The Sequence 7 of the Demoness pathway can make men into women. This should be two separate Beyonder pathways that can be interchanged…

The Red Angel evil spirit can't find a suitable Hunter pathway Beyonder characteristic, so it plans to jump to the Demoness pathway? That's right. As an evil spirit, as long as "He" resolves his issue of survival, "He" can still advance using potions and characteristics… Klein was first taken aback before he used the secrets he knew of to come up with a guess.

He suddenly had a strange idea:

When there are both High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of the Hunter and Demoness pathways within a body, would the Red Angel evil spirit display a male form or a female form? Whoever has a higher level and is in charge decides?

At that moment, the Red Angel evil spirit looked at Dwayne Dantes and his valet and scoffed.

You have a great talent for provoking others."

I haven't said anything… Klein inwardly replied in a daze.

The Red Angel evil spirit curled his lips and said, "I can guess what you're thinking, unless you admit that you're ignorant.

"However, this might be a good thing for 'Them.'"

"Shut up!" A bloody mouth appeared on both sides of the Red Angel evil spirit's cheeks.

Looking at the dissociative identity disorder happening before him, Klein rationally gave up on the idea of going deeper into the topic and said, "It's not impossible to inform you in advance, but the problem is how should I inform you?"

From his point of view, the Demoness of Unaging, Katarina, was a vile person. It was the same with the Red Angel evil spirit. It wasn't a bad thing to have them clash.

The Red Angel evil spirit smiled and said, "Of course it's by reciting my honorific name:

The great God of War, the symbol of iron and blood, the ruler of chaos and strife."

"Pui!" The mouth on both sides of the Red Angel evil spirit's cheeks let out a disdainful sound, as though they didn't approve of it.

This is a standard deity's honorific name… After gaining control of the Uniqueness, to a certain extent, Medici had already become a quasi-god? And as long as no one can accommodate the Uniqueness of the Red Priest pathway, this evil spirit's level will not drop? The honorific name will always point towards "Him"? Klein nodded thoughtfully and probed, "What do you know about the secret ruins of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor?"

Upon hearing this name, the Red Angel's facial muscles twitched slightly before sneering.

"Are you asking what the secret of the Loen royal family is?"

"You might not know this, but you might be familiar with the Blood Emperor's secret ruins," Klein said deliberately.

The Red Angel evil spirit suddenly laughed out loud and slapped the armrest of the reclining chair.

"Your tricks are so childish that they look like a three-year-old's!

"Haha, the secret hidden by the Loen royal family is very simple. I could guess it just by reading the newspapers. Tsk, you only have a smart-looking face. Your brain is filled with squirming worms."

"You can guess it just by reading the newspapers?" Klein frowned and asked.

The Red Angel evil spirit finished laughing and curled "His" lips.

"Of course, it needs some basic knowledge. I believe you should have it.

"How about this? I'll ask you a few questions, and you'll understand how simple the answer is.

"Is that Blood Emperor secret ruins the kind known by the Churches?"

"No." Klein shook his head firmly.

The Red Angel evil spirit smiled and continued asking, "Do you know which Sequence the Blood Emperor, Alista Tudor, was in before he advanced to Sequence 0?"

"The Black Emperor pathway, Sequence 1 Prince of Abolition," Klein calmly replied.

The Red Angel evil spirit nodded slightly.

"Did you know that before Alista Trunsoest became Blood Emperor, 'He' was one of the two consuls of the Tudor- Trunsoest United Empire and that the ones supporting him were six of the seven present deities, including Evernight and Storm?"

Klein nodded and gave an affirmative answer.

The half-slumped Red Angel evil spirit crossed one leg over the other.

"Then do you know that, after Alista became Blood Emperor, 'He' had truly gone mad and even died during the battle of the gods?"

"Kind of." Klein didn't dare to be too sure, because this was something he had read from Roselle's diary, and the Emperor had learned it from Mr. Door.

The Red Angel evil spirit chuckled and said, "Then do you think that Alista Tudor would have the rationality and opportunity to leave behind secret ruins after 'He' became Blood Emperor?"

"No." Klein slowly shook his head.

The Red Angel evil spirit spread its hands and said, "Since it's a ruin left behind by Alista before 'He' became Blood Emperor, and if the six deities who supported 'Him' aren't aware of it, what could it be? If you had a choice, would you take a path destined to go mad?"

This… Klein instantly thought of the nine mausoleums that the Black Emperor needed in the ritual needed to become a god.

To a Prince of Abolition, before the return of the former Black Emperor, secretly seeking out a way to advance to Black Emperor was something "He" wanted to do!

"Is that ruin related to the Black Emperor?" Klein asked in a deep voice.

The Red Angel evil spirit rubbed "His" chin and chuckled.

You seem to know the Black Emperor's ritual.

"Isn't that simple? What has the King of Loen been doing in the past two to three years? The Grain Act was abolished; there's the Civil Servant Unified Examination, a restructuring of the military, the House of Lords and nobles are struck down a notch, strengthening the authority of the House of Commons… Isn't this something that was published in the newspapers?

"Besides, isn't it common knowledge that the Justiciar pathway can be switched to the Black Emperor pathway?"

As many of these things were the trends of the times to Klein, with one of them being pushed by him, he had never considered them from a mysticism

perspective in the past. Now that they were connected, he immediately understood.

Soon, he recalled something else:

The last person who wanted to become Black Emperor was Roselle. He happened to be related to Amon's brother!

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CHAPTER 1087
THE DEITIES' ATTITUDES

The Grain Act was abolished… The Civil Servant Unified Examination… A concession was made, bringing the Church's forces into the military… These seem to be in line with the trends of the times, but in essence, they're oppressive, weakening the nobles, and supporting a new class. Compared to the previous thousand-year rule, this can really be considered to be against the norm. It's the order needed to become Black Emperor…

In the past decade or so, the changes in architecture style have been very drastic as well…

For Roselle to be able to obtain the Uniqueness and obtain the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, that ancient secret organization must've put in quite a bit of effort. It might've even provided part of it directly. When this emperor perished, who took away those characteristics?

Also, Bernadette has been in Backlund for the past few months and has been coming here frequently…

Sigh, the main issue is that the asymmetrical aesthetics of the empires in the Fourth Epoch had affected my understanding, making me believe that rules that violate normal circumstances are odd and against the order that humans would strive for. Now that I think about it again, what does it mean by normal circumstances? Isn't it just something that everyone has already gotten used to and therefore, won't have an instinctive sense of resistance towards it? From the tribes to the countries, from feudalism to republicanism, don't they all violate the normal circumstances of the period they were in, with countless people wishing to return to the past?

The phrase "old fogies and left-overs from the old dynasties" encompasses this problem…

From the looks of it, as long as a deity doesn't intervene, the revolution that the Black Emperor needs will definitely happen. It's just a matter of time… With the tides of the times surging over, it's really hard to stop it. That brother of Amon is indeed a powerful and terrifying Author…

In the depths of the Blood Emperor's ruins, there should be a mausoleum similar to a pyramid. And according to the ritual requirements, one has to drive one's citizens to build it. Therefore, there are cases of people going missing in the East Borough and overseas slave trade…

When the war develops to a certain stage, using the excuse of praying for victory, or the nation's mourning for soldiers, a huge gathering with a large number of citizens can be convened to participate in the sacrificial ritual in the various cities in the royal capital…

Yes. Many years ago, the Loen royal family obtained the crown of the Balam Empire, and they connected the king's name to the title of "Emperor."

What a great plan!

When he was alerted by the Red Angel evil spirit's questions, Klein's mind tensed up. Many thoughts flashed through his mind, and at the same time, he had another question.

He looked at the tall, thin, young Gatekeeper who didn't look rosy. He said after some deliberation, "George III wishes to directly become Black Emperor?

"But he isn't even at Sequence 4…”

Even if George III could act ahead of time to make himself "more talented" and reduce the impact caused by the mental imprint in the potion, Klein

didn't believe that a Sequence 5 Beyonder could become a god directly. Unless he was lucky enough with that very slim chance of success.

And such luck wasn't something that could be described simply as being "sufficient." The Snake of Mercury who represents fate, Will Auceptin, didn't even dare to directly devour the Die of Probability, and he had to seriously find a way to accommodate it.

The Red Angel evil spirit scoffed when "He" heard that.

"How do you know that George III is only Sequence 5?

"How are you so sure that the George III under investigation is the real George III? Could it be that he was 'imagined' into existence, or could it be a Faceless at the angel level?

"These are truly very difficult things to accomplish, but to a certain zealot, these are all within the scope of one's ability and the resources in one's grasp.

"I suspect that George III is an official member of the secret organization that was created to mimic our Rose Redemption. His true level might already be at the angel level. Heh heh, I wouldn't be surprised if "He" is already at Sequence 1."

…This, Emperor Roselle once said that the members of that ancient secret organization are all important figures that he couldn't imagine. When they combine forces, other than dealing with the seven Churches, there's nothing that can't be done… This actually includes the king of a country? That's right, later on, the emperor also became the ruler of Intis… Zealot… Is this what the Red Angel evil spirit thinks of Amon's brother? Although this is clearly a little extreme, with a strong bias, there's a certain reason for it. A nickname isn't given randomly… Klein made his marionette frown slightly.

"You seem to be able to see through the truth of this matter easily, but why hasn't the Church of Evernight, Storm, and Steam realized this problem?

"Their understanding of the Black Emperor is no less than yours…”

After all, the two Churches of the Evernight and the Storm had supported the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire!

The Red Angel evil spirit wore an amused expression again as "He" sized up Dwayne Dantes and his valet.

"How old are you?

"Why are you still so naive and childish?

"The six deities and the six Churches are not necessarily equivalent at times. The things the six deities know might not be told to the angels and saints beneath 'Them.'"

The Red Angel evil spirit let out a chortle again when "He" saw that Dwayne Dantes was still frowning in confusion.

"Trust me, what I said, and what I'll be saying next, is undoubtedly a form of provocation to ruin the image of the six deities, but you can consider whether it's the truth.

"Let's put it this way. In regards to someone wanting to become the Black Emperor, the attitude of the six deities—uh, the seven deities is rather ambiguous. 'They' often have conflicts of 'Their' own. More precisely, 'They' are happy to see a mentally-sound Black Emperor be bom, but they also wish that it's one 'They' support. Therefore, 'They' will not give any detailed revelations to the various Churches. 'They' will only follow the normal procedure and deliver punishment if there are results to the investigation. Otherwise, they will tacitly approve of its development.

"Of course, during this process, we cannot eliminate the possibility that a certain existence might want to do some damage, but it will not be so direct and obvious, because it will definitely be stopped by the other deities.

"If it wasn't because he knew of 'Them' taking such attitudes, how could George III dare take the risk?

"Alright, now that the war has broken out, he has overcome the crisis. He can wait for the next opportunity."

At that moment, Klein thought of the news that had been leaked out during the operation launched at the Blood Emperor ruins. He was momentarily unsure if he should suspect that the upper echelons of the three Churches had a member of the ancient secret organization, or that a certain deity had personally reminded Amon's brother. And if it were the latter, the suspect was undoubtedly not the Lord of Storms.

After a moment of silence, Klein hesitantly asked, "So, as long as nothing goes wrong, George III will carry out the ritual to become a god, despite everything that he has done? And if everything goes smoothly and he survives the backlash from the potion, will he ascend to the throne of Black Emperor?"

The Red Angel evil spirit replied in a relaxed tone, "Is there a problem?"

"Why would the seven deities…" Klein couldn't help but ask.

The Red Angel evil spirit tsked and said, "Do you want to know? If you want to know, I can tell you now."

Just as he was about to say "of course," Klein suddenly recalled the warning that Ma'am Arianna had given him.

There are some things that make it easier to be 'infected' the more you know. Both your body and soul will be infected. Once you become an angel, you can seek out the exact answer."

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein made his marionette smile.

"Forget it then."

Very good. You nearly died out of curiosity and foolishness." The Red Angel evil spirit shook "His" head regretfully.

"He" then looked out the window and said, "If there's nothing else, you may leave."

"Alright." Klein made the marionette stand up and raise his right hand.

At this moment, the half-slumped Red Angel evil spirit suddenly asked, "I have this nagging feeling that if I had attacked you just now, you wouldn't be completely helpless, am I right?"

Of course, why do you think I chose Flaming Jump instead of "Teleporting"? That was to hide the burning of the paper crane in my wallet! This way, Snake of Fate Will Auceptin s gaze would silently land on me. If anything h would use the Yesterday Once More charm… To "deal" with an existence at your level, one can't be too careful. How could one not be careful and keep a trump card hidden? Klein didn't directly answer the Red Angel evil spirit's question. He smiled and expressed his tacit agreement.

Pa!

He snapped his fingers, causing scarlet flames to surge out of his pocket and envelop him.

As the scarlet streams dispersed, Klein's figure disappeared in front of the Red Angel evil spirit.

Backlund, at Dr. Aaron Ceres's home, in a black pram.

The chubby baby rubbed his eyes and muttered silently, "Backlund really isn't suitable for children to live in!'

39 Boklund Street. Having done a divination, Klein saw Member of Parliament Macht who was about to head to West Borough.

"Didn't you go to Maygur Manor? I'm planning on letting Riana and Hazel hide in Moose Manor." Macht pinched the sockets of his eyes.

I wonder when this side effect will disappear… Klein retracted his gaze from this action and sighed.

"I have to prepare some weapons for the manor, so I came to seek your help.

"Also, if you have the means to get food, you can help me buy some."

In his opinion, the low-level citizens weren't able to stock up on food because they didn't have any money at all. At most, they would stock up a few days' worths of food. Therefore, his purchase wouldn't affect them for the time being. Once the food situation worsened, he could donate more of it through Miss Audrey. Before food rationing was implemented, if Klein didn't stockpile, other rich people would do so. Furthermore, they might not donate it.

"No problem," Macht agreed without any hesitation.

Klein didn't ask about the price, because he had given Housekeeper Taneja a total of 5,000 pounds for such matters.

Of course, after confirming that Zaratul was in Backlund and that Dwayne Dantes being equivalent to Gehrman Sparrow was known to the Red Angel evil spirit, he decided not to return to Maygur Manor. He planned on changing his identity so as not to affect the innocent.

As for the excuse, it had been arranged by the Church of Evernight that he would perform certain tasks and that he was unable to return for a long period of time. If there was a charity event that required his help, he gave Miss Audrey the authority to stand in his place.

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CHAPTER 1088
HIDING IN SECRET

On the way to Saint Samuel Cathedral from Boklund Street, Klein passed by the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation at 22 Phelps Street. He was surprised to find that the door was still open.

As the initiator and current director, he placed quite a bit of concern over this matter. He temporarily slowed down and walked over.

Just as he entered the door, he saw Miss Audrey walking down from the second floor with her personal maidservant, a big golden retriever, and a few staff members beside her.

"Good afternoon. In this situation, there doesn't seem to be a need to insist on doing anything." Klein went forward and voiced out his doubts.

Audrey held the newspaper in her hand as she looked at Dwayne Dantes.

"Some of our beneficiaries were injured in the air raid. I just went to visit them and arranged for follow-up treatment." The noble lady's eyes were slightly red, as though she had seen all sorts of heart-wrenching scenes in the hospital.

"May the Goddess bless them." Klein came to a realization and drew a crimson moon on his chest.

He took the opportunity to say the idea that he had come up with long ago.

"I plan to donate some more money to buy food, medicine, and medical equipment for the foundation. In this manmade disaster, we can do more

things."

"A brilliant idea. Those who are suffering will be grateful to you from the bottom of their hearts, Mr. Dantes." Audrey tapped her chest four times in a fluid motion. There was obvious joy and pity in her eyes. "I will do my best as well."

She didn't want to just donate money, but to spearhead certain matters.

Klein nodded.

"You don't have to praise me. At times like these, I only did what I should do.

"Apart from donating funds, I will also donate food. All of you can discuss this directly with my butler, Walter. Yes, Miss Audrey, I can write a letter of authorization to you now so that you can use my name to transfer the resources of Maygur Manor."

"What about you, Mr. Dantes?" Audrey asked with a vague guess.

This was the most normal response in such a conversation.

"I received a notice from the Church that I need to help them perform certain tasks. As for what they are, I haven't gone to Saint Samuel Cathedral yet, so I'm not sure either. The only thing I can confirm is that I have to travel around. I won't be able to return to Maygur Manor for a long time." Klein gave the reason he had come up with previously. "Miss Audrey, during this period of time at the foundation, I have come to understand your character and ability. Your background and standing also determine your visions and style. Handing these matters to you is the best solution I can come up with."

Klein didn't expect his lies to fool a senior Spectator. He only wanted to deceive the people around Justice—oh, these people didn't include the dog.

Does Mr. World want to temporarily give up on his identity as Dwayne Dantes so that he can perform certain matters in secret? Feeling enlightened, Audrey pretended to think. After a few seconds of silence, she said, "With the current situation, I can't refuse such a request."

Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He immediately got his personal servant, Enuni, to go upstairs to get a piece of paper and a pen. Then, while being witnessed by the staff, he personally drafted a letter of authorization, signed his name, printed his thumbprint, and stamped the seal.

After doing all of this, Klein cast his gaze at the newspaper in Audrey's hand.

"Is there anything else? I just came back from outside the city. I only heard the paperboy shout that the kingdom has declared war on Feysac."

Audrey pursed her lips and said with a slightly gloomy expression, "Not long after the airship fleet from Feysac attacked Backlund, their Sonia Sea fleet took advantage of the thick fog to attack the Imperial Navy’s base at Pritz Harbor's Oak Island and the shipyards in the surrounding area. Fortunately, the Church of the Lord of Storms received a warning beforehand and sent a telegram in advance. Pritz Harbor wasn't lost, but it lost quite a number of ships and factories. It's said that many people died and were seriously injured…”

"This is war…” Klein sighed. "Can I see how the king declared war?"

Audrey knew that there was something wrong with King George III, so she could tell that Mr. World was hiding his contempt. She didn't refuse and handed the newspaper over.

It was the Tussock Times.

Without needing to spread it open, he directly saw the king's declaration on the headlines:

“…708 years ago, the Feysacians took away Sonia Island from us.

"A year ago, the Feysacians stole half of our interests in East Balam.

"Today, they bombarded Backlund and attacked Pritz Harbor. Many Loenese were killed and injured, and their blood has stained the ground.

"There's no way for us to back down any further. We can only be bullied again and again by the Feysacians if we back off. If we continue retreating, we will lose all our interests overseas. Large amounts of our products will not be sold. Countless workers will lose their jobs, and even more peasants will go bankrupt!

"Everything from the past and now states that justice is in our hands, and we have enough strength to seize complete victory.

"Everyone, I, your emperor, George III, represent the parliament and the kingdom's government to declare war on Feysac. Unless they raise the white flag and surrender, we will never stop advancing!

"Advance, we shall take back Sonia Island! Advance, we shall conquer St. Millom!

"Victory will definitely belong to us. The gods will be with us!"

Klein quickly browsed through it and used his Clown ability to stop his lips from curling up.

He then returned the Tussock Times to Audrey. He took off his hat and bowed.

"I'll leave the rest to you."

"I will, please rest assured." Audrey held the letter of authorization and newspapers and bowed.

Without any further delay, Klein left the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation with his valet, Enuni, and arrived at Saint Samuel Cathedral.

At that moment, the church no longer had many believers present. Most of them had returned to their homes, busy preparing for their life with war having been declared.

In the dark and quiet environment, Klein found a seat and sat down. He took off his hat, clasped his hands, and placed them in front of his mouth and nose. He softly recited the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess, then said, “…I received news from the Red Angel evil spirit that it's very likely that Zaratul has already arrived in Backlund. As for the secret ruins of the Blood Emperor, there's a high chance that it's the mausoleum needed for the Black Emperor ritual…”

After the prayer, Klein waited patiently for a while. He saw the archbishop, Anthony Stevenson, enter from the side door and walk towards him.

This saint was clean-shaven. He wore a black robe that had the crimson moon's emblem on it. He walked without making a sound, as though he was the night that slowly descended.

Anthony didn't say a word after he approached Dwayne Dantes. He only signaled with his eyes before turning towards the library.

With that, Klein got up, put on his hat, and followed silently behind.

As for his personal servant, Enuni, he held his cane and walked to the entrance of the cathedral to wait.

Outside the library, Archbishop Anthony turned around and revealed a smile. He said to Dwayne Dantes, "War has erupted. There are too many things that need to be done. As a devout believer of the Goddess, are you willing to provide some help?"

Indeed… From the looks of it, Ma'am Arianna has left Backlund… As Klein sighed, he drew the crimson moon on his chest.

"It's my honor. Praise the Lady."

After responding, he immediately asked, "What do you need me to do?"

"I'll inform you when needed. Try not to go home during this period of time," Saint Anthony said in an illogical tone.

And in an instant, he understood what the other party meant. He had to hide for now. They had no time to deal with Zaratul. At most, they could provide him protection within a certain range.

Just as I thought, the Goddess is digesting the Uniqueness of the Death pathway. "She will not be able to do a divine descent for a long period of time. The upper echelons of the Church have to deal with the war, while the negative effects of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are more terrifying than the last… Klein nodded gently.

"Yes, Your Grace."

"May the Goddess bless you." Saint Anthony drew the crimson moon.

"Praise the Lady. The only escape is tranquility." Klein responded with a familiar gesture.

Then, he left Saint Samuel Cathedral and headed to another street with his valet.

After walking for a while, both of them disappeared at some point in time.

East Borough, in a two-bedroom rental apartment.

Wearing an ordinary face, Klein took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew at it.

Soon, Reinette Tinekerr walked out of the void with four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand. She wasn't surprised by her contractor's appearance.

Without giving a letter, he directly said, "Tell Miss Sharron and Marie that Zaratul has come to Backlund and is very likely to be in contact with the Rose School of Thought. They must be careful. It's best not to go to the Bravehearts Bar in the near future."

"Zaratul…" This time, Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke at the same time, as though they had spent a great deal of effort to recall who it was.

"Leader of the Secret Order, a Sequence 1 angel who once lost his mind before becoming normal again." Klein took out a gold coin and handed it to Miss Messenger.

He didn't mention that Zaratul was very interested in Gehrman Sparrow. He believed that, as a high-level spirit world creature, Miss Messenger would be able to sense his uniqueness to a certain extent. Otherwise, there was no need for this angel to lower "Her" status to be his messenger. If it was for Yesterday Once More charms, "She" could provide him help in a more decent manner.

As for why Zaratul didn't discover the gray fog's aura in the foggy town but now shows interest in Gehrman Sparrow, Klein believed that there were three reasons. The first reason was that the gray fog's Beyonder convergence had compelled this powerful Seer to come to Backlund, and "He" predicted something. The second reason was that Gehrman Sparrow was able to leave the foggy town despite receiving the wrong symbol and return to the real world. The third reason was that Gehrman Sparrow was likely related to the organization that believed in The Fool.

By the time Zaratul came into contact with the Rose School of Thought and realized that the Mother Tree of Desire was somewhat interested in Gehrman Sparrow, even if he didn't have a guess, the importance he placed on Gehrman Sparrow would still rise exponentially.

Reinette Tinekerr didn't say anything else. One of the heads tilted forward and bit the gold coin.

After watching Miss Messenger leave, he pulled a chair and sat down. He sized up the sky outside the window across a wooden desk.

The layout of the rental apartment was the same as the one he used to live in Tingen City. There was a bedroom inside, and outside of it was a living room, dining room, and study room. There was also a bunk bed.

At that moment, in the room, other than him, there were only his marionettes—Qonas and Enuni.

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CHAPTER 1089
A DIFFICULT DECISION

After sitting for a while, Klein raised his hand to rub his temples. He then stood up, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

He then conjured Gehrman Sparrow. By praying to Mr. Fool, he sent messages to Danitz and The Hermit Cattleya.

The message for the former was to remind him to be careful of the Secret Order. Although he didn't believe that Zaratul would directly seek out Danitz, a person who had crossed paths with Gehrman Sparrow on the surface, there was nothing wrong with reminding him regardless. As a Bizarro Sorcerer, Klein had a certain level of understanding of the Beyonders of the Seer pathway. He believed that those who could truly advance to such a state were sufficiently cautious and careful. This didn't exclude certain oddities and exceptions, but it definitely didn't exclude Zaratul who was at Sequence 1.

And in this situation, in the eyes of an angel who was in control of enough secrets, Danitz was more like bait that was deliberately thrown out to fish for certain targets. Therefore, it was highly likely that Zaratul would very carefully and cautiously avoid him. At most, he would send members of the Secret Order to do some direct or indirect investigations.

By the same logic, the message that Klein gave The Hermit Cattleya had the same content. However, this wasn't the main point. The main point was for her to immediately contact Queen Mystic Bernadette, saying that Gehrman Sparrow wanted to meet her as soon as possible. In addition, he also informed the Admiral of Stars—something he wanted to delay till the next Tarot Gathering—that she was to decide if she wanted to purchase the

Sequence 5 Druid and Sequence 4 Classical Metallurgist of the Planter pathway.

West of the Berserk Sea, Theros Island.

Danitz, who was gathering clues about Vice Admiral Ailment, held a cup filled with golden beer when his expression suddenly became extremely complicated.

"What's wrong? You saw someone and recalled an indescribable encounter?" Anderson shook the Lanti Proof distilled liquor in his hand as he teased the abnormal Danitz.

Danitz gulped down a mouthful of beer and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand before saying with a somewhat depressed expression, "We have to be careful of Secret Order members from now on…”

Ever since he met Gehrman Sparrow, such words were a common occurrence for him. His initial reaction had gone from the point of panic to numbness and depression.

He suspected that one day, he would be listed as being wanted by all organizations of different sizes, except Mr. Fool's organization.

Anderson sized up Danitz when he heard that as he chuckled.

"Sometimes, I feel that Gehrman Sparrow is more like a hunter than me.

"Heh, so the two of you have a special method of communication. You don't even need to summon a messenger."

Danitz was just about to say a few perfunctory words when a person from Intis rushed into the tavern. He held a telegram and shouted, "Feysac launched an air raid on Backlund, Loen has officially declared war!"

Declared war? Anderson and Danitz looked at each other. By relying on their pathway's characteristics, they acutely caught the scent of a large-scale war.

Feysac attacked Backlund and Pritz Harbor, and in return, Loen has officially declared war… The three ironclad warship fleets weren’t at the harbor, so there wasn’t many losses. They’re heading back to the Loen coast… Cattleya’s crew happened to pass through Oravi Island, and they had gathered all sorts of information from the telegrams.

Just as she was thinking about how the pirate crew would react in this situation, she suddenly saw an endless gray fog and heard The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"Be careful of the Secret Order members. Be careful of Zaratul…” As someone from Intis to a certain extent, what caught Cattleya's attention was something that with the least importance.

And it was precisely because of this that she had no doubts about The World Gehrman Sparrow's request to meet the Queen as soon as possible. She believed that this was related to the Secret Order and Zaratul.

Finally, she said the two potion names softly, "Druid… Classical Metallurgist…

"This Sequence 4's modern name should be the Ancient Metallurgist. It was previously called Human Metallurgist…”

Cattleya subconsciously walked to the window and cast her gaze down. On these seas which had a time difference between it and Backlund, Frank Lee and Artisan Cielf were leaning on the side of the ship’ sunbathing. The former ^ a relaxed expression and looked very pleased, but there was a pensive look in his eyes. It was as though there were still some problems that couldn't be resolved. The latter's face was pale, and his lips were quivering. Scattered over his clothes were mushrooms.

Druid… Ancient Metallurgist… Admiral of Stars Cattleya repeated the two terms again, feeling as though something was pressing down on her.

After about ten seconds, Cattleya adjusted the heavy glasses on her nose bridge and consoled herself.

Mr. Fool didn't give any warnings. It means it's not a big deal…

With this thought in mind, specks of bright light floated down, forming a staircase of light between the captain's cabin window and the deck.

Cattleya went down the stairs and walked to Frank Lee and Cielf s side.

After a few seconds of silence, Cattleya asked, "Frank, what are your dreams?"

Only then did Frank Lee realize that his captain had arrived. With a push of his palm, he flipped to his feet.

"Dreams?"

This Biologist thought about it seriously and said, "I wish to be able to study the soil, the creation of objects, and crossbreeding techniques without restrictions, so as to ensure that humans will no longer be hungry anymore. Equality between people will be achieved. What you can do, I can do. What you can grow, I can also grow…"

Upon hearing this, Artisan Cielf slowly got up and silently crouched to the side, opening his mouth and vomiting.

Frank Lee continued without being affected, "In order to have such a world, one has to have sufficient food and resources, so I hope to create all kinds of creatures that can deal with different environments and conditions. Heh heh, everyone has their own tendencies. I prefer fish, beef, and spores…"

Cattleya finished listening to Frank's description with a deadpan expression. However, during this process, she repeatedly nudged the thick glasses on her nose thrice.

After a moment of silence, Cattleya asked, "There's only one step left to your research now?"

"That's right. I'm just short of a Dmid’s ability for catalyzing it. If I can_t get the formula, I_m help me make the Druid Beyonder characteristic I have into a mystical item," Frank answered frankly.

"No, I won't help you! You devil!" the silently vomiting Artisan Cielf raised his head and shouted anxiously.

Cattleya watched this scene quietly. With a flip of her hand, she produced a gold coin.

Ding!

The gold coin flipped up before landing in Cattleya's palm, heads facing up.

"I have the Druid potion formula. It's from Gehrman Sparrow, 5,000 pounds," Cattleya explained in detail, as though she was deliberately telling Artisan Cielf, informing him who the true "murderer" was.

A look of pure joy immediately appeared in Frank Lee's eyes.

"He really is a swell guy!

"Uh, Captain, I've only saved up to 3,000 pounds. Can you lend me 2,000 pounds?"

Most of his previous savings had been used to buy the Druid Beyonder characteristic, and he had even sold some of his items.

Cattleya fell silent once again. A few seconds later, she nodded while Frank Lee's expectant eyes were on her. "Okay."

North Borough, Backlund Medical University's affiliated hospital.

Eudora lay on the bed with a blank expression, lacking the vibrancy a young girl should have.

She had woken up from her coma some time ago, but she hadn't opened her eyes. Thus, she heard the doctor tell her parents that the injury she received to her right leg from the air raid likely couldn't be saved. They had to be prepared for an amputation procedure.

After that, she lay down in a daze, feeling as though there were many people coming and going one after another. Among them, the person who had originally only visited the student next door, the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation director, Audrey, indicated that she was willing to pay for the subsequent treatments after hearing about her. The school's chancellor, Mr. Portland Moment, had promised to create the most advanced and most convenient robotic limb for her to walk like a normal person.

However, none of this dispelled the gloominess, heaviness, sorrow, and despair in Eudora's heart.

She wasn't even 18, and she had yet to enjoy the beauty of life, but now, she was about to lose a leg and lose her dreams.

Her family wasn't considered wealthy. Her father was the owner of a grocery store that believed in the Lord of Storms. He was violent, barbaric, and unwilling to reason with women. Her mother was timid and weak, and she relied on her father to survive. If not for the fact that her family didn't have a second child at home, Eudora wouldn't have been able to study at all. But even so, her father had chosen a place like the Backlund Technical School where results could be quickly seen.

Previously, she had commented on how lucky she was that the Backlund Technical School had been turned into the Backlund University of Technology; furthermore, she had passed the examinations and become a real university student. This made her smile every day as she passed the joy to the people around her while having the time to indulge in her hobby for poetry.

Eudora's dream was to remain in the university and be a university teacher, finding a husband who loved her as she loved him. At the same time, she could constantly keep true to her pursuit of poetry, hoping that they would one day be published in magazines and newspapers.

Now, all of this had been destroyed by a bomb that fell from the sky. It had been mercilessly and cruelly destroyed.

After an unknown period of time, Eudora silently pulled up the blanket and covered her face. She let out a soft whimper that sounded like a baby beast.

The crying didn't stop for a while. After a while, Eudora suddenly lifted the blanket and saw a black figure standing by her bed.

Half of the black figure's face was covered by mushrooms, while the other half was covered in weeds. In the black figure's hand was a wooden cane.

Eudora couldn't even scream. She felt like her heart was about to burst out of her chest.

The black figure touched her with the tip of the cane.

Eudora felt her heart return to normal while her right leg felt cold, as though she could feel her leg again.

When she looked at the bedside again, the black figure wasn't there anymore.

In her daze, Eudora moved her right leg and realized that it wasn't painful at all. It was if she had never been hurt before.

She pulled up the blanket again and covered her face.

A few seconds later, there was a sound of disbelief under the blanket. It was filled with fear, but it was also mixed with crying that were tears of joy.

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CHAPTER 1090
HAUNTED TALES

Nighttime, Pritz Harbor, in a cemetery in the suburbs.

The people who died in the airship bombings had been brought here. The priests and bishops of the three Churches were busy comforting the souls of the dead to prevent any anomalies from happening.

In that short day, many wives lost their husbands, many children lost their mothers, and many families were down to a single person. Some of them loitered in the cemetery—some silent, others sobbing. Some even wept until they fainted.

Wearing an ordinary-looking face, Klein stood among them and watched everything without saying a word. It was as if he had recalled the funeral he had attended before.

While it was dark, he had just used Life's Cane to treat the injured in Backlund and Pritz Harbor's various hospitals— victims of the air raid. He had also left behind a strange and horrifying urban myth to help him further digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion.

And he knew that, once such haunted tales spread like wildfire, Zaratul, who was in Backlund, would immediately be able to understand what was going on. "He" would send his marionettes to monitor the corresponding areas. Hence, before the news spread, he relied on "Teleporting" to travel to all the hospitals in Backlund and Pritz Harbor, leaving behind all sorts of horror stories to treat patients with severe illnesses.

When this matter spread, he believed that he would receive a great deal of feedback, allowing him to take a firm and huge step in the direction of completely digesting the potion.

However, Klein didn't stop there. The existence of a conspiracy created by the Red Angel evil spirit, and the fact that Zaratul was in Backlund, was like a guillotine hanging above his head, urging him to continue searching for opportunities.

Hence, he came here to witness the grief of the ordinary citizens.

After a moment of silence, Klein retracted his gaze and turned to leave the cemetery.

After arriving at an empty spot, his left glove quickly turned dark blue, and slippery fish scales grew out.

With a whoosh, the wind swept over, and Klein flew up into the air towards the harbor.

In the sea beyond the land, the Sonia Sea fleet from the Feysac Empire was quietly waiting. It was as if they were prepared to launch another bombardment after daybreak, destroying the rest of the shipyards.

Soon, Klein arrived above the harbor ruins and looked at the faint flames in the dark night.

At the same time, his two marionettes had used Flaming Jump to rush over from the ground, splitting up into different hidden locations.

From what he had heard and seen, Klein didn't have any doubts or feelings towards what he was about to do. However, he was still confused.

Taking revenge on the invaders was a legitimate matter, but if he were to seriously injure the Feysac fleet, the happiest person would be the Loen

King, George III—the true mastermind behind all of this, one of the culprits who had pushed for war!

There are too many principles in this world, but only those who have truly experienced it will realize that there are times when doing nothing is the correct path. It will fill one's heart with conflict… With a sigh, Klein turned his attention to the information he had received from The Hanged Man.

The commander of the Sonia Sea fleet from the Feysac Empire was Admiral Egor Einhorn. He was a demigod from the royal family, currently a Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight of the Red Priest pathway!

Through this information, together with the contents of the Red Priest card, more key points surfaced in Klein's mind.

Iron-blooded Knight can make women turn into men, and also make them have courage that is comparable to steel. Not only can they control multiple types of flames, but they're also masters in this domain. They can even turn their own flames into steel…

On the Nepos, the flagship of the Feysac Empire's Sonia Sea fleet.

A burly man with a thick beard more than two meters tall, Egor Einhorn, was sitting behind a desk. As he drank Sonia blood wine, he pondered over what to do next.

After daybreak, Loen's airship crew will definitely attack. Their Pritz ironclad warship and the corresponding fleet will return soon. If they continue staying here, I'll be left in a passive situation.

Although I'm a Iron-blooded Knight, allowing the entire fleet's power to gather onto me while distributing the damage, the commanding officer of the ironclad warship is most likely a demigod of the Arbiter pathway, or they have the corresponding Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, so it won't be easy to deal with them… If I'm not careful, they might be able to make use of the advantage of their fleet's speed and armaments…

Retreating is the best option. After that, we'll continue attacking the coastal ports while the Loen navy is damaged… Heh heh, this war is indeed a good opportunity to digest potions.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to become a War Bishop before this. Otherwise, I might have a chance to advance to the level of an angel after the war. Sigh, only a War Bishop can truly unleash the strength of an army. It's not like how I am right now, only able to focus power on myself…

In the midst of Egor Einhom's thoughts, he planned on using the hidden connection between an Iron-blooded Knight and the soldiers that were under his command to inform his adjutant to pay him a visit, so that he could give the orders of performing a retreat overnight.

Suddenly, he looked up at the door.

Thump!

There was a knock on the door, and it instantly reverberated in the quiet room.

An advance warning before an attack… This thought flashed across Egor's mind and he became extremely tense.

In a battle between demigods, setting up an environment, sudden attacks, and catching enemies by surprise was a good way to seize the initiative. It was a combination that could effectively defeat or even kill an enemy of the same level. On the contrary, it was very difficult to accomplish it successfully. Therefore, giving an advance notice before an attack was either a warning without any follow-ups, or it meant that the attacker's level and strength far exceeded the target.

As a senior Iron-blooded Knight, Egor instinctively considered the worst situation. He immediately woke up every sailor and soldier on the Nepos to establish a connection with him.

At that moment, the noise sounded again.

Boom!

This time, the knocking sound on the door was comparable to the loud boom of a salvo. It made Egor feel like a bomb had exploded in his ears.

Under his high-strung nerves, he carefully listened to the commotion. This wasn't much different from the roar of a Cataclysmic Interrer!

In an instant, Egor's ears buzzed and he felt dizzy.

He quickly spread out the damage and let every member of the Nepos hear a faint buzz.

Then, Egor grabbed the fountain pen on the table and threw it at the door.

This dark red fountain pen left afterimages along the way, like a cannonball that had been fired.

To an Iron-blooded Knight, no matter how ordinary it was, it could become a terrifying murderous weapon through his augmentation!

Boom!

The door that was hit by the fountain pen cracked open, revealing the person in the corridor who had knocked on the door.

It was a man in a black trench coat. His body was as thin as paper, and his face had no facial features.

At that moment, the fountain pen had already exploded. The tiny fragments were like storms brought about by the sweeping of a machine gun. It embroiled the person who knocked on the door, tearing him into pieces of flesh and blood.

Egor didn't relax. Instead, he stood up and looked around warily.

He clearly knew that the person who had knocked on the door hadn't appeared!

At this moment, the adjutant, whose bunk was diagonally across from him, opened the door and ran out. When he saw the flesh and blood on the ground, he said in surprise, "Admiral, what happened?"

"There's an intruder…" Before Egor could finish his sentence, his gaze suddenly froze on the adjutant.

The adjutant retracted his gaze from the flesh and blood on the ground and slowly raised his head.

There were no eyebrows, eyes, nose, or mouth on his face. It was the same as the person who had knocked just now—a featureless surface.

Egor's heart palpitated, and his entire body ignited, transforming into flames that shot out in all directions.

After the scarlet flames dispersed, they swept forward and surrounded the adjutant.

The fire quickly spread, revealing the already charred adjutant.

When the cold wind blew past, the adjutant collapsed into a pile of ashes.

The flames didn't stop as they flew out of the room, one after another, forming a tall and burly Egor in midair.

At that moment, he saw seagulls flying around him. All of them had a human head without any facial features—their heads bare!

Egor let out a secret grunt as a blazing flame surrounded him before he sent towards the strange seagulls at high speeds.

At that moment, he heard the sound of metal rubbing against each other and immediately looked over with the help of the soldiers.

When he saw this, his body suddenly turned cold. He couldn't help but feel a sense of horror.

On one of the ships on the other sail-powered battleship of the Sonia Sea fleet, the cannons seemed to come alive and had a life of their own!

They turned around and aimed into the air.

As for the cannonballs, they actively leaped into the cannons.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The moment these shells were fired, they were struck by fireballs that followed different trajectories, exploding prematurely mid-flight.

Seizing this opportunity, Egor quickly recited the honorific name of the highest commander in the Sonia Sea theater—a Weather Warlock from the royal family.

"The ruler of the fog of the battlefield, the symbol of weather flux, the totem of the storm and lightning, the great Awatoma Einhorn…”

This was also the reason why it was difficult to kill a demigod of the same level when an advanced warning was given. They could always find an opportunity to seek help.

Of course, the main goal of the attacker, Klein, was to create a bizarre scene to scare a demigod and help him digest his potion. He had no intention of completing the hunt.

Upon seeing this, he hid beneath the water. Having achieved his goal, he immediately got Qonas and Enuni to swap locations over to him and "Teleport" away with them.

As for Egor, he didn't let his guard down. He remained extremely tense and guarded against any possible attacks.

Only when the angel responded did he truly heave a sigh of relief.

Following that, Egor didn't let the fleet stay any longer. He abandoned the sail-powered battleship that had turned into an urban myth, and he left those waters.

After a while, a seagull flew over and landed on the sail-powered battleship that had regained its silence.

The seagull had obvious dark eye circles. It looked around and said in the language of humans, "I can smell the aura of a Seer demigod…”

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CHAPTER 1091
ASKING HIMSELF

Backlund, East Borough, in a cramped rental apartment.

Wearing a rather thick jacket, Klein stood behind a desk and looked at the glass window in front of him. He carefully sensed the speed at which the Bizarro Sorcerer potion was being digested.

It's really fast. It's even more than the first three months of my digestion combined… However, there's nothing I can do about it. Before I received Life's Cane, I couldn't provide sufficient treatment. I have to make sure that the heart of the target can withstand the fright they experience, so as a result, I wasn’t able to go to the hospital to create an urban

Similarly, if it wasn't for the fact that a war broke out, it would be rather difficult to find other demigods. Those whose whereabouts that I can confirm are mostly on their own home ground. To secretly invade and create a bizarre sense of horror will involve turning innocents into marionettes. Even if there's no other choice, I wouldn't have considered it… Klein shifted his attention away from himself and sighed silently.

He then repeated a word in his mind:

War…

At this moment, the street lamps in the distance were lit up. East Borough was pitch black with the occasional policemen patrolling the streets with lanterns.

In the past, these policemen wouldn't have been so enthusiastic. Now that the war had broken out, they had to carry out the corresponding curfew orders to ensure that there was order and security.

"War…" Klein repeated the word softly again, and in a daze, he saw a part of the ending.

The Loen King, George III, has finally broken through the shackles. He's no longer worried that any of the seven deities will strongly object to his apotheosis. He can officially push for the various rituals needed of Black Emperor. What follows will depend on himself, or should I say "Himself." As long as "He" can withstand the impact of the potion, and as long as "He" can maintain "His" rationality, "He" would be able to ascend to the divine throne and advance to Sequence 0.

The Einhorn family of Feysac used this war that can embroil the entire world to allow its key members to significantly digest their potions, and without much difficulty, they can prepare the corresponding rituals and allow their family's overall strength to be enhanced.

As for Amon's brother, "He" can consume the potion during these tumultuous times and experience a transformation to become a Visionary, allowing this world to have another true god…

As Klein's thoughts drifted, a question suddenly popped up in his mind:

Can I accept such an outcome?

Can I accept such an outcome… Klein opened his mouth and slowly closed it. Everything he saw seemed to pass through the limitations of time and space before returning to another place:

It was the extremely thick, slightly pungent, cold, and moist smog which was yellow and slightly iron-black in color which had permeated through the entirety of Backlund;

It was the tramps who were suffering from ailments, hunger, pain, and cold before being pushed to the brink of death. He was also struggling to survive. For the sake of food, he pushed himself with all his might, not daring to slack off at all. Finally, he saw the light of life. He bought his long-awaited ham, but in the hazy smog, he fell to the ground and never got up again;

She was a hardworking widow. In order to survive, and to provide for her two children, she had abandoned all her dignity and made herself a shrew that spewed vulgarities. With pain-ridden joints that suffered repeatedly from the invasion of the humidity on a daily basis, she supported a roof that could block out the elements. However, the roof had collapsed in the Great Smog. The child she wanted to protect had died in her arms;

It was a young girl who yearned to study and fantasized about a bright future. She doted on her mother and her younger sister, working hard in the room that was filled with moisture, always carrying that tiny bit of hope. However, after the Great Smog, she was no longer able to see the future she longed for;

It was a girl who desperately took in knowledge under the care of her mother and elder sister. She had gone through too much suffering, and she walked out of her predicament one step at a time, hoping to improve herself. She hoped that her mother and sister wouldn't tire themselves out anymore and that she would have a chance to let her family of three to live an ideal life. However, all of this ultimately shattered. In that terrifying smog, this girl was left alone. No matter how much pain or joy she felt, she was no longer able to share it with her mother and sister. That fantasy of her family life never appeared, nor would it ever appear again;

They were living beings that fell to the ground like straw, one family after another, one human after another. They would never be able to erase the pain in their bones;

It was a student who clearly had a bright future, but only half of his body was left—his intestines splattered all over the ground;

They were children who returned home from school, only to suddenly realize that they had lost their parents and had become orphans;

It was the pain of writhing on the ground while crawling with great difficulty. He was an ordinary person who wanted to approach the future, but was powerless to swallow his last breath;

It was the people in the cemetery who were so silent that it made one's heart ache, or those who cried until they fainted several times;

It was a land stained with blood;

It was the air filled with gunpowder;

They were cold and ruthless shells.

And for the mastermind behind all of this, the greatest murderer, he would step up to the divine throne over piles of corpses, only to receive cheers and escape his mortal coils.

Can you accept such a development?

Can you accept such an arrangement?

Can you accept such an outcome?

After a moment of silence, Klein suddenly spoke with a deep voice:

"No, I can't."

This voice immediately echoed in the room. It was layered and interlinked:

"No, I don't accept it!"

There were still lingering echoes in his ears as the corners of his mouth curled up. Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh.

"The seven deities already tacitly accepted it. What meaning is there even if you don't accept it?"

Once again, he fell silent. After a long while, he finally exhaled and said to himself with a calm expression, "Even if it's meaningless, some things still ought to be done."

In this world, how could there be many things that were guaranteed to succeed? That they were of value and be of use?

The corners of Klein's mouth curled up. He looked away, turned around, and entered the room inside the rental flat.

Although he had already made up his mind, he had no intention of doing it rashly. With his current level and status, no matter how hard he tried, it would be difficult for him to affect George Ill's matters. Other than throwing away his life, there wouldn't be any other outcome.

Furthermore, if this resulted in chaos in the Loen Kingdom during a critical period of the war, resulting in the invasion of the Feysac army, then the deaths and injuries of the innocent would only be ten times or even a hundred times worse than the Great Smog of Backlund.

All I can do now is make preparations. On the one hand, I have to improve myself. On the other hand, I have to make more preparations and patiently wait for an opportunity… Klein muttered silently to himself. He found a black sticky blob and split it into two before smearing one half uniformly on a mirror.

This was a way to contact Demoness Trissy.

However, when all the black objects disappeared, there was still no abnormality in the mirror.

There's no response… After being frightened by an angel like Miss Messenger, Trissy has already decided not to have any contact with

Gehrman Sparrow… Klein sighed and walked to the bed to sit down.

His thoughts quickly shifted to the reason why the Demoness Sect had helped King George III.

…One of them is that the Demonesses need a catastrophe to digest the potion and hold a ritual. The other is that George III has made a promise to them? He promised them that they could openly spread their religion? No, this should be something that the seven deities wouldn't allow. Even if the Black Emperor is a Sequence 0, and with the Primordial Demoness and the True Creator, "They" wouldn't be able to fight against the seven deity alliance. Of course, after this war, the existence of an alliance between the seven deities is itself a question…

In that case, the seven deities that know that George III is working with the Demoness Sect shouldn't let "Him" become the Black Emperor…

The promise is for something else? The Demoness pathway has a true god, and there are very few valuable items left outside… Similar pathways? Isn't that the Red Priest pathway… George III—no, Amon's brother doesn't only know of the secret mausoleum needed by the Black Emperor from Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, but "He" also obtained the angel-level Beyonder characteristics or Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Red Priest pathway?

With the condition that having a Sequence 0 means no Sequence 1, this is probably the greatest hope for the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect to advance further. Yes, the Primordial Demoness should also be very interested…

This can explain why the Demoness Sect is providing help… The Red Angel evil spirit is searching for Saintess of White Katarina, and it doesn't seem to be as simple as "He" said… No, "He" didn't say anything else besides using common knowledge and reactions to guide me into thinking that way…

Klein's train of thought gradually became clear. He decided to use Saintess of White Katarina, as a breakthrough point, making her his next target. However, before that, he had to listen to what Queen Mystic had predicted. He wanted to know what she was planning to do in Backlund from her mouth.

Only by understanding the situation could he find and seize the opportunity!

The next morning, The Hermit Cattleya conveyed the words of Queen Mystic Bernadette:

Today between 12 to 12:30 p.m. at Srenzo Restaurant, Golden Theater."

It was the name of a private room.

When Klein arrived at 11:55 a.m., he used an illusion to deceive the waiter, and he walked all the way to the room and waited patiently.

After a while, he took out his golden pocket watch and opened it.

With that, he put away his pocket watch and counted down to ten silently. Then, he raised his hand and knocked on the door of the Golden Theater.

At that moment, his marionette, Qonas, was sitting on a bench across the restaurant and reading the newspapers leisurely. Enuni was with a group of students, giving off a flyer that promoted the evilness of Feysac. Of course, the three of them would switch positions from time to time, making it impossible for anyone to make an accurate judgment.

"Come in." Bernadette's voice came from the room.

Very impressive. I didn't notice anyone inside, nor did I notice anyone entering… Well, it's also because I didn't activate my Spirit Body Threads vision… Klein mumbled to himself before turning the doorknob and pushing the door open.

The first thing he saw was large swaths of gold before noticing the chestnut-haired woman sitting at the head of the table.

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CHAPTER 1092
RIDICULOUS PEOPLE

Bernadette was wearing an Intis-styled blouse and was sitting there quietly. Her chestnut-colored hair was naturally draped over her shoulders, and her straight brows were spread out perfectly. She actually had the aura of a female professional from Earth, one that had been in a high position for a long period of time.

The Emperor's sense of aesthetics still has quite the influence over Queen Mystic. However, it's limited by the environment around her, and it cannot be fully manifested… Klein took off his hat and pressed it to his chest. He bowed slightly before casually pulling out a chair and sitting down.

With a sweep of her blue eyes that resembled the deep-blue sea, Bernadette's gentle and calm voice rang out:

"Why did you contact me so urgently this time?"

Aren't you a Clairvoyant? Didn't you receive a hint of a revelation? Klein subconsciously replied in his mind before he felt that he was being too arrogant.

This should be the aftereffects of interacting with the Red Angel evil spirit for too long… With "His" level, it would naturally affect the people around "Him." If "He" was willing, this effect would definitely turn into a form of corruption… Klein quickly did a self-analysis and made a judgment.

He pondered for a moment before asking, "Have you attained what you wanted to achieve in Backlund?"

Bernadette slowly shook her head.

"No.

You can even say that I failed."

"Oh?" Klein used a tone to express his surprise and puzzlement.

Bernadette glanced at him and said unhurriedly, "There's a strange name for the Sequence 2 potion of the Mystery Pryer pathway. It's called 'the Sage.' To advance to this level, one has to prevent a disaster that involves a higher level of power."

Sage… So that's where "sage" of the Hidden Sage comes from… Klein was momentarily enlightened. Just as he was about to ask, he heard Queen Mystic continue, "I anticipated such an opportunity in Backlund, so I came here a few years in advance to make preparations. I've recently been waiting for it for a long time.

"Unfortunately, I predicted that it would happen in the second half of this year. Last year, I wasn't in Backlund at the end of the year, so I wasn't able to stop the Great Smog. And in this war, I tried my best to do something, and I achieved something. But to my surprise, Feysac directly attacked Backlund with an air raid, and the disaster ultimately erupted."

That's why you said you failed… Klein nodded indiscernibly and said with a sigh, "I didn't expect the ones to start the war to be the Feysacians either."

As he spoke, he sighed inwardly. The difficulty of Queen Mystic's advancement ritual was controversial. It all depended on one's luck.

One had to know that before he became a demigod, Klein had already stopped the True Creator from descending. He had saved Tingen and Backlund, which were feats that could definitely satisfy the ritual requirements of becoming a Sage. But under normal circumstances, there

weren't as many disasters like these, and they weren't things that could easily be stopped.

Just like the present situation, Amon's brother had planned for one to two thousand years. Even if something went awry with King George III, war would erupt as "He" had expected. This was because the root cause of the Uniqueness of the Death pathway hadn't been resolved.

This made him suspect that Mr. Azik's life in the Northern Continent had always been under the arrangement of Amon's brother. If not, how did "He," who had lost his memories, escape from the sights of the various major Churches without a shape-shifting mask?

More importantly, it was unknown why Azik had used his real name in this life!

And this wasn't something that was suspected by anyone, nor did it incur any investigations!

Is this all part of your plan? Amon's brother… Upon thinking of this, Klein felt a certain trauma, a result of post- traumatic stress disorder. His body nearly trembled.

He silently took a deep breath and looked at Queen Mystic and added, "This war involves the son of the Creator, King of Angels, and the true deities. It's not something you can stop."

With Bernadette's knowledge and experience, she still had some changes to her facial expression when she heard the sentence. She repeated a few keywords in a low voice:

"The son of the Creator… King of Angels… Deities…”

She wasn't too surprised by this, as if she had already made a prediction. However, even if she was a Clairvoyant, she wasn't able to pry into the "script" composed by Amon's brother.

After repeating it again, Bernadette fell silent for two to three seconds before sighing to herself, "So that's the reason…" Klein adjusted his posture and thought.

"Actually, to you, this war is also an opportunity.

"Next, there will be many disasters, including the clashing of powers at the angel level. I believe that you should at least be in control of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. You can stop certain matters from happening at the critical moment. Of course, you have to choose a good time and method."

Bernadette nodded gently and agreed with what he said. She also tacitly acknowledged that she possessed at least one Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

Of course, as the daughter of the protagonist of the previous era, as the child Emperor Roselle doted on the most, it would be unbelievable if her father didn't leave her one or two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts.

What was more important was that Bernadette was already preparing the ritual needed to advance to Sage. This meant that she definitely had the corresponding Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic in her hands. To a certain extent, it was equivalent to a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

After tacitly agreeing, Queen Mystic Bernadette's gentle but emotionless voice changed slightly.

"However, I still don't like war, even though it will give me a chance.

"I once hated him and couldn't understand him. That's why I didn't call him father for many years. It's because he did too many things against the trend of the times and hurt the innocent. I couldn't accept my heroic father turning into a crazy tyrant…

"And now, through the answers from the entity behind you and my own investigations, I somewhat understand his situation. I understand that he

was suffering from despair, pain, and loneliness. I understand him as a drowning person, only struggling on instinct."

When Klein heard that, he sighed and felt his emotions in turmoil.

In this world, the only people who understood Huang Tao—Roselle Gustav—the most were probably the two people sitting here.

Of course, this feeling didn't stop him from sensing that Queen Mystic Bernadette's condition was a little different today. In the past few times they had met, this king's daughter had never said so much, nor had she opened her heart so directly. At most, she would play the tune of music, subtly expressing her sadness.

After some thought, Klein pretended not to notice, and he asked, "When did 'He' start changing? Do you think there was any prior warning, or something worth paying attention to?"

Queen Mystic Bernadette's deep blue eyes moved slightly, as though she had sunken into her trove of memories.

After a while, she slowly said, "Not long ago, he proudly said to me, 'Haven't you always wanted to know what's surrounding our moon and other planets? In the future, our journey might be towards the sea of stars."1

The sea of stars… What's on the moon and other planets… As Klein pondered over Queen Mystic's words, he suddenly recalled a key phrase and something.

The keyword was:

Cosmos!

That matter was:

Mr. Door had once told Emperor Roselle that once he had the ability, he could take a look at the moon. That would resolve many of his doubts.

The emperor finally went? That hysterical diary page[l] was written after this exploration attempt? He had unknowingly changed his personality, becoming extreme? Klein recalled the corresponding content. Under Queen Mystic Bernadette's gaze, he deliberated and said, "At your level, you should more or less know that there's corruption coming from the cosmos."

Bernadette nodded and didn't pursue the matter. It was as though she knew that Gehrman Sparrow wasn't sure either. She knew that only an angel-level demigod could detect and resist the corruption.

After more than ten seconds of silence, the topic was directed towards Klein's reason for being here.

"One of the reasons for this war is because the Loen King, George III, discovered the nine secret mausoleums left behind by the Blood Emperor, doing so with the intention of switching to the Black Emperor pathway and becoming a Sequence 0. As such, he abolished the Grain Act…"

Klein didn't care if Queen Mystic knew anything about these matters. He followed his own pace and roughly told her everything without missing out any key matters. Finally, he said, "The Black Emperor does have the ability to revive, but once a new Black Emperor appears, the original entity would perish completely."

The original entity here referred to Emperor Roselle, who might've succeeded before being "assassinated."

Sometimes, Klein even suspected that Roselle had intentionally given others a chance which resulted in him perishing on the spot. This way, when he revived from the astral world and regained his Uniqueness and absorbed the three Sequence 1 characteristics, he would no longer absorb the characteristics of Knowledge Emperor, Arcane Scholar, and the

characteristics of another pathway. He could make himself pure; thus, free from madness.

This was a way to live through death, but the prerequisite was that Roselle's ritual had succeeded. He had died during or after the ritual, and not before the ritual.

Queen Mystic Bernadette took it all in before slowly saying, "You want to stop George III?"

"Yes." Klein nodded frankly.

"Why?" Bernadette pressed in an unperturbed tone.

The corners of Klein's mouth curled up as he smiled.

"Some ridiculous reasons that aren't worth mentioning."

Bernadette's gaze landed on his face for a moment before she said, "That's enough. I'm also doing such things for something that has slim chances, one that's almost impossible to happen.

"We can cooperate on stopping George III."

We're all "ridiculous" people… Klein sighed and said, "I'll give you the method to summon my messenger." "Alright." Bernadette reached out her right hand and lightly tapped the table.

The fountain pen that was originally placed diagonally in front of her suddenly jumped up, as if it was held by an invisible elf before writing fluidly on the paper.

"This is the method needed for summoning my messenger," said Bernadette calmly.

[1] Author's Note: From Chapter 715

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CHAPTER 1093
THE ANGELS OF THE FOOL

Queen Mystic's powers are all very fantastical—no, fairytale-like… Klein glanced at the fountain pen that was writing on its own. He took out a pen and paper from his pocket and wrote the incantation to summon his messenger. He also indicated that each letter delivery needed the payment of a gold coin.

Right on the heels of that, he handed the piece of paper to Bernadette and took the other party's piece of paper. He quickly scanned through it.

"An invisible creature that roams the upper realms, a strange spiritual body that is friendly to humans, a messenger that belongs solely to Bernadette Gustav…”

There's a certain difference between this and a standard incantation, but it's essentially the same… Hmm, Queen Mystic must've deliberately changed it to this to prevent others from trying out the summoning incantation and using the connection between the messenger and the contractor to lock onto her… For me, it doesn't matter. My messenger is an angel. Only "She" can threaten others, and no one can threaten "Her." Even if "She" were to meet Zaratul, "She" should have the ability to protect "Herself and escape… Klein mumbled inwardly and shook the piece of paper, igniting a scarlet red flame.

As she looked at the piece of paper turning into dark ashes amidst the flames, Queen Mystic Bernadette said without emotion, "What are your thoughts regarding the preventing of George Ill's matter?"

Having already made some considerations, Klein deliberately spoke slowly, "First, don't be rash. Don't take risks that we can't bear. Don't hurt the innocent."

If not for the fact that Queen Mystic Bernadette had mentioned earlier that she hated wars and hated harming the innocent, Klein wouldn't have said so directly to prevent exposing his weaknesses. He would've used a milder and more roundabout method to achieve his goal.

Upon hearing this, Bernadette nodded slightly in acknowledgment.

"Then, there are only three possibilities. One is to destroy the ritual at the critical moment and let George Ill's advancement fail. The second is to attempt an assassination in advance so that 'He' won't be able to hold the ritual." Klein deliberately didn't give his third idea as he first analyzed the viability of the first two possibilities. "Assassination has an extremely slim chance of success. George III, or should I say, the one who will become Black Emperor should be a Sequence 1, so it's not someone we can deal with.

"Even if 'He1 has yet to advance to Sequence 1, he will definitely have acted ahead of time. Once 'He* completes the preparations for the ritual and consumes the potion, 'He' will be able to quickly digest it and build a foundation for the future.

"Of course, even if this situation has a very slim chance of happening, that person must be at least at the Sequence 2 level. Furthermore, the Augustus family definitely has no lack of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. Together with the protection bestowed to 'Him,' it's impossible for us to succeed."

Here, he changed the way he addressed George III from 'him' to "Him."

After calmly listening to everything, Bernadette seemed to do an assessment.

"As long as we can create a good opportunity, a Sequence 2 can also be assassinated, but at least one of us will die, or perhaps both of us."

What she meant was that the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact she wielded was sufficiently powerful, magical, and terrifying. However, if she wanted to fully utilize it, the price paid would be very high.

In that case, there really is a chance. That's because I lied just now. If I really had to give it my all, I could still find Will Auceptin, Pallez Zoroast, and Miss Messenger to help me. I can let "Them" use the Yesterday Once More charm to recover "Their" normal states for a short period of time. The problem is that I don't know how much of a price needs to be paid, or what kind of effects it would have on the situation. I also need to consider if it would end up involving Kings of Angels like Ouroboros and Amon…

It would be great if Mr. Azik woke up. With four angels and Queen Mystic's Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, as long as we create an opportunity, we can even place our sights on a Sequence 1. Of course, the chances of failure are extremely high, since there's no way to sustain it for long… Klein's heart was stirred when he heard that, but he didn't discuss it further.

It wasn't that he wasn't willing to be honest during the cooperation effort, nor was it that he didn't trust Queen Mystic. Instead, Will Auceptin and Pallez Zoroast were being pursued, so once "Their" whereabouts were exposed, it was very likely that it would lead to "Their" deaths. This was something that Klein absolutely didn't want to see happen.

He vaguely said, "If assassination attempt is the only solution left, I can invite at least two angels to help."

This was referring to Death Consul Azik Eggers and Snake of Fate Will Auceptin who Bernadette already knew of. She could guess the latter through the drop of Mythical Creature's blood.

Bernadette was extremely surprised.

"This is that entity's will?"

Without the consent of The Fool, how could "His" Blessed seek the help of an angel?

"'He' has tacitly agreed to it," Klein spoke the absolute truth.

Queen Mystic's blue eyes turned darker. She didn't say another word and only nodded slowly.

As for Klein, he brought the topic back on track.

The destruction of the ritual might be relatively simple, but it has to be done at the most critical moment. Otherwise, it will only be delaying George Ill's apotheosis. 'He' has already received the tacit consent of the deities, so 'He' isn't concerned about that. Even if the mausoleum is destroyed, it wouldn't take long for 'Him' to rebuild it.

"And it being destroyed at the critical moment will cause 'Him' to fail at the advancement and lose control to become a monster. No deity would allow such a creature to roam the world freely. A deity's descent will definitely happen to kill it off. The problem is that, with a King of Angels's reminder and help, George III won't take it lightly. 'He' will definitely arrange for the most secure protective measures. The difficulty might only be lower than directly killing 'Him.'

"This requires us to gather intelligence as soon as possible and find an incisive angle to be used.

"And be it the first line of thought or the second line of thought, it's best that you advance to Sequence 2 in advance and become a Sage."

Bernadette nodded slightly to show that she understood.

She then said, "What about the third line of thought?"

Klein was silent for a few seconds before saying, "If the ritual was successful back then and the emperor had already advanced to Sequence 0, then 'He' would still have a chance to revive. As long as we could find the arrangements left behind by the emperor before George Ill's apotheosis and allow 'Him' to return, the plot of George III will fail."

He didn't use the word "him" to refer to Roselle as Bernadette did, to avoid exposing his identity.

Queen Mystic's eyes clearly flickered before they turned dark and reserved.

She opened her mouth slightly and said, "I'll hand over selected diary entries to Cattleya."

Klein didn't discuss the matter deeply. Instead, he smiled and said, "Actually, there's still a fourth line of thought."

Bernadette's eyebrows twitched as she expressed her doubts.

"That's to do nothing. Let George III hold the ritual and attempt to become a god while we wait for 'Him' to fail." Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh. "The higher the Sequence is, the greater the chance of failure."

This was actually the truth. Even if there was the "script" written by Amon's brother with the road to success completely paved, and even if George III had perfectly digested the previous potions, the odds of "Him" successfully advancing to become a god didn't exceed fifty percent.

Of course, what Klein said was just a self-deprecating remark.

Queen Mystic didn't immediately respond. She looked seriously at Gehrman Sparrow for a few seconds before saying, "The feeling you give off to me now is different from the previous few meetings."

"I'm taking advice from my psychiatrist." Klein smiled, describing himself as a very serious mental patient.

Without another word, Bernadette retracted her gaze and looked at the fountain pen lying on the table.

"Then, let's gather the corresponding information and maintain communication through letters."

At this point, she paused for a moment before speaking again. Her gaze remained unchanged.

"Actually, I'm wondering if he might've already been resurrected. It's just that he's still finding his past self… I'm not sure what details the Black Emperor's resurrection entails. I wonder if he really chose to be the Black Emperor in the end…"

Bernadette's voice gradually became ethereal and carried an indescribable feeling.

As Klein listened, he suddenly understood what Queen Mystic was thinking or expecting.

She suspected that The Fool was the resurrected Roselle, suspecting that the emperor had fooled every one in the past. In fact, he had never thought of switching to the Black Emperor pathway. Instead, he had chosen another path. As such, he needed to find himself by seeking out his past diary pages and Cards of Blasphemy.

Unfortunately, I'm just Uncle Zhou from next door… Klein originally wanted to say something cheeky, but his emotions gradually turned staid, making it difficult for him to force himself to relax.

Without saying anything, he stood up, bowed, put on his hat, and left the room.

After closing the door to the Golden Theater room and taking two steps forward, he suddenly heard a tranquil and melodious tune.

This melody was ethereal and carried with it a faint sense of melancholy.

After pausing for a few seconds, Klein turned towards the hall and left with Flaming Jump.

City of Silver, a team gathered at the city gate and was about to set off.

This was the team that was headed for Afternoon Town to prepare the exploration of the Giant King's Court.

Derrick Berg was standing in the middle and was the second shortest person. In his hand was a bronze cross with sharp spikes.

To his sides were Joshua and Haim. They were prepared to receive the Unshadowed Crucifix at any time to prevent Derrick's Beyonder characteristic from being purged.

This Sealed Artifact required three people to take turns to resist the negative effects.

As he looked down at the Creator's relic, he suddenly felt someone looking at him. He subconsciously looked up and saw that it was a member of the six-member council, Shepherd Elder Lovia.

The woman, who was shortest in the group, had long silver and slightly curled hair. She was looking at the ancient, mottled Unshadowed Crucifix with her pale gray eyes. Her gaze seemed to be blazing hot.

Upon sensing Derrick's gaze, this Shepherd Elder's lips twitched, revealing an indescribable smile.

"This is the Lord's item."

For some reason, Derrick shivered. Then, he heard the Chief, Colin Iliad, say, "Let's set off."

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CHAPTER 1094
BREAKTHROUGH POINT

In a small alley in the Backlund Bridge area, Xio once again met the MI9 staff responsible for contacting her.

"This is your reward from exchanging your merit points. A total of 2,500 pounds. Heh heh, I helped you get another 500 pounds." The golden-masked man threw a bulging envelope at Xio.

Xio caught it accurately and didn't count. She instinctively pressed down and sincerely said, "Thank you."

The golden-masked man waved his hand and said, "There's no need to thank me. This is also a good thing for me. If you continue to harp on past matters without letting go, I'm very worried that I'll go to military court one day.

"Are you still going to stay in Backlund?"

"Yes, I'm already used to living in a big city. When the war stops, I'll bring my family here," Xio said, having already made up her mind.

"Wait for the war to stop…" The golden-masked man repeated Xio's words with a slightly odd tone. He smiled and said, "May the Lord bless us to live until the end of the war."

Here, the "Lord" referred to the Lord of Storms.

"I believe in the Goddess," Xio replied seriously.

"You understand what I mean." The golden-masked man waved his hand and said, "Are you still planning to take on missions from MI9?"

"I won't reject an opportunity to earn money," Xio scratched her slightly coarse hair and said half-truths.

"Yes." The golden-masked man nodded and said, "The main thing to take note of during the war is to deal with spies from all over the world. If there's a suitable mission for you, I'll look for you."

"Alright," Xio replied without staying any longer. She cautiously and carefully retreated out of the dark alley.

After watching her figure disappear, the golden-masked man looked at the shadow in the corner and said, "She was likely used by some particular faction. She was abandoned after she stopped investigating the matter."

In the shadows in the corner, a deep voice sounded:

"On the surface, it looks like that, but there's no need to pursue or worry about the truth. Even if she can figure out the truth and spread it, it will not affect His Majesty's matters. Heh heh, the Church of Evernight has already tacitly agreed."

"That's for the best…" The golden-masked man silently exhaled.

After returning to her residence at the edge of East Borough, Xio said to Fors, who was sitting by the bed and reading the newspapers, "I received 2,500 pounds."

Fors put down the newspaper, her eyes moving slightly as she focused on making calculations.

"That's enough."

Xio had savings of more than 600 pounds, and with the 2,500 pounds, other than her necessary expenses, she had 3100 pounds to spend freely.

And her purchase of the Judge potion formula was 2000 pounds, and the Beyonder characteristic was 3,500 pounds. In other words, she was still short of 2,400 pounds, something that Fors could lend her.

After borrowing this sum of money, Fors's savings would be reduced to 780 pounds. However, this didn't affect her at all. She had the subsequent potion formula and main ingredients, so she didn't have many expenditures for a long period of time into the future. Occasionally, she could even earn a little from renting out Leymano's Travels.

Yes." Xio nodded. "I'll complete the transaction as soon as possible and strive to advance to Sequence 6 as soon as possible."

Seeing that her friend's matter was settled, Fors turned to worry about herself.

"I don't know when my Scribe potion will be completely digested. Now that the war has broken out, it will be much safer with the ability to 'Travel.'"

"The crux of a Scribe is definitely 'Recording.' When I become a Judge, you'll have new Beyonder powers to repeatedly 'Record.' This should be able to speed up the digestion of the potion." Xio pulled a chair over and sat down.

Fors sighed.

"I suspect that, other than the 'Recording' of Beyonder powers, I need to 'Record' down the sights and customs of different places. Only then can it be matched with the subsequent Traveler Sequence. But with war having broken out now, it's fine if I go further inland, but it will be difficult and dangerous if I go somewhere else. Sigh, the price of bread is rising. The price of one pound of bread has risen by a farthing. It's even more expensive than before the Grain Act was abolished!"

"Indeed." Xio thought seriously and agreed with Fors's conclusion.

The two fell silent. After about ten seconds, Xio suddenly had an idea.

"Actually, there's a very simple solution."

"What?" Fors sat up slightly and asked.

"You can spend money to hire that person to take you 'Traveling.'" Xio was very careful not to mention specific code names and actual names. "You can be thrown somewhere unfamiliar each time for three to four days, or even a week.

Then, you wouldn't take long to 'Record' all kinds of customs and traditions. Besides, you can rent some mystical items from him—from them—to 'Record' Beyonder powers. This can both improve your strength and help your digestion."

"That's right!" Fors's eyes lit up when she heard that.

Only then did she realize that her usage of the Tarot Gathering was very superficial.

After the pleasant surprise, Fors gradually frowned. This method meant that she had to frequently deal with The World Gehrman Sparrow, and the thought of the crazy adventurer left her trembling.

Indeed, there's nothing that doesn't require a price… To digest the potion, I can only take the risk… Finally, Fors made up her mind to make the request next week at the Tarot Gathering.

In an apartment several streets away from where Xio and Fors stayed.

After returning from the Srenzo Restaurant, Klein was sitting in front of a table. He quickly flipped through today's newspaper and summarized the important information he had received:

The Feysac Empire's Sonia Sea fleet has retreated from Pritz Harbor, their whereabouts are unknown…

The Ministry of Defense, Admiral Amyrius, has indicated that he will strengthen the coastal defenses and allow the three ironclad warship fleet to not return too hastily, and will take detours to avoid being ambushed…

Feysac's two-headed giant army invaded the Winter County's Amantha mountain range and suffered intense resistance. They failed to pass through the few strongholds…

Feysac's Subjugation Fleet attacked Constant and other large-scale industrial cities along the Midseashire's eastern coast. There was a large-scale sea battle with the kingdom's Midseashire Fleet. Both sides suffered losses…

East Balam's Feysac and the Loen colonial armies are fighting in multiple locations…

The rest of the countries have yet to make their stance clear. In the corresponding capitals, the ambassadors are running around to contact each other to have emergency diplomatic meetings… The electrical transmission waves contain all kinds of important news and are intertwining with each other in the different cities of the Northern and Southern continents…

We are still in the early stages of the war… Klein didn't believe that the diplomats were able to avert the war. He put down the newspaper and thought about how he could gather information regarding George Ill's Black Emperor ritual.

According to normal logic, before Blood Emperor Alista went crazy, "He" did things in a reasonable manner. That is to say, "He" couldn't build all nine mausoleums in the same hidden area; this would've been easy for others to wipe them out all at once, causing "His" resurrection to fail.

Therefore, in the surrounding areas of Backlund, in other parts of the kingdom, there should be eight other mausoleums that are similar. They haven't been exposed yet, so they might not be as heavily guarded as Ruins No. 1. This might give us an opportunity…

Perhaps the Red Angel evil spirit might know something, but I can't contact "Him" now. Ignoring the question of whether chanting "His" honorific name will be dangerous, just this act alone will expose my intention to prevent George III from becoming the Black Emperor. To a terrifying Conspirer, there are too many points that can be exploited.

Queen Mystic might have some channels and clues, but I can't just rely on her… At the moment, the Church doesn't know how many of the Blood Emperor's secret ruins there are, or where they are…

Attacking a key figure beside the king, such as a demigod from the royal family who is deeply involved in this matter? They must be on their guard. Furthermore, the angel of the Augustus family and that ancient secret organization would most likely be watching everything, one in the open, and one in the dark… In addition, as long as the royal family's demigod ends up in an accident, George III would definitely guess that someone is trying to stop "Him" from becoming a god…

Yes, Demoness of White Katarina will be easier to deal with than the demigods of the royal family. It would attract much less attention…

Hmm, theoretically speaking, George III, who has been tacitly accepted by the few major Churches, no longer needs to work with the Demoness Sect. Not that there is a need for that. If not for some particular reason, the two sides would've been completely tied together in this matter. The first thing "He" needs to do now is to cut off ties with the Demoness Sect.

Of course, "He" would most likely not betray the Demoness Sect directly. On the one hand, the Demonesses are also adept at ploys, so they wouldn't be unwary. On the other hand, if they anger the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect, George Ill's Black Emperor ritual might not be that safe.

This is a secret organization with a true deity, Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, and angels.

As long as George III is still rational, the correct method is to follow the agreement and give everything that needs to be given. Then, "He" will send the members of the Demoness Sect away. During this process, "He" will use the help of angels from the mind domain or even a King of Angels to erase the key memories of the Demon Sect participating in the matter.

If that's the case, even if Demoness of White Katarina goes missing for some time, it wouldn't alert George III. "He" might not even know.

And from the perspective of the Demoness Sect, the matter has come to an end. The various Churches have also tacitly agreed to it. They no longer need to hide like they did in the past and can move about freely. This gives me and Queen Mystic a chance.

Yes, Vice Admiral Ailment will likely appear again. From her appearance and the attitude of Demoness of White from back then, it can be determined that she and Katarina are related by blood…

With this in mind, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He cast his gaze out the window and silently muttered, I hope Anderson and Danitz can find that pirate admiral as soon as possible…

I hope that the City of Miracles in Groselle's Travels can effectively destroy the influence of the mind domain…

And all he could do now was to wait patiently.

Berserk Sea, Theros Island.

Danitz said to Anderson in delight, "I just learned that the southwest region of this place isn't a normal sea route. There's an island with no resources but is hidden enough."

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CHAPTER 1095
ACTING AS HIMSELF

"You suspect that Vice Admiral Ailment's fleet is hidden there?" Anderson asked in thought when he heard Danitz's words.

Danitz replied in excitement, "It's very likely! Didn't the Black Death vanish after steering towards the west and after leaving Theros Island?"

Anderson curled his lips and chuckled.

"If Vice Admiral Ailment's whereabouts were so easily discovered by you, why would she need to hide?

"How can islands that you can find out about be considered hidden enough?"

"Hey! What do you mean by that?" Danitz felt like he had been mocked.

Anderson shrugged.

"I don't mean anything. I'm just using my brain to analyze it.

"That island should exist, but it either belongs to the type that many people here know about, or it's intel that someone deliberately released.

"If it's the former, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's fleet definitely wouldn't be hiding there. If it's the latter, that would be interesting. Who would release this intel?"

Danitz was still a little angry at first, but later, he began analyzing Anderson's line of thought.

"A trap set up by some pirates or adventurers? However, an island without any resources isn't enough to lure others into exploring it.

"Vice Admiral Ailment herself? To figure out who's investigating her whereabouts?"

Anderson smiled.

"That's right. After my teachings, you've improved quite a bit. Otherwise, I suspect that even if you drink the Conspirer potion, you wouldn't be able to enhance your brain. You'll only mutate and turn your enemy stupid, bringing him down to a level at which you're familiar with, and then defeat him with experience.

"I didn't say that. It was Emperor Roselle."

After this period of searching, Anderson had already helped Danitz obtain one of the main ingredients of the Conspirer potion and nearly all the supplementary ingredients. He was just one step away from success.

"I suspect that you have such an ability…" Danitz muttered softly in response.

Anderson ignored him and continued, "If Vice Admiral Ailment got someone to release the news herself, the secret island must be a trap. Perhaps there's nothing other than a mirror that monitors the ships and humans that approach the island. Or perhaps it might be an important gathering base of the Demoness Sect that Gehrman Sparrow mentioned."

"Then what should we do next?" Danitz subconsciously asked.

Anderson chuckled when he heard that.

"You can't even figure out such a simple matter?

"Naturally, we'll seek out the person you heard this intel from. After finding the source of his information, we can trace it back, and we'll eventually find something."

That's right… Danitz wanted to nod in agreement, but the words that reached his mouth turned into a "heh."

Nearing dawn, on the second floor of a casino.

Bartz, with his brown hair, yawned and walked into his room.

Before he could use the moonlight outside the window to light the candle, he suddenly saw a bright white flame light up in front of him, momentarily blinding him.

Bartz's heart tightened as he pounced to the side and rolled.

After rolling twice, he suddenly stopped his actions, as though he had been petrified.

This was because there was a bone-chilling coldness and a slight pain around his neck. This made him have no doubt that if he proceeded any further, blood would definitely spray onto the roof.

"What do you want?" At that moment, Bartz's vision had recovered. He saw a blond man with one hand in his pocket and a black short sword in the other. Beside him was a man wearing a black cloak that covered half of his face with a hood.

Danitz didn't answer Bartz's question as he looked at Anderson in surprise.

"Why didn't you disguise yourself?"

"If you disguise yourself, how can you let others know who to hate?" Anderson replied with a nonchalant look.

Danitz exhaled. "Thankfully, I haven't been infected by this crappy habit of yours."

"It's fine," Anderson said with a smile. "Any random person on the island can know who I've been hanging out with." "Dogsh*t!" Danitz cursed.

Bartz, who had Anderson's sword at his neck, didn't dare to move. All he could do was listen quietly. He felt as though he had returned to Trier and was watching a comical scene.

What are the two of them here for…? The intelligence peddler was deeply puzzled.

At that moment, Anderson retracted his gaze and looked down at Bartz.

"Who told you about the secret island to the southwest that deviates from the main sea route?"

Bartz suddenly came to a realization as he looked at Danitz.

"It's you!"

In the past few days, this information had only been sold to one person!

…I was recognized so quickly? Danitz was momentarily at a loss as to how to respond.

Anderson slightly lowered the pitch-black short sword in his hand, making the stabbing pain even more obvious. "Please respect the order of what is to come and follow."

Bartz immediately felt as though his life was rapidly slipping away. He hurriedly replied, "I-it was Vice Admiral Ailment!"

"When did she tell you? Why did she tell you?" Anderson asked without any surprise.

"The night before the Black Death left Theros Island," Bartz replied quickly, afraid that he would die from excessive blood loss. "I didn't ask her why. Back then, I was only focused on admiring her beauty. She lives up to being the infamous Ailment Maiden of the Five Seas…”

Even after a long time, Bartz couldn't hide his admiration of her, even when he recalled her while being in extreme danger.

"Is this the charm of a Demoness?" Anderson muttered to himself before asking, "Do you have a way to contact her?"

"No." Bartz quickly shook his head and said, "She told me to take note of everyone who asked about her whereabouts. I'll tell her when she returns to Theros Island. And if anyone leaves the port after obtaining the information on that secret island, they shall be left alone to leave freely."

"Is that so… Very reasonable." Anderson nodded and withdrew the short pitch-black sword. "Is there a trap?"

"I don't know either," Bartz replied frankly.

Anderson didn't say a word as he searched for the money on Bartz's person and in the room. Then, he pointed at the intelligence peddler with his short sword.

"I wanted to kill you, but no one will hate me if that's the case.

"Live well, curse me a few more times every day."

He then turned around, walked to Danitz's side, and jumped down the window with him, disappearing into the dark, unlit night.

Bartz touched his bleeding neck and stood up in fear. He ran to the window and confirmed that the two of them had disappeared.

Thankfully, I met a guy with mental problems. If not, I would be dead today… He closed the window and locked the wooden door. After carefully inspecting the room, he finally sat down and gulped down half a bottle of Lanti Proof.

In his tipsy state, Bartz collapsed onto the bed and fell asleep.

Time ticked by slowly until it was three in the morning.

Suddenly, Bartz flipped over and sat up. His eyes were bright and spirited, and he didn't even feel the slightest bit drunk.

He found a dagger and pried open a wooden floor in the room. He took out a thumb-sized ball of paper.

After the white paper unfolded layer by layer, there was a sticky black object in the middle.

After taking a quarter of the blob, Bartz walked to the mirror in the room and was about to smear it.

At this moment, he saw two figures reflected in the mirror. One of them was wearing a white shirt and a black vest with one of his hands in his pocket and the other carrying a short sword. The other wore a black cloak that didn't reveal his face.

Just as Bartz's pupils dilated, Danitz punched the back of his head, causing him to faint.

And his final memory was a voice with a smiling tone.

"He really didn't disappoint."

After dealing with Bartz, Danitz bent down to pick up the sticky substance that had fallen to the ground. He chuckled and said, "This fellow actually believed you. He believed that you didn't kill him because you wanted him to hate you."

The conversation he had with Anderson was actually a rehearsed play. It was to make it reasonable for Anderson to let Bartz go without being suspected.

"This means that you acted sufficiently well," Anderson said with a smile. "It's truly different when you're acting as yourself."

"Dogsh*t!" Danitz cursed without any qualms.

He then sighed.

"I didn't expect him to be so patient. He waited past midnight before he took action. But we were more patient."

"If a hunter wants to capture his prey, he has to be patient. Sometimes, he can wait a few days," Anderson replied.

To the two of them, there was actually nothing they could do. Be it a Hunter and Provoker, or Pyromaniac and Reaper, none of them were good at mediumship, much less having the ability to hypnotize others. In order to obtain information, other than interrogating and threatening others, they had to work hard on "scheming."

This is very reasonable, but in the future, it will be done with the words I use to school others… Danitz looked at the black sticky blob in his hand and said, "It seems like it should be applied on the surface of the mirror… before contacting Vice Admiral Ailment?"

"That should be the case. However, what's the point even if we contact her? Are we going to ask her out on a date to join us for breakfast at Theros Island?" Anderson mocked.

Danitz knew that he and Anderson were unable to influence the person in the mirror. All he instinctively wanted to do was to do something more, so as to better complete the task that Gehrman Sparrow assigned him.

He frowned slightly and said, "Then what should we do next?"

"Of course it's to contact Gehrman Sparrow. Let him handle the aftermath. This fellow is very mysterious in every aspect, so he should have a way to resolve it," Anderson said with a tsk. "Besides, the mission he gave us is to seek out Vice Admiral Ailment's whereabouts. And there are results already now."

Danitz acknowledged and began taking out the candles and other items for the ritual.

"What are you doing?" Anderson asked with an odd expression.

Danitz set up the altar without looking back.

"Summoning Gehrman Sparrow's messenger."

Anderson fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "I'll go out for a smoke first."

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CHAPTER 1096
COOPERATION

At just past six in the morning, the entirety of Backlund remained dark. It was very quiet, with most areas being illuminated only by the street lamps.

Wearing his pajamas, Klein sat on the bed and looked at Miss Messenger who was carrying four heads. He rubbed his temples and asked helplessly, "Who sent the letter?"

Why couldn't he have a good night's rest?

The three heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hands replied one by one, "That…" "Particular…" "Brainless…"

"Servant…" "Of…" "Yours…"

Danitz… He prayed in the middle of the night in the past, and now he's sending letters in the morning… Klein took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. Following that, he received the letter from Miss Messenger.

When he opened it, his expression gradually turned solemn. This was because Danitz's and Anderson's discovery of Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's location was extremely untimely.

According to Klein's deductions, it wouldn't take long for the pirate admiral and Demoness of White Katarina to regain their "freedom." They wouldn't be hiding much, making it easier to find them. Now that they had dealt with the intelligence peddler, Bartz, and obtained the items to contact Tracy from him, the greatest possibility was that they had frightened the target and made her continue hiding.

Of course, Klein could seek the help of Queen Mystic Bernadette to find a way to lock onto Vice Admiral Ailment through the mirror. However, the problem was that he suspected that the target's hiding place was an important stronghold of the Demoness Sect. It might even be the headquarters where there were Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. This way, even if he had confirmed the whereabouts of Tracy, he wouldn't dare to "Teleport" over to capture her. Hence, any contact would alert the pirate admiral.

And if he didn't take the opportunity to contact her, regardless of whether Bartz was dead or alive, the news would spread after daybreak. Similarly, Tracy would be on guard.

Seriously… However, this is also because Anderson and Danitz don't know the truth. They don't know the changes in the situation of the Loen Kingdom… After some thought, he said to Miss Messenger who was waiting by the side, "Wait for me. I'll write a reply."

He had originally planned to "Teleport" over directly to decide what to do next, but after some consideration, he still chose to write a letter.

Although he believed that Zaratul wouldn't waste time on an obvious "bait" like Danitz, he still felt that he had to be more careful. If Zaratul didn't do so, it didn't mean that the members of the Secret Order under "Him" would do the same. Such a huge secret organization definitely had a few demigods at the saint level. Once he got entangled by the other party, it would be a huge problem.

"Alright." The head carried by Reinette Tinekerr that had failed to speak previously rushed to answer first.

Klein got out of bed, walked out of the bedroom, and came to the room outside. He took out a pen and paper and wrote fluidly:

"Think of a way to make Bartz faint until dawn.

Then, leave his room immediately and stay far away. There is a great danger lurking there.

"Monitor Bartz again when daybreak arrives, but don't alarm him."

The so-called danger was a half-truth, and his main goal was to get Anderson and Danitz to leave the scene, so as to draw away any possible spying.

Putting down the pen and looking through it again, he folded the letter and handed it to his messenger, Reinette Tinekerr, who had followed him out.

At 3:10 a.m. in the Berserk Sea, Theros Island, Bartz's room.

Danitz had just finished clearing the altar and wiping away the traces when he saw the terrifying messenger with four heads return.

Gehrman Sparrow actually didn't come… Danitz reached out to receive the letter in surprise, then he took out a gold coin for the messenger.

After the figure with four heads and dark, complicated long dress disappeared into the void, he opened the letter and quickly read through it.

T-there's danger! Danitz's pupils dilated as he rushed towards the door as if he had been burned in the ass.

After leaving the room, he said to Anderson, who was standing in the corridor with his back against the wall with an unlit cigarette in his mouth, "Quick, let's go. It's very dangerous here!"

“…Did Gehrman Sparrow say that?" Anderson was taken aback as he asked thoughtfully.

"Yes, how do you know? Couldn't it be that I discovered something?" Danitz replied instinctively.

"You? Heh." Anderson chuckled and asked rather relaxed, "What else did he say?"

"Aren't you nervous? Gehrman Sparrow is very reliable on such matters." Danitz's focus was completely off.

Anderson fell silent for a moment before saying, "His messenger is more reliable. At least, within the few minutes of his messenger's return trip, there won't be any danger here."

If there really was any "danger" lurking here, they would silently shrink back when they saw the messenger.

Danitz originally wanted to reply that it may seem so in terms of her image, but for some reason, he instinctively gave up on that sentence.

He switched to saying, "Gehrman Sparrow also said to let Bartz pass out until dawn so that we can monitor him again when the sun rises without exposing ourselves."

Anderson frowned. "What does he want to do? There won't be any latent dangers anymore once the sun rises?"

Without waiting for Danitz to respond, the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea turned around and entered the room. He took out a small metal bottle he carried with him and pulled out the stopper. He placed it at the tip of Bartz's nose and moved it back and forth.

"It's done. Let's go." Anderson didn't hide his curiosity as he surveyed the area before leading Danitz out of Bartz's room and walked far into the distance.

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

At 7:25 a.m., Audrey suddenly woke up from her dream.

She dreamed of the boundless gray fog and dreamed of The World Gehrman Sparrow asking her to help hypnotize someone, making the target forget everything that had happened in the past six hours, as well as all the people who asked about a particular secret island.

This is something that can be used as contributions needed for the Manipulator potion formula and Beyonder characteristic… Also, Mr. World said that he would donate 7,000 pounds for the war efforts… Audrey got off the bed very lightly and put a teal cloak over her white nightgown.

Following that, she followed Gehrman Sparrow's instructions and set up a ritual, praying for Mr. Fool's bestowment.

The illusory door quickly took shape and opened, sending three items flying out and landing on the altar.

One of them was a thin human-skinned glove, the other was the "instruction manual" on a piece of paper, and the other was a neat stack of cash that wasn't tied up.

This is Creeping Hunger? Audrey scrutinized the altar and thanked Mr. Fool.

Then, she put on the glove and, according to the "instruction manual," activated the spirit of the Traveler.

When the glove turned transparent, the twelve sacred angels with fiery wings suddenly appeared in front of her.

This is the Angel's Embrace that Mr. World has requested? Its effect is to interfere with divination and prophecy powers at the scene, so as to ensure that my identity won't be exposed? Audrey's eyes darted around as she changed the Lie accessory which she had already prepared into a silver mask, and she wore it on her face.

Following that, she followed the coordinates given by The World Gehrman Sparrow and began the "Teleportation" step.

During this process, the strange scenery of the spirit world and all kinds of strange creatures left a deep impression on her. However, before she could carefully observe them, she arrived at her destination. She saw that the colors were saturated, and the stacked scenes rapidly faded away, becoming normal. It was still late at night outside.

It feels like I've recovered my feelings and mood from when I first entered the mysterious world… Audrey analyzed her mental state and focused her attention on the target lying on the floor in the room she was in.

It was an unconscious man. The door to his Body of Heart and Mind was rather weak, meaning that he was someone who could easily be charmed, even if it didn't involve Beyonder powers.

Hypnotizing such a target wasn't difficult for Audrey. However, in order to digest the potion, she decided to use dreams to help with the "Hypnosis."

The unconscious Bartz had a dream. He dreamed of a blurry female figure. In his dream, he believed that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, a perfect state that Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy could achieve.

Bartz wildly chased her as he ran back and forth in the wilderness, hills, and mountains. However, he couldn't catch up to her, as though he had left behind something very important.

After an unknown period of time, he woke up from exhaustion and slowly recalled what had happened last night. He was in a bad mood because of him losing money. He had fallen drunk after drinking only half a bottle of Lanti Proof. Up to now, his temples were still throbbing in pain.

I even knocked the back of my head… Bartz rubbed the swollen area and lumbered back to the bed. He fell into it and continued sleeping.

And for Audrey who had completed a milder form of hypnosis with the Dreamwalker's powers, she had long followed The World Gehrman Sparrow's instructions and restored the scene completely, leaving nothing suspicious behind.

This was the ability of a senior Spectator.

Then, she "Teleported" back to Backlund and sacrificed Creeping Hunger to Mr. Fool.

The entire process didn't cause much of a stir. The Church of Evernight Beyonders in charge of protecting the Hall family were completely unaware.

After dealing with all kinds of traces, Audrey pulled a bell and let the maidservants waiting outside enter.

Her personal maidservant, Annie, gestured for the other maidservants to get busy as she said to Audrey, "Miss, there's a piece of news from the bursary foundation."

"What news?" Audrey interpreted the shock, confusion, disbelief, joy, and curiosity in Annie's tone.

Annie replied quickly, "That Miss Eudora who needed to have her leg amputated has completely recovered. It's as though she was never injured. This… this is a medical miracle!"

Audrey was similarly stunned. She had some guesses, but she didn't dare to confirm them. She lacked sufficient clues and evidence.

"Also, all the patients with serious medical conditions have fully recovered!" At this point, Annie couldn't control herself. She lowered her voice and said, "I heard that there was a ghost wandering around. Half of its face had mushrooms growing all over, and the other half was covered in

weeds. It ate illnesses, trauma, and grief. I don't know if it's true, but it's scary."

"Mushroom… Weeds…” Audrey repeated the two words, momentarily at a loss.

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CHAPTER 1097
DIFFERENT CONUNDRUM

Seeing that her mistress was clearly interested in ghost tales, Annie glanced at the other maids who were preparing hot water, combs, and other items. She continued, "The doctors and nurses wished to invite the Church's bishop to host a Mass, but the remaining patients strongly objected to it. They look forward to meeting that ghost. They all call it 'the Clown Angel.' They say that its terrifying appearance resembles a specially dressed clown, but in actual fact, it's an angel who can resolve pain and torment."

"This title is very interesting…" Audrey said with a faint smile.

If it were in the past, she would definitely be very interested in this, perhaps eager to make a trip to the hospital via Dream Traversal to figure out what was going on with the so-called "Clown Angel." However, the sudden eruption of the war made her feel rather depressed. She felt that there were too many important things that she needed to do, so she wasn't in the mood to probe further.

In fact, if she hadn't experienced the air raid herself and seen those who were injured because of it, she would definitely feel like a war had never happened over the past few days and that Backlund was still very peaceful.

This was because, after that air raid, the airship fleet of the Loen Kingdom had been roped into the war effort. The air defenses of the coastal city's had all been raised, and Backlund didn't suffer another attack again. Currently, the battle between Feysac and Loen was mainly focused in three places—the Winter County's Amantha mountain range, the heavy industry metropolitan area along the Midseashire's east coast, and the few harbors along the Sonia Sea coast. Furthermore, they were in a deadlock with no

side gaining an advantage over the other. Even if there were casualties, it didn't have any material impact on Backlund. Other than the rise in prices with several editorial pieces in the newspapers, this city seemed to restore its peace in a few short days.

However, Audrey didn't think so. Her father and brother have been busy with work recently, often returning late at night or convening a private gathering with a group of nobles, Members of Parliament, and clergymen. Through the other charity organizations in the Church of Evernight, she learned of the exact number of casualties at the front lines of Pritz Harbor and Amantha. She even saw some photos of the battlefield. She was working hard to gather funds, contacting various pharmaceutical companies and hospitals, hoping that she could organize help and treatment needed in the war effort.

Who would've thought that the crazy adventurer has not only offered the excess food in his manor, but he has even donated 7,000 pounds in cash… Audrey sighed secretly and began letting the maidservant help doll her up.

South of the Bridge, Rose Street.

Emlyn White casually donated ten pounds to a charity organization's solicitor. He pressed his top hat and walked up the stairs, entering the Harvest Church.

At this moment, there were no believers in the cathedral. Father Utravsky, who looked like a half-giant, sat at the front and prayed sincerely.

Emlyn was in no hurry to change into his priest robes. He sat beside the priest and wanted to say something, but when he opened his mouth, he ended up scoffing.

"It must be your typical Feysac appearance and figure that made those believers fearful of coming over," Emlyn said casually as he looked at the altar in front of him.

Bishop Utravsky put down his hands and opened his eyes.

"I can understand them."

"What's the point of understanding them? If the war gets more intense and the number of soldiers who die in the battle increase a bit more, the believers might rush in here and bum the cathedral and hang you to death." Emlyn continued to look at the Sacred Emblem of Life.

Father Utravsky shook his head slightly.

"No, they won't. They sincerely believe in the Earth Mother. They won't bum the cathedral. At most, they will banish me. If I express that I've given up on my Feysac nationality, there will always be people who will understand and accept me."

Emlyn tsked and said without moving his gaze, "What if Feynapotter joins in the war and attacks Desi Bay, Loen territory?

"What if the Church of Earth Mother calls all clergymen to arms and become enemies with Loen?

"Are you going to obey the orders of the Church and abandon the believers here, or are you going to pretend that you don't know anything? Continuing promoting how precious life is, how joyous the harvest is as you are now? Or, will you directly organize those believers to make them become enemies with their own kind, using blood and sacrifices to prove their faith?"

Bishop Utravsky slowly looked at the Sacred Emblems of Life up and above the altar, not saying anything for a long time.

Emlyn didn't bring up any more questions as he fell silent like the priest.

The entire Harvest Church was silent.

On a colonial island, Alger Wilson, who hadn't had the chance to return to Pasu Island, didn't leave the Blue Avenger due to his principles of being cautious. He only sent his sailors to take turns to gather information.

"Captain, there still isn't any news about mustering us," a sailor reported to Alger of his findings of the day while reeking of alcohol.

Alger waved his hand and dismissed his subordinate to leave the room. Then, he frowned slightly and muttered silently to himself, The Church doesn't seem to care much about this war…

From what Alger knew, this was likely an intense war that would cover a huge scale. As the victim of an invasion, the Church of the Lord of Storms would definitely mobilize all its strength to defeat the enemy, including the "captains" who were scattered across the sea by giving them corresponding missions. However, at this moment in time, Alger had yet to receive orders from Pasu Island.

This didn't mean that the Church of the Lord of Storms was slacking off. The activity of the Church's forces amongst the Loen army and the air raid drills it was involved in the various major cities, and the activities of the demigods implied that the Church of the Lord of Storms was seriously resisting the invasion of the Feysac Empire. It was just that it wasn't going all-out.

Could it be that it's because we're still in the early stages of the war? The Church wishes to preserve a portion of its strength for the critical moment? Alger held back the stirrings in his heart and waited for further information.

At night, another group of sailors returned with news that had nothing to do with the war.

"Captain, there seems to be some kind of monster hiding on this island. Many pirates say that they encountered a terrifying situation when they head out to pee after drinking too much. Some of them were violently slapped by the branches of trees, while others saw fruits growing on their

bodies—ones filled with blood and flesh in them. Some of them encountered skinny ghostly figures with wheat faces…” A rather sober sailor described the rumors he had heard.

Tales about ghosts and monsters… Alger didn't have the intention to probe into the truth of the matter. He nodded and sternly warned, "Don't go out at night."

After such paranormal tales started in Backlund and Pritz Harbor, Klein never went to those hospitals again, afraid that he would directly meet Zaratul’s marionettes.

With the Creeping Hunger and the ability to "Travel," he expanded his range for creating terrifying tales. Sometimes, he would be in the Sonia Sea, at other times in the Fog Sea. He would go to Lenburg, sometimes to Feynapotter, and sometimes appear in places like East and West Balam, the highlands and valley. He didn't abide by any rules, and he relied solely on his momentary inspiration. He would visit some cities two or three times while not stepping foot into others even once.

During this process, Klein felt an inexplicable strange feeling. In the terrifying darkness, invisible tentacles extended out, either searching for his whereabouts or attempting to predict his movements so as to intercept him ahead of time.

They were silent and cold, and once they entangled him, the consequences were unimaginable.

Klein knew that this might be the result of Zaratul's "search." His best solution was to temporarily stop acting and to lay low in wait. However, it was also this subtle feeling that made him wish to digest the potion as soon as possible. Hence, he made use of the gray fog's powers. Every time he randomly chose a target location, he would go above the gray fog to divine the danger level and use Paper Angels to interfere.

At this moment, with the huge progress in his digestion, he "Teleported" to Cookawa, which was in the Northern State of West Balam.

This was where he had killed Ince Zangwill to avenge himself and the captain.

The moment his figure appeared in the White Feather Square, he suddenly sensed something amiss.

The residence that belonged to Maysanchez was too quiet. It was so quiet that it sent chills down his spine.

Maysanchez was a native general who had previously bought arms from Dwayne Dantes. He was a Beyonder of the Death pathway, and he was backed by the Church of Knowledge.

What happened? Klein frowned slightly as he considered whether he should enter to confirm the situation. After all, that was his "collaboration partner."

Furthermore, if he were to encounter an enemy that wasn't weak, it would be a very good opportunity for him to act. After doing a self-analysis of the situation, he believed that if he could use a saint-level demigod as the main lead and create a few more horror tales, then his Bizarro Sorcerer potion would be digested for the most part.

Of course, the prerequisite for everything is to be safe. I have to be careful and cautious… As he made his marionette, Qonas Kilgor, transform into the appearance of Dwayne Dantes, he took out a gold coin.

This time, the revelation he received was that there wasn't any danger.

Strange… Klein didn't let his guard down as his body turned incorporeal before becoming a shadow that disappeared into the darkness of the night. As for his marionette, Qonas Kilgor walked slowly towards Maysanchez's mansion with his face facing down.

This was the ability to hide in the shadows that Creeping Hunger provided itself.

As for the other marionette, Enuni, he was waiting about 1000 meters away. As for the few "rats" that belonged to the marionette, they were spaced out nearly 1000 meters away from each other, but they were unable to do anything.

Soon, Dwayne Dantes arrived in front of the general's residence and activated his Spirit Body Threads vision.

What entered his vision were black illusory threads that were "grown" in a messy fashion. They seemed to come from different people, but they also had an obviously similar aura.

And normal Spirit Body Threads didn't exist at all.

After a few seconds of silence, Dwayne Dantes extended his right hand and pushed open the closed door.

The scene inside was completely different from what he remembered. The pillars that were covered with golden foils, the golden sculptures on the walls, and gorgeous stairs were now rolled into a bunch like a huge porcupine with golden spikes growing out of it. On the ground, there were sharp stone pillars and shattered glass everywhere.

Apart from these, there were more illusory bookshelves in the hall that didn't appear real. There were pools of black shadows hidden in different spots on the bookshelf as they curled and stretched like eyes from time to time.

As the door opened, the pool of liquid-like shadows suddenly came alive and produced the same sound:

"It's you!

"My prediction was right. You're the one who can help me out of my conundrum!"

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CHAPTER 1098 CONTRIBUTION ACCUMULATION

Upon hearing the words of the pools of black shadows, a figure suddenly appeared in Klein's mind.

It was the elder in a white robe with inlaid brass lines. His hair was completely white and neatly combed. His pair of gray-green eyes left a deep impression on him.

He claimed to be a member of the Church of Knowledge and that he was in charge of matters in West Balam and had a close relationship with Maysanchez.

Back then, he had suddenly paid a visit to Dwayne Dantes, giving the excuse for his visit as him having predicted that he would be in a very troublesome situation in the future, and that someone he met during that time period would help him resolve the problem.

After some thought, he slowly said, "Lucca Brewster?"

"Yes, it's me. You actually still remember me!" In the different parts of the illusory bookshelves, the pool of liquid-like shadows rushed to answer.

Their voices were no longer uniform. They were layered over each other, echoing endlessly. Even though he was separated by his marionette, Klein's ears still rang, and he felt a sense of dizziness.

This isn't a normal sound. It contains a certain inclination towards losing control or experiencing mental corruption… The illusory bookshelves themselves are just for show… Just as this thought flashed through Klein's mind, he heard the black shadows curling and extending at the same time.

"Sorry, I was too agitated just now and couldn't control myself."

Hiding in the shadows outside the mansion, Klein controlled his marionette, Qonas Kilgor, and said, "What did you encounter? How did you end up like this?"

The black figures sighed and said, "The Adjudicator of the Feynapotter military, Bellacosta, and the Church of Earth Mother's archbishop, Martina, jointly attacked this place, with their main target being me. I had no choice but to activate my Mythical Creature form and make them temporarily retreat. Seeing as you entered without noticing anything, you must've 'Teleported' here.

"You're also a demigod. You should know that once you reveal your Mythical Creature form, it won't be easy for you to return to normal. I was also affected by inclinations towards going insane, and I nearly lost control. Fortunately, I was once a Mysticism Magister and had mastered many strange but effective mystic arts. Hence, I sealed myself to a certain extent at the critical moment and ended up like this.

"Sigh, this can only last for some time. The madness is still eating at me. I've already contacted the See, and it wouldn't be long before a helper comes. However, I don't know if I can last that long.

"I was just thinking that this should be that very troublesome conundrum in the prophecy, and I was wondering if the person who could help me solve this problem would appear. I'm so happy that you're here. This proves that my prediction and interpretation wasn't wrong. This has improved my mental state…”

He really is a demigod who's determined to see his predictions succeed… If I were to turn around and leave at this moment, would you just break down and lose control on the spot… After lampooning silently in his heart, Klein began thinking about the key information that was revealed by Lucca Brewster.

The Feynapotter military and the Church of Earth Mother had begun taking action!

He then got his marionette, Qonas Kilgor, to take out a gold coin and flick it before reaching out to catch it.

From what he knew, the clergymen of the seven Churches were focused on maintaining order and ensuring the safety of their believers, regardless of the situation. From this angle, it was impossible for Lucca Brewster to be a Devil or a Demon.

As for the impression that Vice Admiral Iceberg and Detective Isengard Stanton gave him, it made him feel that the Church of Knowledge wasn't too bad. He felt that, other than their habitual discrimination against people with low intelligence and those who were not fond of studying, there was nothing wrong with their actions and style.

This is also the reason why they're unable to develop and expand. They can only stay in a few small countries… Klein didn't look at the result from flipping the gold coin. He mumbled a few words before saying, "How can I help you?"

The excited black shadows fell silent. A few seconds later, they said, "I don't know either…”

Klein looked at them, and they looked back at him in silence. Instantly, there was a mutual silence.

Why don't I suggest turning you into my marionette? Nearly ten seconds later, Klein lampooned inwardly.

His thoughts raced as he began to think of a way to resolve the Lucca Brewster's problem of not being able to recover from his Mythical Creature form.

To be honest, his seriousness towards helping Lucca out wasn't just because of his good impression of the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom, but also because of interests that could benefit him.

Firstly, there was the inkling of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom's existence in the matter of Groselle's Travels. At present, he was unable to determine the true god's goal. He felt that showing some goodwill might lead to pleasant surprises. Secondly, if Roselle's return really happened, the attitude of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom was rather important.

From the Red Angel evil spirit's tone and manner of speech, Klein could make a preliminary judgment: Compared to the Fourth Epoch, the seven deities of the present era had a drastic change in attitude towards the appearance of a Black Emperor. Their reaction wasn't as intense as before, and they were more inclined to tacitly approve of it, even if the person wasn't their own candidate of choice.

Under such circumstances, if Emperor Roselle were to return, the only ones who would be against it would probably be the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery. After all, back when Roselle perished, "They" had been involved in the matter to some extent.

However, this objection wouldn't be too strong either. As long as Roselle's mental state was normal and he escaped the corruption and madness, there was a chance of being accepted. After all, the Black Emperor didn't have the problem of switching with the Sun and Savant pathway, so there weren't any direct conflicts of interest.

As for the original grudge, it wasn't too serious at the level of a deity. Of course, this was just a guess Klein made from his knowledge of ancient history and from the angle of mysticism. According to his understanding of the situation, other than the God of Craftsmanship, the other six deities had

been enemies with each other back during Solomon's first empire. "They" had left behind countless grudges, and had no choice but to rope in the Black Emperor back then to help "Them." In the end, "They" still put these matters behind "Them" and formed an alliance that lasted to this day.

Even the deities of neighboring pathways could coexist peacefully to a certain extent. As long as Roselle could really be revived, then as someone who wasn't completely dead, the feud between him and the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery could be resolved.

Of course, with his understanding of Roselle, it was only a matter of time before Roselle took revenge. As long as he wasn't crazy and wasn't forced into a corner and wasn't extreme, he could still understand the situation clearly and know what to do and what it meant to wait for an opportunity.

Under such circumstances, Klein believed that the ones who were able to suppress the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery when "They" expressed "Their" objections and also make "Them" tacitly agree to it were definitely the Lord of Storms and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, because "They" and the Eternal Blazing Sun were on Beyonder paths that could be interchanged.

I'm just afraid that the corruption that stems from the cosmos isn't that easy to resolve. The revived Roselle may end up completely turning into an evil god, but such matters can only be done one step at a time. Only by understanding the situation can one grasp the crux of the matter and decide whether to press the "button" at the final moment… Humans can't stop because of worries with low odds. If that's the case, nothing can be done. Even drinking a mouthful of water might lead to the descent of an evil god…

Similarly, what are the reactions of the various parties towards Roselle's return, and how intense would they be? This will require me to wait and make further observations before I can find the most acceptable solution for everyone… At the moment, causing damage during the ritual at the critical moment has the highest chance of success… As his thoughts raced, Klein

looked at the pool of dark shadows and slowly said, "How long can you last?"

Lucca Brewster observed his condition and said, "Seven, seven minutes.'

I thought you were going to say "seven, six, five, four, three…" After lampooning, Klein said, "I'll get you a Psychiatrist."

As he spoke, he retreated a few hundred meters out of the shadows of Maysanchez's residence. Then, he set up a ritual and sacrificed Creeping Hunger above the gray fog.

After doing all of this, he sat in The Fool's chair, conjured Gehrman Sparrow's figure, and made him do a simple and quick prayer.

At this moment, it was almost dawn. As for Audrey, who had been busy with charity work, she had yet to sleep.

Treat a demigod who has shown signs of losing control… I can accumulate more merit points as well… Audrey put down the fountain pen in her hand and put on a white cloak with golden patterns.

Just like the previous mission, she set up a ritual to receive Creeping Hunger and wore Lie, which was in the form of a silver mask. Under the protection of Angel's Embrace, she "Teleported" to the Maysanchez mansion in West Balam according to the map provided by Gehrman Sparrow.

The difference this time was that, due to her facing a demigod, not only was she wearing a mask, she had also used Lie to adjust her figure, aura, and appearance under the mask.

Then, she saw "Mr. World" in the form of Dwayne Dantes.

"That demigod has broken down into pools of black liquid. Try not to communicate with his Body of Heart and Mind directly. This will infect you

with his inclination to lose control. If you can't treat him, I can lend you a Beyonder characteristic." Klein specially warned Miss Justice.

Audrey didn't say that she was very clear about this. She was very professional in this aspect and listened attentively. "Let me give it a try first."

She tugged at the cloak covering her body and took a few steps forward, casting her gaze at the illusory bookshelves and the pools of black liquid.

"Thankfully, he hasn't truly lost control." After examining for a few seconds, Audrey said gently.

Accompanied by her calm and powerful words, an invisible wind of Placate began to blow.

The frequency at which the pools of black liquid curled up and stretched began to decrease as the sense of anxiety weakened.

Audrey used Placate a few more times. It was only when Lucca Brewster's mental state was completely stabilized and he had the ability to cooperate did she get him to open up his mind and receive the treatment.

And she took the opportunity to open the door to the demigod's Body of Heart and Mind. She split her use of Placate into multiple treatments during the process of purifying the corruption. She planted psychological cues, cuing Lucca Brewster into believing that everything was fine, allowing him to easily converge his Mythical Creature form and turn back into a human.

The reason for splitting up the process was because if Audrey was affected by the slightest bit of corruption and the negative effects, then she would immediately retreat and resolve her mental problems first.

Finally, she completed the treatment and cues before taking a few steps back.

"Your Excellency, you can remove your Mythical Creature form."

The moment she finished speaking, the illusory bookshelves in the hall vanished. The pools of black liquid gathered together like life, taking on a human form.

The black colors quickly faded away, turning back into Lucca Brewster's original form. He sighed and said with a smile, Thank you very much. When I saw a Sequence 5 Spectator come over, I thought that I would become the main ingredient for her switching to another pathway…”

This old man's words are so direct… I don't even know how to respond to his words… Klein turned his head to look at Justice Audrey. He realized that her eyes were closed tightly.

Uh… Klein opened his mouth to respond to Lucca Brewster.

"Don't worry. What you need the most right now is a set of clothes."

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CHAPTER 1099
1368

“…”Lucca Brewster looked down at himself and hurriedly raised his right hand to grab something beside him.

Then, his grayish-green eyes darkened.

The gold that mixed with the stairs suddenly flew out and fused in midair, forming a thin piece of armor that then covered Lucca Brewster.

Lucca stretched his arms and explained as he took in the feedback, "Stiano's Golden Armor Art. Its defensive capabilities are equivalent to that of a Sequence 5 Guardian."

"Stiano?" Klein asked casually.

Lucca said in a tone as though he was introducing a famous historical figure, "One of the earliest founders of the Moses Ascetic Order.

"I heard that Emperor Roselle had previously modified this Golden Armor Art. I wonder what effects it eventually produced."

…I can roughly imagine… Maybe this "Golden Armor" has twelve different styles[l]… After muttering inwardly for a while, Klein changed the topic to the main topic at hand:

"Will Feynapotter and the Church of Earth Mother officially join the war?"

When Lucca introduced the Stiano's Golden Armor, Audrey opened her eyes and turned her head in a controlled manner. Without any perturbation

in her eyes, she looked at the glimmering demigod.

Lucca sighed and said, "Regardless of what they were thinking previously, they'll officially join the war tonight.

"Of course, they wouldn't target Loen for the time being. There's a high chance that they will attack either Lenburg, Masin, or Segar. It's to prevent an extended battlefront and from making too many enemies which would prevent them from being able to concentrate their strength. Furthermore, the Church of Earth Mother might not be willing to exert too much strength…"

After sighing, this demigod from the Church of Knowledge earnestly said to the silver-masked Audrey, "What kind of consultation fee should I pay you?"

Audrey glanced at Mr. World beside her.

"He has already paid."

Lucca Brewster immediately shifted his gaze to Dwayne Dantes.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Let me ask a few questions."

"Please speak." At that moment, Lucca didn't look like a demigod at all. Instead, he looked more like a professor waiting to answer his student's questions in class.

Of course, if he could take off that set of golden armor and change into a three-piece suit, the resemblance would be uncanny.

Without thinking, Klein directly asked, "What do you know about the corruption from underground?"

In his opinion, if the Church of Knowledge, which was famous for being knowledgeable, knew about it, then he was definitely at a strong enough level to bear the effects. And if this wasn't suitable for Miss Justice's ears,

then he believed that Lucca would bring it up. After all, he wasn't merely a bookworm.

As the discussion about the underground corruption stemmed from their experiences from exploring the sea of collective subconscious in Groselle's Travels, Audrey had a certain understanding of it. At that moment, it didn't feel as though she couldn't understand anything. She was very focused on waiting for the demigod to give an answer.

Lucca frowned slightly and said, "I don't know much about it. It's as though just knowing about it will result in corruption in of itself.

"Uh, I've seen a sentence before in an ancient book: The higher the Sequence, the more dangerous it is to be closer underground."

So the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt left an extremely deep trauma and some kind of fear down there? Audrey instantly thought of the object sealed in the bronze door of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd.

She then looked at Mr. World beside her, but she didn't notice any changes in his expression.

However, Klein made his marionette nod gently, so as to tell Miss Justice that the connections he made with were identical to hers.

This made Audrey feel like she had returned to the past. Back then, she was still a Low-Sequence Beyonder of the Spectator pathway. There was no way she could decipher any useful information from Mr. World's expression and actions.

The higher the Sequence, the greater the threat of underground objects? This doesn't make sense… Realizing that Lucca was unable to provide more information, Klein thought for a moment and said, "Second question, what prophecy do you have regarding this war?"

With the mention of a prophecy, Lucca Brewster suddenly became spirited.

"It's only the beginning. It's far from reaching its peak.

"Also, a greater portion of the damage stems from the war and is also present beyond the war. I don't know what it is exactly though."

The war has just begun… Audrey's heart sank uncontrollably.

Stems from the war and is also present beyond the war? Is it the apotheosis ritual of Amon's brother, or is it the advancement of the Black Emperor? Or perhaps, the return of Roselle? With a guess, Klein nodded and raised the third question:

"Have you heard of the prophecy of the apocalypse? How do you interpret it?"

Lucca Brewster's expression instantly turned serious.

"No, this is not a prophecy”

"Anyone with the ability to predict the future is certain that the apocalypse will definitely come.

"God mentioned in 'His' holy bible that the apocalypse will happen in the year 1368 in the Fifth Epoch.”

"Of course, God also said that there will be a savior."

The prophecy of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom? 1368, there's only about ten years left… Could the Goddess's act of destroying the alliance with the God of Combat to control the Uniqueness of the Death pathway have something to do with the impending apocalypse? Without realizing it, Klein's expression turned serious. However, he didn't show his reaction on the marionette's face.

It will be the apocalypse in about ten years… As for Audrey, she ruminated over the demigod's words in a daze.

To be honest, she felt that it was fake. It was used by people who pretended to be mysticism experts and were religious cheats so as to deceive the people and earn money through that.

Although she could foresee a large-scale war breaking out, she had never imagined that this world was very close to ending.

This was the understanding of almost all ordinary people and Beyonders.

"Why 1368?" Klein couldn't help but ask.

Lucca Brewster shook his head.

"I don't know either. That's what God's prophecy says."

At the thought that he was only a Sequence 4, making him not have the ability to resist the apocalypse, Klein rationally ended the topic. He said to the saint of the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom, "That shall be all."

What he really wanted to ask were things that the other party probably didn't know either—matters like the corruption that stemmed from the cosmos, or whether Roselle could return or not, or what his state was.

Lucca Brewster nodded and said, "In the future, if there's anything you need help with, you can come to me. For the details, find them out through Edwina."

He remembered that Dwayne Dantes's firearms transaction with Maysanchez had been facilitated by Edwina Edwards.

Edwina… Vice Admiral Iceberg? Audrey was taken aback for a second before coming to a realization. She glanced at Mr. World curiously.

She remembered that she had read a newspaper article before. It contained the story of Gehrman Sparrow and the three female pirate admirals.

"Alright." Klein was never worried about having too many helpers.

After he nodded at Justice Audrey, Lucca Brewster's figure quickly turned transparent, as though he had fused with the spirit world.

Then, he disappeared.

Looking at the spot where he had been standing earlier and then at the hall that no longer had any gold. Klein let out a terse remark inwardly and fell silent for two seconds.

He then made his marionette look at Justice Audrey.

"I thought it would be a little more troublesome."

"That saint had saved himself in time and was willing to trust me, allowing me to plant a psychological cue," Audrey replied with a faint smile, trying her best to appear sincere and humble.

Dwayne Dantes nodded and said, "This help will be taken into account. Go back as soon as possible. It's very dangerous here."

Seeing that a demigod had nearly lost control, Audrey had no doubts about the danger Mr. World warned her about. She immediately used Creeping Hunger and "Teleported" back to the Northern Continent through the spirit world.

After she sacrificed the human-skinned glove to Mr. Fool and settled the rest of the matters, Earl Hall and his eldest son, Hibbert, returned home.

Just as Audrey was about to head out to meet her father and chat with him, she heard her mother, Lady Caitlyn, ask in the hall, "Did something happen again? You came back a lot later than scheduled today."

Earl Hall sighed and said, "Feynapotter has invaded Lenburg."

"Extra! Extra! Feynapotter invades Lenburg!"

Leonard, who was wearing a pair of red gloves, got off the carriage. Just as he was about to enter Saint Samuel Cathedral, he saw the paperboy waving a newspaper and running quickly across the streets and square.

He stopped the paperboy and took out a penny and bought a newspaper. As he flipped through it, he said in a low voice, "Perhaps it won't be long before the south becomes a battlefield."

"That's right." Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice echoed in Leonard's mind.

"But why am I still staying in Backlund…" Leonard muttered in confusion.

After advancing to Spirit Warlock, he had already become the captain of a Red Gloves team. The members had been transferred from other teams, including the familiar faces of Cindy and Bob.

After the war broke out, Leonard had originally thought that his team would be transferred back to the Holy Cathedral like Soest's team, so as to participate in the battle at the Amantha mountain range. To his surprise, he was arranged to be used as a reserve force for the Backlund diocese.

As for this large city, due to its implementation of a night-time curfew and other emergency policies, its security was good, and there weren't many Beyonders who came out to cause destruction. Even the Devils who liked to murder didn't create chaos. It made Leonard rather free, making it more relaxed for him than during non-wartime duty.

At that moment, Pallez Zoroast smiled and said, "I have a guess."

"What guess?" Leonard hurriedly asked in a low voice.

"I'm not telling you now," Pallez replied leisurely.

Leonard didn't say a word. He straightened his collar and entered Saint Samuel Cathedral. He exchanged a few words with the archbishop and prayed for five minutes.

Then, he went underground and pushed open the door to his Red Gloves team's temporary office.

"Good morning, Captain." Bob, Cindy, and the other Red Gloves all stood up and bowed.

Upon hearing their greetings, Leonard, who felt that he was already used to it, was once again in a daze.

In the blink of an eye, it was Monday afternoon. Leonard arranged for his team members to go on separate missions, and he found a lounge to wait for the gathering to begin.

[1] Reference to Saint Seiya: Knights of the Zodiac.

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CHAPTER 1100
ONE BOOK

Above the boundless gray fog, inside the ancient palace that resembled a god's residence.

Dark red beams of light shot up from both sides of the long bronze table, materializing into blurry figures.

Justice Audrey immediately stood up, lifted her skirt, and curtsied towards the seat of honor.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

She wasn't in a bad mood, but with everything that had happened recently, she couldn't keep her spirits up like before.

After all the members bowed and took their seats, Audrey swept her gaze and habitually began observing.

Almost instantly, she discovered that Ma'am Hermit's mental state and body language indicated that she was worried about something.

It has something to do with Queen Mystic? Or could it be that there are other problems? Or could it be that both factors are involved in the matter? Audrey was slightly surprised, and she curiously considered the possible reasons for this.

After so many Tarot Gatherings, she had long drawn a psychological portrait of Ma'am Hermit. She believed that she was a rather contradictory Beyonder. She was experienced, knowledgeable, and calm. She was also

bold and reckless in certain aspects, like a young girl who had yet to mature.

Combined with the relationship between the other party and Queen Mystic, Audrey's interpretation of this analysis was that, although Ma'am Hermit had experienced a lot, she had managed to resolve many problems successfully with Queen Mystic's protection and arrangements. Deep in her heart, she was still a young girl who yearned to be loved and cared for.

And it was precisely within such a concealed state that Audrey boldly guessed that, when facing someone who had been "abandoned" and one who didn't commit any serious mistakes, she would unknowingly show mercy, pity them, and help them.

At the same time, due to her being a woman who was active at sea, with the strength of Sequence 5 who also had quite a number of mystical items, experience, and knowledge, while wearing heavy glasses and having interactions with Gehrman Sparrow, Audrey believed that if she casually flipped through the wanted posters and newspapers related to pirates, she would be able to confirm Ma'am Hermit's identity without a doubt. However, she deliberately didn't do this. She only had a general idea as to her identity.

No, Ma'am Hermit should already be a Sequence 4 demigod, so there shouldn't be too many things for her to be worried about… It's definitely not because of the war. It's impossible for a powerful pirate to be too troubled over it…

As her thoughts raced, due to her lack of knowledge, Audrey had no clues apart from guessing that it was related to Queen Mystic.

And at this moment, there were two matters echoing in Cattleya's mind:

Why did Her Majesty send so many diary pages over? If I hadn't become a Mysticologist and grasped certain secret techniques, I wouldn't have been

able to memorize all of them in such a short period of time… What exactly happened? Has the Queen fallen into some sort of dilemma?

That fellow, Frank, actually didn't want to hold a ritual and wanted to directly consume the potion. Thankfully, I stopped him. However, the Druid ritual isn't difficult for him at all. Being aware of the behavior and physical structure of various ordinary animals and three kinds of extraordinary creatures. As a crazy Biologist, he has already done his homework in advance by trying to crossbreed plants and animals. Next week—no, he will become a Druid in the next two days. What he needs to do is write down all the knowledge and experience that he has built up as part of the ritual…

Amidst her thoughts, Cattleya shelved her concerns and turned to the end of the long bronze table. She lowered her head and respectfully said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I have found an entire book of Roselle's diary this time."

An entire book… Upon hearing Ma'am Hermit's words, all the members, including The Hanged Man Alger, were clearly stunned. This was something that exceeded their understanding.

In the past, submissions ranged from one to three pages at a time. This time, it was an entire book!

Did something happen? Even though he was the least concerned about such matters, the slowest-to-react The Sun Derrick, had noticed something unusual.

They all knew that Queen Mystic Bernadette was the eldest daughter of Emperor Roselle. It was normal for her to be able to provide an entire diary. However, it was abnormal for her to give an entire book!

Cattleya ignored everyone's gazes and continued, "These diary pages aren't connected, but they all originated from Emperor Roselle's later years."

Very good." The Fool Klein nodded slightly, indicating that The Hermit could begin conjuring them.

One page after another, the slightly yellow pages of the diary took shape, and soon, it was stacked into one book.

After receiving it, he casually flipped through it. Without reading it, he put down the diary and looked at The Hermit Cattleya.

"You can raise your questions now.

"Including the contributions you previously accumulated, you can ask a total often questions."

He didn't read the diary carefully, because there were too many pages this time. There were at least thirty pages to read. It would require the members of the Tarot Club to wait for too long, affecting Mr. Fool's image; therefore, he planned to read it slowly after the gathering ended.

Ten… Cattleya immediately felt a headache. This was because there were only two questions that Queen Mystic had asked her to raise.

She deliberated for a moment before saying, "Honorable Mr. Fool, can we split the questions into multiple sessions?"

"Sure." Klein nodded with a smile.

This was convenient for what he had in mind. To answer ten questions at once was also a very difficult task for Mr. Fool.

Cattleya secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

There are two questions this time:

"First, why does one need to be careful of the Spectator?"

Be careful of the Spectator? Audrey wore a blank look. For a moment, she was unable to find any leads for coming up with a guess. She even examined herself.

Be careful of the Spectator? The Moon Emlyn, The Star Leonard, and the other members of the Tarot Club all cast their gazes at Miss Justice.

The Fool Klein chuckled and leisurely said, "A Spectator always likes to hide in the shadows to secretly control certain matters, making it difficult for people to notice and be on their guard.

"In particular, one needs to be especially careful towards Angel of Imagination Adam. 'His' apotheosis ritual is to consume the potion when the trend of the times follows what 'He' envisioned."

"The trend of the times that follows what 'He' envisioned… Allow the development of the times to meet 'His' expectations?" Justice Audrey couldn't help but ask Mr. Fool.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "That's right.

"A war that sweeps the entire world is exactly what Adam wants."

This… The Hanged Man Alger, The Hermit Cattleya, and the other members of the Tarot Club were bombarded by the information divulged by Mr. Fool, and their minds were momentarily incapable of thought.

Be it the apotheosis ritual or the trend of the times, all of them involved a very, very high level. It was so high that they could only look up at it!

Suddenly, they vaguely understood the reason why the Psychology Alchemists were deeply involved in the royal family's conspiracy. And the members who knew of the Twilight Hermit Order further understood the essence of keeping the trend of the times on track.

Only an existence at Mr. Fool's level can understand these secrets and participate in the corresponding game… Alger quickly found his train of thought and sighed inwardly. He was increasingly eager to become a demigod.

He believed that this war would bring him plenty of opportunities, but he didn't know if he could seize them.

The members of the Tarot Club were silent. As their thoughts ran through their heads, The Fool Klein, let out an inexplicable sigh. This was because he had no way of stopping this war. If it was only the matter of making George Ill's Black Emperor ritual fail, he could jump through some hoops and stretch himself out to affect it slightly. However, in this war involving the trend of the times, even if he was an angel—a Sequence 1 angel—there was no way he could affect the overall situation. Forcibly trying to stop it would only squish him under the rolling wheels of history.

Apart from Adam, who has spent one to two thousand years arranging for such a plot to play out, the rest of them— even the Kings of Angels—can only change certain situations but not the overall trend. Only a true deity at Sequence 0 can truly participate in this game… It's no wonder the emperor said that only by becoming a god can he protect those who he wants to protect… The only thing I can do now is to make preparations for the Resistance in the Rorsted Archipelago. I hope they have the opportunity of being liberated from being colonies… Klein reined in his thoughts and made his gaze maintain a smiling look.

He wasn't blindly opposed to everything about war. The education he had received in his previous life, and what he had seen at sea and in East and West Bayam, had made him have a supportive attitude towards overthrowing colonial rule.

To put it simply, what he didn't like and abhorred was an "unjust war."

Sensing Mr. Fool's gaze, The Hermit Cattleya controlled her chaotic thoughts and said again, "Secondly, where is the secret mausoleum that

Emperor Roselle has yet to discover?"

Secret mausoleum? Yet to be discovered? Fors became more focused as she felt that this was material for a bestselling novel that possessed all kinds of popular elements.

On the other hand, Audrey and Alger could acutely sense something from this question:

The eldest daughter of Roselle probably wasn't willing to accept her father's death, and was still searching for traces left behind by "Him," hoping to find clues to revive the emperor.

Of course, they couldn't eliminate the possibility that there were other important items in the secret mausoleum. That might be Queen Mystic's goal as well.

Roselle even left behind a secret mausoleum? I wonder what's inside… The Star Leonard and Judgment Xio were more concerned about this.

The Fool Klein was already prepared for this. He smiled and said, "Perhaps in the Fog Sea—in the secret primitive island Roselle discovered—or the Abyss."

Abyss… Emlyn immediately felt his eyelids twitch.

In the history of the Sanguine, there were many records of Second Epoch Devils wreaking havoc. Even when he read those materials after thousands of years since it happened, he still felt himself turn impetuous and become entangled by chaos.

The Sun Derrick had a similar feeling as him, but he didn't think too much about it. When reading certain documents, his mental state would be over-exerted, and his mental state would unknowingly be affected. This was common knowledge known by everyone in the City of Silver, so he had to first receive general education and listen to a teacher's recount.

Abyss… Audrey, Xio, and company subconsciously repeated that term in their hearts.

In their daily lives, the Abyss was an abstract expression. It was synonymous with danger, pain, decadence, and corruption.

They never expected that it really existed somewhere in the Fog Sea!

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CHAPTER 1101
SPECIAL REWARD

Cattleya also didn't return to her senses for a few seconds. She never expected Emperor Roselle's secret mausoleum to involve the Abyss.

However, after some careful thought, she realized that it wasn't surprising that a conflict at that level would involve something like that.

For a moment, she hoped that the Queen wouldn't pursue this matter, but in the end, she suppressed this thought to the bottom of her heart. She felt that if it were her, then she would also make the same choice.

All sorts of thoughts flashed through her mind as she bowed towards the end of the long, mottled table.

"Thank you for your answer. I have no further questions today."

The Fool nodded slightly and surveyed the area.

"You may begin."

Just as he finished speaking, Fors, who had been mustering her courage all this while, said as she closed her eyes as though she had resolved herself to charge towards death, "Mr. World, I have a commission for you."

Seeing The World Gehrman Sparrow look over, she hurriedly explained, "You don't have to do much. You'll just leave me at an unfamiliar place every once in a while, and you can pick me up after a few days. If you're really busy, you can present 'Traveling' to me several times at a particular point in time for me to 'Record.'"

Upon hearing Miss Magician's words, the first thought that came to Klein's mind was:

Man vs. Wild?

I have too many suitable places, such as the battlefield of the gods on the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea, Calderon City in the spirit world, the City of Miracles Liveseyd in Groselle's Travels. They're ten times, a hundred times, or even a thousand times more dangerous than the wilderness. I'm just afraid that Miss Magician won't be able to handle the danger… Klein didn't let The World Gehrman Sparrow immediately answer. He controlled the fake person and cast its gaze on Miss Magician with a pressuring look.

Fors silently took a deep breath, calmed her emotions, and added in more detail, "This is the thing: I'm a Sequence 6 Scribe of the Apprentice pathway now. In order to digest the potion, aside from recording all kinds of Beyonder powers, I still need to record down the local customs and traditions of different places. I h-hope that I can become a Traveler as soon as possible. Only then can I avoid most of the dangers during the war.

"Mr. World, I've only 'Recorded' 'Traveling' once, so I won't be able to return if I go somewhere else. I can only ask for your help. I wonder if you're interested, and what kind of payment you'd wish to receive?"

So that's how it is… Justice Audrey finally came to a realization. Furthermore, she felt that Fors's method was really great.

Especially since she's a best-selling novel author, her act of "Recording" scenery and customs and publishing it as a book should be able to greatly aid in her potion digestion rate… Audrey nodded silently as she felt sincerely happy for her friend.

However, as a senior Spectator, how could she not sense Fors's horror and fear towards Mr. World? She was looking forward to knowing what would happen when the two of them formally interacted.

Audrey, this state of mind isn't good! However, this is the attitude of a Spectator… Fors definitely wouldn't expect that the so-called crazy adventurer she fears is only a mask. Beneath it is a gentle and kind heart… I also have to work hard to digest the Dreamwalker potion. I should visit the dreams surrounding me every night… Audrey didn't show any changes in her expression or gaze as she maintained the attitude of a spectator.

After The Hanged Man Alger heard The Magician's words, he sighed. This was because even this Apprentice was beginning to break through to Sequence 5, while he was still stuck at that level.

The World and The Hermit are already at Sequence 4, Justice, The Sun, The Moon, and The Star are also all at Sequence 5. Apart from The Magician, the newly joined Judgment is lower than my Sequence… As his thoughts churned, Alger felt that stifled, a heavy feeling that was difficult to resolve. He wished he could immediately find an opportunity to make contributions and become a demigod—a Cataclysmic Interrer.

He yearned to have a high position and be in a position of power. He wanted others to acknowledge and respect him and be submissive to him. He didn't wish to fall behind in the Tarot Club.

Is that so… At the same time that Klein understood what Miss Magician was thinking, he suddenly recalled something. It was the identity that the other party had mentioned in front of Mr. Fool during a particular full moon.

An ex-surgeon who was now a novelist!

Hmm, will spreading the terrifying legends that I create into text form help me digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion further… Hmm, the more shocking, harrowing, terrifying, and incomprehensible the description in the novel is, the better the effects… Klein suddenly had inspiration and controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow to say, "This commission is very simple, but the payment I need is very special."

Upon hearing that Mr. World was inclined to agree, Fors asked in both joy and anxiousness, "What's the payment?"

The World Gehrman Sparrow pondered for a moment and said, "Collect information about the ghost stories that have happened recently in the various major hospitals in Backlund, and write them into a small publication or have them published in the newspapers.

"The requirement for the novel is that it's even more terrifying and bizarre. It's best if it can be a best-selling novel."

The reason why he only mentioned the matters of the major hospitals in Backlund was because Miss Magician was a local author who was part of medical circles. Being able to come to know of the urban myths and use that as material for a novel was very reasonable, and it wouldn't incur suspicion. However, if she had even learned of the urban myths in the Rorsted Archipelago, Fog Sea, and East and West Balam, then Zaratul's marionette would definitely "visit" her.

The ghost tales of the various hospitals in Backlund… After hearing The World Gehrman Sparrow's words, Audrey was stunned for nearly three seconds.

She had originally thought that those rumors were caused by the Church's Beyonders secretly treating the injured victims. Mushroom and weeds were the negative effects of the mystical items, but she never expected it to be something else.

Audrey had also guessed if it was done by "Dwayne Dantes." After all, this gentleman had heard from her about the victims of the air raid. Furthermore, he was a very kind gentleman. However, due to the lack of clues and evidence, she could only believe that it was more likely to be related to the Church.

At this moment, she was almost certain that the Clown Angel was Mr. World Gehrman Sparrow. Even if it wasn't, they definitely had a deep

connection.

A Mr. World who wears a mushroom and weed mask is the same as the Gehrman Sparrow who wears a crazy adventurer mask… Why does he act like that when he's doing something good? Is it because he needs the feeling or corresponding feedback from creating fear? Audrey thought to herself with some guesses.

As for The Star Leonard and The Hanged Man Alger, one immediately thought of the strange urban myths that the Nighthawks who belonged to Saint Samuel Cathedral were discussing recently, while the other fell deep into thought about the horror stories his subordinates had heard or encountered.

Uh, I've never really heard of such payment before. It's not like I'm writing a biography… Although there has been a recent war, the sales of newspapers and novels seem to have increased. My previous editor has been urging me to write a new book… Yes, I must keep my identity a secret. I have to convince my editor to change my pen name. The excuse is that novels of different styles should use different pen names… Fors didn't think too much about it. After a slight period of deliberation, she agreed, "Alright, no problem."

The World Gehrman Sparrow chuckled and hoarsely said, "If you do well, I'll give you the opportunity to 'Record' the Beyonder powers of a demigod."

“…No problem!" Fors swept away her usual languidness and firmly replied.

To her, "Recording" a demigod's powers not only increased her ability to protect herself, but it could also effectively help her digest the potion.

This also made Audrey, Xio, Leonard and the other members sigh in their hearts. Scribes were truly enviable…

Once a demigod-level expert became a backer, a Scribe wielded extremely powerful strength. They wouldn't be weaker than a Sequence 5, or may even be stronger than one at times!

After coming to an agreement, the scene fell silent for a moment. This was because the other members of the Tarot Club currently didn't have any requirements.

Leonard had become a Spirit Warlock recently, and he had yet to conclude the acting principles. There was still the possibility of him advancing from within the Church of Evernight. As for mystical items, he had already bought the Word of the Sea. If there were any special circumstances, he could request to use Sealed Artifacts of the Church.

Emlyn was reading the Sanguine's research information regarding the Moon domain every day, hoping to make a Scarlet Scholar more practical. As for the Sequence 4 Shaman King's potion formula and Beyonder ingredients, he didn't need them for an extensive period of time, nor could he afford them.

Derrick had recently mastered the powers of Priest of Light, and he was still very far from advancing. As for the Unshadowed main ingredient, he had already obtained it.

Similarly, Audrey and Xio had also recently advanced. One of them was working hard to help Mr. World, accumulating contribution points, while the other was burdened with a huge debt and was eager to repay it.

Alger was in the Church of the Lord of Storms, so he had to keep a secret. He was currently in an awkward position which required him to find a chance to advance. Furthermore, he had obtained the Cataclysmic Interrer's potion formula from The World.

Cattleya had just become a demigod. She was currently deep in research on all kinds of secrets and all sorts of mysticism knowledge. She was pleasantly surprised that, despite having recently advanced, just recalling the knowledge and secrets she knew from the past had allowed her to

directly digest quite a bit of the potion. Amongst them, the various things she had heard from the Tarot Club had contributed greatly!

The transaction segment quickly ended as the members began their free exchange.

Emlyn surveyed the area and his gaze landed on Leonard's face.

"If you're an official Beyonder, how will you deal with a clergyman of an opposing faction in your area of jurisdiction? He hasn't done anything wrong, nor does he plan on doing anything wrong."

Although Feynapotter had yet to start a war with Loen, they had invaded Loen's ally, Lenburg. This made the believers and citizens living around the Harvest Church look at Bishop Utravsky in an increasingly odd manner.

Leonard thought carefully and said, "Protective custody."

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CHAPTER 1102
ENGAGING TIGERS TO HUNT WOLVES

Protective custody… That's quite a witty answer. As expected of a newly promoted Red Gloves team captain… When The Fool Klein heard The Star Leonard's answer, he couldn't help but laugh inwardly.

He knew very well who Emlyn was referring to, and he knew quite a bit about Bishop Utravsky, who wished to be called a priest.

He didn't really believe Emlyn White's claim that "he hasn't done anything wrong, nor does he plan on doing anything wrong." This was because, to a deity's Blessed or a zealot, their understanding of something wrong might be different from a normal person's.

Of course, Klein never suspected Father Utravsky's claim that life was precious and his piousness and acknowledgment of a joyous harvest, but the problem was that the Church of Earth Mother also preached that lives were like "plants," which would ultimately wither and die, returning to the embrace of the Earth Mother. They would then grow again when the "next year" came.

A qualified bishop of the Church of Earth Mother wouldn't treat death in the same manner as the most ordinary of people.

Regardless, Father Utravsky has to be controlled. This is both a form of protection for the Earth Mother's believers, as well as the citizens around him. It's also a form of protection for this half-giant bishop, in case some irredeemable situation occurs… While Klein was thinking to himself,

Leonard, who had no lack of understanding of the Harvest Church, also understood the meat of Emlyn's question. He planned on leading his team members to confirm the situation in the next two days, taking the Earth Mother's Blessed into protective custody with the help of the official organizations that were in charge of the area south of the bridge.

And when Emlyn heard the answer, he slowly nodded without saying a word.

Seeing that he was silent, Leonard turned to ask a question he wanted to get some feedback on.

"Are there any major matters lurking beneath Backlund recently?"

What he really wanted to ask was why his Red Gloves team had been left behind in the Capital of Capitals as a part of the reserve forces.

As soon as he finished speaking, the other members of the Tarot Club, including The Sun Derrick, who wasn't too concerned about matters of the outside world, all cast their gazes at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

From what they knew, whenever something happened in Backlund, Mr. World would more or less give a warning.

What major matters has been lurking beneath Backlund recently? There's plenty… The Black Emperor ritual of George III, my secret alliance with Queen Mystic, the three Churches may seem to be tacitly in approval but all have different attitudes… As Klein's thoughts raced, he suddenly understood what Leonard wanted to ask. After all, they would occasionally communicate privately.

That's right. Why was Leonard left in Backlund? Because of me, the Church doesn't want to put Leonard in a dangerous situation? Am I thinking too highly of myself? Klein secretly shook his head and rejected the thought that first came to him.

He quickly changed his train of thought and analyzed the problem on matters that Leonard could be of service.

Leonard is only a Sequence 5, so what use can he play in Backlund that has deep undercurrents?

Even if he's of use, they wouldn't use him. Instead, they would make use of me, who's related to him, or Pallez Zoroast.

This can rule me out. I'm still a qualified Blessed at the moment. If I really needed to do anything, then a simple instruction would suffice…

The clearing of the Amon avatars in Backlund last time made the Goddess or the upper echelons of the Church guess that Pallez Zoroast is hiding in the vicinity of Boklund Street, and they ended up suspecting Leonard?

There's a possibility, and it's not a low one either. Back then, I was concerned to some extent. I only believed that, in the case of Amon becoming a god, the Church and Pallez Zoroast were on the same page, that they could form some sort of tacit understanding. In fact, I believed that that grandpa had such considerations when "He" first chose Leonard as a target for "Parasitizing."

But why is Pallez Zoroast being kept in Backlund? To fish for Amon?

Even among the Kings of Angels, Amon ranks among the top. It's almost impossible for the Goddess to engage in a divine descent. With the Church's angels, Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, and Pallez Zoroast, it shouldn't be difficult to expel Amon, but it's almost impossible to kill "Him," unless "He" doesn't come with "His" actual body. But in that case, it's not worth making such arrangements…

Klein's thoughts quickly developed, and soon, he had a new idea:

Fishing for "Amon" isn't done so as to deal with "Him." Instead, it's to hold back Zaratul who's currently in Backlund?

Similar pathways could be interchanged at high levels. Even if one became a true god at Sequence 0, "They" still have a strong desire for the Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of neighboring pathways. On this point, the Evernight Goddess's plan was excellent evidence.

The Goddess wants to make Backlund into a potpourri mess before wiping them all out? Klein made The World Gehrman Sparrow hesitate for a few seconds before saying, "The leader of the Secret Order, a Sequence 1 angel, and an old friend of Emperor Roselle, Zaratul, is currently hiding in Backlund."

Seeing that the members of the Tarot Club were clearly a little confused and perplexed, The World added in a hoarse voice, "The Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation we often refer to often refers to the conservation of Beyonder characteristics of neighboring pathways.

"In other words, similar pathways also obey the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics."

Leonard immediately fell into deep thought. After a few seconds, he deliberated and asked, "The Marauder and the Seer pathways are neighboring pathways?"

Yes, the Apprentice pathway is also a neighboring pathway," The World answered frankly.

Upon hearing their conversation, Fors first connected the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics to the attraction between Beyonder characteristics taught to her by her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham. She connected it to the Saint of Secrets who had been "attracted."

Then, she began to consider a question.

If it really is as Mr. World said, that Beyonder characteristics of neighboring pathways attract one another, then would it have attracted the attention of

Zaratul back then? After all, "He" is in Backlund.

All of a sudden, Fors thought of the raven that was staring at Botis's back.

Uh… Fors hurriedly raised her hand, indicating that she had something to say.

Seeing all the members looking over, she hurriedly said, "My teacher is a member of the Abraham family. He wields a rather important Sealed Artifact."

As the first part of the sentence was known by the other members other than The Star, Fors had no intention of hiding anything. As for the second half of the sentence, she had made some modifications. It was very important to change the phrase to "rather important."

Seeing that no one was raising any questions, Fors continued, "This causes him to occasionally encounter High- Sequence Beyonders of the Apprentice pathway. Previously, when he came to Backlund, the Aurora Order's Saint of Secrets, Botis, had appeared nearby.

"As for me, I noticed that a raven was looking in the direction where Botis was heading."

A raven… The details of the foggy town surfaced in Klein's mind. At the top of the pitch-black cathedral, there were ravens flying around, as if they were holding a memorial or in grief. As for Zaratul's avatar, it was hidden inside the cathedral.

Zaratul is used to using ravens as marionettes? Is this a mark left behind during his phase as a Bizarro Sorcerer? While in thought, Klein made The World speak:

"That might very well be Zaratul."

I actually met a Sequence 1 angel… Fors felt a sense of fear and horror.

She then recalled how she and Xio had discussed Adam and thus ended up possibly targeted. For some reason, she had the illusion that she had become the protagonist of a novel. Despite being only a Sequence 7 or 6, she had established connections with the Kings of Angels and Sequence 1 angels!

With this in mind, Fors hurriedly turned her head to Miss Justice and said, "Can you hypnotize me later into forgetting certain matters? I'm afraid that I might accidentally recall something and attract attention."

"No problem." As Audrey answered, she glanced at Xio and nodded at her.

As for The Star Leonard, he had some ideas as well. He planned on discussing it with "Old Man" when he returned to hear "His" opinion.

Klein didn't continue talking about the major matters that lurked beneath Backlund. This was because they were just too high-end for the other members of the Tarot Club. Not only were they unable to participate in it directly, but even having a complete understanding of them could bring about a disaster upon themselves.

In this aspect, Klein's idea was that he could get the help of the members of the Tarot Club in certain segments, but it was like commissioning a bounty hunter to do something, without getting them too involved in the matter and figuring out the reason for the commission. It was a form of protection for them.

At this moment, Alger looked around and said, "According to my observations, the Church of Storms isn't too enthusiastic about this war."

They aren't too enthusiastic? This doesn't match the image of the Church of the Lord of Storms… Although their teachings don't advocate combat and don't promote war, they definitely emphasize the need to treat their enemies like a storm, and vent whatever anger they have on the spot… When Klein heard this, he felt a little surprised. He then combined his understanding of the deities and began his preliminary analysis.

According to my previous speculations, Storm, Sun, Reader, Spectator, and Shepherd can switch paths at high levels. There should be an immense conflict between them…

As for the Lord of Storms, "He" is highly likely the Wind Angel of yesteryear. "He" had "eaten" Adam's father, the ancient sun god, the City of Silver Creator. Even if "He" had tacitly allowed George III to become Black Emperor, it's impossible for "Him" to sit back and watch Adam make use of the 'flood of the times' to ascend to divinity…

Therefore, the Church of the Lord of Storms is unwilling to have the war increase in scope and allow it to turn into a world war. Hence, "He" is trying hard to control "His" impulse?

It must be really hard on them…

This can explain why Loen and Intis would maintain their strange silence when Feynapotter invaded Lenburg, Masin, and Segar… The Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun and the Church of the Lord of Storms are probably in a difficult position. They're unable to make up their minds.

On the one hand, at the level of the deities, it isn't that there is no possibility of abandoning their alliance to deal with the Church of Knowledge. On the other hand, the battle strategies at the national-level also prompts them to protect those countries. Forcefully breaking the perceptions built-up by the citizens of a country, would be an act that causes the anchors to become unstable.

Also, once they participate in the battle, they would help Adam fulfill the conditions of "His" advancement to Sequence0.

Klein deliberately made The World silent for a moment before replying to The Hanged Man's intelligence.

"At present, this is inevitable."

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CHAPTER 1103
HINT

Klein didn't actually remember if he had told The Hanged Man and the others that the Sailor, Spectator, Sun, Reader and Secrets Suppliant pathways were interchangeable—unless he used dream divination to recall it.

However, since The Hanged Man had expressed his doubts towards the Church of the Lord of Storms, it meant that he hadn't thought about the interchangeability of both paths. Regardless of whether he knew it or not, or if he had yet to connect the two matters together, Klein believed that there was a need for him to explain things clearly. This allowed the members of the Tarot Club to grasp the true stances of the various major factions, thus letting them avoid many dangers.

After The Hanged Man, Alger, and the others cast their gazes at him, he controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him say in a low, uncertain tone, "The Storm, Sun, Spectator, Reader, and Secrets Suppliant pathways are neighboring pathways.

"Likewise for Evernight, God of Combat, and Death.

"And neighboring pathways often become enemies. Of course, that's not absolute. At least the seven deities have established an alliance."

Upon hearing The World's reply, Alger first recalled Adam pushing for the "flood of the times" to become a god. Following that, thoughts flashed through his mind as he gained a certain level of understanding of the Church of the Lord of Storms's current attitude.

This made him feel a rather special sense of superiority and joy. It was as if he had seen the essence of the matter, exceeding the level of most Beyonders in the Church of the Lord of Storms.

Similarly, Audrey had a brand new understanding of Intis's strange silence in this war. She was even more worried about the situation in Lenburg, Masin, and Segar.

In addition, she also knew that she could switch to Unshadowed, Cataclysmic Interrer, and to the corresponding Sequence 4 demigod of the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom she had recently met.

As for the corresponding Sequence 4 of the Secrets Suppliant pathway, it wasn't within her considerations at all.

Of course, compared to other pathways, she still preferred Manipulator. She liked the Spectator pathway from the bottom of her heart. However, she also felt deep fear towards the upper echelons of the Spectator pathway—Hvin Rambis had left a rather bad impression on her. Adam's "any mention of it will be known" had left her with a trauma.

She had no choice but to undergo self-evaluations and treat the corresponding problems from time to time.

The Hermit Cattleya had always been deeply knowledgeable about such matters. Apart from the information mentioned by The World Gehrman Sparrow, she also knew that the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways were neighboring pathways that could be interchanged at high Sequences. It was likewise for the Arbiter and Lawyer pathways, the Prisoner and Criminal pathways, the Hunter and Assassin pathway, and the Planter and Apothecary pathway.

As the other members of the Tarot Club dispersed their thoughts, Alger said to The World Gehrman Sparrow, "Thank you for your answer."

He didn't say exactly what insights he had gleaned from the answer.

In fact, for an instant, Alger wanted to leave the Church of the Lord of Storms and switch to another pathway. This was better than waiting for a very slim chance in the Church. However, he ultimately gave up on this idea. After all, his goal for a long time was to become a cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms. At present, he was beginning to yearn to be ranked first amongst the cardinal ranks, becoming an angel in charge of the Mandated Punishers or Ascetics.

As for the position of pontiff, Alger didn't yearn for it. This was because it was too close to the Lord of Storms, and he had many secrets he kept close to his chest.

If he were to be chosen as pontiff, Alger suspected that he would be smote to ashes by a lightning storm that descended from the sky the moment he put on the papal tiara.

Seeing that the exchange between The World and The Hanged Man had ended, Emlyn asked with curiosity, "Which pathway can the Apothecary pathway be interchanged with?"

Being from the Sanguine race made them have no thoughts of switching to other pathways, as it would often mean that they had lost their "identify." Therefore, Emlyn wasn't too concerned about such matters.

"The Planter pathway of the Church of Earth Mother," Cattleya answered casually.

The Planter pathway… Possessed by the Church of Earth Mother… Emlyn frowned as he vaguely grasped something.

At this moment, Xio also asked, "Which pathway neighbors the Arbiter pathway?"

"Lawyer," Cattleya answered simply.

Lawyer of the Black Emperor pathway… In other words, if I could become a Sequence 5,1 would be able to switch to Sequence 4 of the Black Emperor pathway. And Fors had previously told me that Mr. Fool has the Card of Blasphemy; it contains all the secrets of the Black Emperor pathway… Xio suddenly realized that there was a glimmer of light for her future.

It had to be known that the Arbiter pathway was firmly controlled by the two royal families. Even the corresponding military only had the potion formula for the Low- and Mid-Sequences. If they wanted to advance beyond Sequence 5, they had to receive a bestowment from the royal family. Just like how every general had to be conferred by the king or queen. Furthermore, what they obtained in the end was the concocted potion and the ritual.

To Xio, this meant that it was almost impossible for her to get the Sequence 4 potion formula for the Arbiter pathway.

Of course, no matter how tightly guarded the potion formulas was, there were bound to be loopholes. The military's demigods knew of the ritual, and from time to time, they would cooperate with the royal family to hunt powerful supernatural beings. They could roughly narrow down the candidates for the main ingredient to a small area, but this also meant that they could only confirm the formula through repeated experiments. At the same time, the military demigods were also unable to grasp the supplementary ingredients. If they wanted to rely only on the main ingredients to advance, they needed to seek out the benediction of fate.

And now, Xio had seen another possibility.

At this moment, Audrey had already summarized the neighboring pathways that Mr. World and Ma'am Hermit had mentioned before thoughtfully asking:

"Among Prisoner, Criminal, Hunter, Assassin, Savant, Mystery Pryer, and Monster, which ones are neighboring similar pathways?"

The World Gehrman Sparrow glanced at The Hermit and replied hoarsely, "Prisoner and Criminal, Hunter and Assassin, and Savant and Mystery Pryer are similar pathways that can be interchanged at high Sequences."

This was knowledge that could be confirmed by Klein. Among them, the interchangeability between Prisoner and Criminal was something mentioned by the Red Angel evil spirit to which Miss Sharron tacitly accepted. The interchangeability between Savant and Mystery Pryer had been personally demonstrated by Emperor Roselle. As for Hunter and Assassin, it was information that he had accumulated over time which could finally be confirmed.

’’What about Monster? There’s only this one left, Fors, who was listening, couldn’t help but ask.

Seeing The World remain silent, Cattleya thought for a moment before saying, "It's difficult to be categorized as a neighbor of any other Beyonder pathway. Just like fate, it can only objectively exist alone.

"I can be sure of that. I can only say that the most fundamental order in our world's supernatural powers might be chaos and disharmony."

The reason why Cattleya was certain that the Monster pathway didn't have the means to be interchanged with other pathways was because her advancement ritual required her to analyze the Snake of Fate's blood.

I see… Audrey was slightly uncomfortable with this disharmonious situation, but she quickly adjusted her state of mind.

After the exchange was almost complete, all the members of the Tarot Club looked at The Sun Derrick.

The youth said without any hesitation, "We've already set off. We're currently less than a day away from Afternoon Town. When we arrive, we'll be resting for another day or two before we begin exploring the Giant King's Court."

The Sun's words made Alger, Cattleya, and company suddenly feel like myths were entering reality. Compared to places like the ruins of the battlefield of the gods, the Giant King's Court was a symbolic entity that appeared in various legends and in different secret documents.

What secret was it hiding? What was buried in it? The answer was about to be revealed!

Even though they had followed The World Gehrman Sparrow into the City of Miracles Liveseyd, which was on par with the Giant King's Court, The Star Leonard and Justice Audrey were also secretly excited and looking forward to hearing more. After all, the city that the Dragon King had "imagined" into existence had lost too much in the process of being transferred to Groselle's Travels. There were no traces of anything of value. Apart from the building itself, there was only the hall that expressed the extraordinariness of the ancient myths.

Furthermore, what was even more important was that Derrick had mentioned that the Kings of Angels had come to a secret plot in the Giant King's Court!

As for The Fool Klein, he was thinking of something else:

Should I get Little Sun to pray to The Fool before the exploration? Then, I'll use the crimson star and the Sea God Scepter to extend my vision to a certain distance so that I can watch a live broadcast…

Yes. In that case, if there are any accidents, I can still provide some help. The only problem is that this method of relying on the prayer points of light for "observation" cannot last too long.

This has nothing to do with my own spirituality. It's just that this connection will fade away with time and last forty- five minutes at most… Let Little Sun pray every once in a while? Uh, that's under the premise that it doesn't affect his battle or attract the attention of the people around him…

In that case, my spirituality can probably last for two hours. It's not on the same level as my Sequence 5. Heh heh, it's also because of my recent rapid digestion of the potion.

After pondering for a moment, Klein didn't speak. He controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow to hint to The Sun:

"Before exploring the Giant King's Court, you can pray to Mr. Fool and pray for good luck. In the process, you can also pray many times."

Mr. World really is a nice guy… After Derrick sincerely thanked him, he hurriedly turned his body towards the end of the long, mottled table.

Then, he saw Mr. Fool, who was enveloped by the grayish-white fog, nod slightly.

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CHAPTER 1104 CONTRADICTION

The world above the gray fog had been restored to its state of silence, as though the gathering that had just ended was an illusion.

Klein bent his finger and lightly knocked on the edge of the long, mottled table. He made the pages of the Roselle diary which Cattleya had just given appear once again.

Amidst an indescribable stillness, Klein cast his gaze towards the first paragraph of the first page with a solemn expression.

"27th September, I saw Miss Ithaca once again. I had a nerve-wracking and thrilling but sufficiently wonderful experience with her. As expected, I prefer women of this age. I'm not just reminiscing about my youth, but rather that I haven't changed after so many years. Heh heh, I'm really dedicated."

…I read your diary with such seriousness, and you're giving me this? The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he lampooned at the emperor who he had only seen a portrait of.

He immediately gathered his thoughts and shifted his gaze.

In a lounge at the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

After Leonard Mitchell opened his eyes, he deliberated for a moment and said in a low voice, "Old man, the Secret Order's Zaratul seems to be in Backlund."

In his mind, the slightly-aged voice quickly sounded:

"Indeed…”

Upon hearing this, Leonard immediately asked, "Old Man, are you familiar with that Zaratul? Didn't you say that the Zoroast family and the Zaratul family are both important nobles of the Solomon Empire?"

From his point of view, as ex-colleagues and former comrades in arms, how could Old Man not be familiar with Zaratul?

Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"I'm familiar with the Zaratul who died in the War of the Four Emperors. The one alive who's now should be 'His' descendant. I might or might not have seen him before.

"Sigh, the Zaratul back then had already obtained clues regarding the second Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic from the True Creator. 'He' was waiting for the War of the Four Emperors to end before searching for it. If he succeeded, 'He' would be considered a King of Angels. Unfortunately, in the War of the Four Emperors, 'He' directly encountered the existence from the Antigonus family who could be known as 'The Half-Fool,' and Bethel Abraham was also involved. 'He' could appear anywhere, anytime. If 'He' hadn't been quickly banished and sealed by Evernight and Storm, I might not have survived to the end of the War of the Four Emperors either."

The Half-Fool… Leonard's eyelids twitched when he heard this title as he thought of the entity above the gray fog for some baffling reason.

He then forced himself to control himself and directed his thoughts to something else:

Even from the description of a bystander, Mr. Door was clearly one of the top existences among the Kings of Angels. It required two true deities to join forces to banish and seal "Him." Uh, there's a high chance that "He"

was especially good at escaping, making it very difficult to kill. And back then, the battle situation was tense, so it was imperative to eliminate an enemy that posed a threat as soon as possible…

Heh heh, Old Man is reminiscing about the past, so he's feeling a little uneasy. He actually said so much in one breath…

Amidst his thoughts, Leonard suddenly said, "I was left in Backlund because they wish to use you to attract Amon here?"

The wistful feelings in Pallez Zoroast's tone vanished as he clicked "His" tongue.

"Who made this guess? I don't think it's you.

"However, it's not bad that you know how to use your own resources to probe for the truth."

This is something I've been very familiar with ever since I joined the Nighthawks! Leonard replied inwardly but didn't say a word.

Pallez Zoroast continued, "I guessed that too.

"To be honest, your ex-colleague's relationship with Evernight really confuses me. If it wasn't for how familiar the concealment forces that appeared that day was, I wouldn't have dared to make such a guess.

"Heh heh, with Zaratul and I in Backlund, Amon will arrive soon too. It truly is a perfect triangle of balance."

What do you mean… The concealment forces used to deal with Amon came from the Evernight domain, not Mr. Fool? Does this point that there is a certain level of cooperation between Mr. Fool and the Goddess, or is it that the faith of those higher-up in the Church actually to Mr. Fool? Leonard suddenly felt a strong sense of confusion and puzzlement regarding his position in the grand scheme of things.

Seeing that Pallez was also quite confused, he converged his thoughts and didn't ask any questions regarding this. He frowned and said, "Two Sequence 1 angels and a King of Angels. Will this bring about a devastating disaster to Backlund?"

He remembered that Amon was a terrifying existence that could kill countless people silently, and could even live happily as "His" victim.

Using this as a reference, Zaratul, who was of a neighboring pathway, definitely possessed similarly terrifying powers.

If "He" and Amon were to clash, half of Backlund or the entirety of Backlund could become the Capital of Death or the Capital of Bizarreness!

Pallez Zoroast laughed and said, "Balance also means that everyone will be very restrained. Besides, it's very likely that Amon won't let 'His' true body enter Backlund. At most, 'He' will send a large number of avatars over. After all, the impossibility of a divine descent by Evemight doesn't mean that Storm or Steam can't."

"What do you mean?" Leonard acutely grasped the key point in Old Man's words.

Pallez Zoroast's tone suddenly became more relaxed.

"Regardless of whether it's because of the war or for other reasons, Evemight is likely unable to interfere with the matters on the ground at the moment. Otherwise, why would 'She' need to lure Amon over to form a balance? 'She' directly set up a trap, and who knows, 'She' might be able to capture Zaratul or scare the cowardly Seer away."

“…Did something happen to the Goddess?" Leonard suddenly turned nervous.

The slightly-aged voice replied, "It might not be a bad thing, and it might be a good thing."

Without waiting for Leonard to ask further, Pallez Zoroast sighed again.

"Amon was attracted to Backlund by me. What about Zaratul? What about me?"

"I think Zaratul is also here because of you, and you're in Backlund because of me…" Leonard pondered as he replied. "Heh, why do you think you're in Backlund?" Pallez immediately scoffed.

Leonard immediately replied, "This is the arrangement of the Church. It can't be the effect of the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, right?"

"That's not necessarily true." Pallez's tone turned a little stem. "Most of the time, the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence will not directly show in places where you can sense it. Most of the time, it will influence fate. Just like when you board a train, you'll suddenly feel that the scenery along the way is beautiful and will get off the train in advance, resulting in you entering the small city. This might be because there are Beyonders or mystical items of neighboring pathways around you."

"In other words, there are other things in Backlund that attracts you and Zaratul here, and through you, my fate is affected, causing me to be arranged by the Church to stay in Backlund most of the time?" Leonard asked in enlightenment, hoping to gain confirmation.

Pallez Zoroast slowly sighed and said, "That possibility can't be ruled out."

Above the gray fog, Klein soon flipped to a diary page of value.

"21st November. As I had made too many preparations in the early stages, I obtained that chaotic and terrifying Grade

0 Sealed Artifact even faster than I imagined.

"And then, after a difficult battle, and with some help, I finally restored it to a pure Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic.

"In a few more days, the ritual will be completed. I should be able to advance to Sequence 1 Knowledge Emperor of the Mystery Pryer pathway."

"26th November. Sunny and breezy.

"The ritual was very successful. I digested it thoroughly, and my anchors were even more stable. There weren't many difficulties during the entire process.

"I'm already a Sequence 1 angel, a Knowledge Emperor. Bernadette no longer has to worry about the influence of the Hidden Sage. She can abide by the words 'do as you wish, but do no harm,' and continue on this path!

"At the same time, the level of an angel at Sequence 1 means that I can greatly resist the notice and corruption from the cosmos. I can head to the crimson moon and see what's happening there.

"Regardless of whether Mr. Door is lying or not, everything points to the fact that the crimson moon is the key to the problem. If I wish to become a true deity, I have to figure out the reason.

"I'll make preparations for another three more days before attempting to land on the moon!

"That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind! Haha, don't quote me on that."

Upon seeing this, Klein recalled the hysterical diary page of Roselle. He began to suspect that it was written after the emperor's "landing on the moon."

Putting down the remaining, unread diary pages, Klein began to use dream divination to recall the content he had read over the past year. He wanted to

use the comparison to find clues to Roselle's abnormal mental state.

Not long after, he saw a few lines of text in his dream. It was the last diary entry that was theoretically written by Roselle:

"I'm unable to give any actual suggestions because I myself can't see the true faces of the seven deities or those evil gods. This might be partially related to the second Blasphemy Slate that the ancient organization hides. Unfortunately,

1 only have a rough idea of the hidden parts, and I'm unable to verify them."

In this diary, the Emperor had even solemnly warned his "friends" to be careful of the moon.

The dream suddenly shattered, and Klein snapped awake. There was an obvious look of fear in his eyes.

He clearly remembered that, a long time ago, Roselle had confirmed that there was a hidden portion in the second Blasphemy slate.

"19th July. The night of the Blood Moon.

"Mr. Door's answer allowed me to confirm one thing: In that ancient secret organization, the second Blasphemy Slate I saw wasn't complete!"

This… The emperor forgot? No, how could he have forgotten such an important matter? He only appeared a little extreme, and he didn't have much of a problem. Why did this happen… Klein couldn't help but mutter to himself silently, having an inexplicable and terrifying feeling.

The last diary entry, or rather, the Emperor Roselle who wrote that sentence seemed to be another person.

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CHAPTER 1105
THE KEY DIARY ENTRY

Above the grayish-white that wasn't perturbed at all, Klein silently sat at the end of the long, mottled table, like a stone statue that had existed for hundreds of thousands of years.

Regarding the discovery he had just now, he felt a deep sense of fear from the bottom of his heart. He felt a chill rush out from the back of his head, spreading across his entire body, bringing with it obvious yet real shudders.

It was as if he had witnessed a familiar friend become a stranger in a very short span of time. His actions were abnormal, as though he had been replaced by someone else.

Of course, there was a clearer and more direct analogy in this aspect: It would be Leonard Mitchell coming to visit and discuss the matter regarding Pallez Zoroast as a monocle is suddenly taken out and then put on.

Could it be that the emperor was unknowingly corrupted after his ascension to the crimson moon, and he didn't notice it at all? He usually didn't show any abnormalities. Only through reminiscing about his past through his diary entries, analyzing his inner voice, and talking to himself would certain premonitions surface in his mind? Or could it be that this was a form of hypnosis by Adam? But Roselle was at least a Sequence 1 when that happened… Klein couldn't help but lower his head to inspect himself. He imagined how another version of himself existed in his body without realizing it. He wasn't sure if this entity could be called a "human."

This truly is an extreme sense of horror… Klein slowly took a deep breath and forced himself to focus his attention on the diary pages of Emperor

Roselle.

Soon, he discovered something worth reading:

"28th July. I attended that ancient secret organization's gathering once again.

"From the discussions among the members, I sensed a problem:

"Is it because I advanced too quickly that I'm relatively inexperienced? There are many things that I have never heard of before?

"Just like how they mentioned about the corruption from the cosmos and underground. This is the first time I know of their existence!

"Heh heh, I wonder how many of them are 'He's1 or 'She's.' Apart from a minority of the members, most of them don't like others knowing their levels.

"While others are communicating with each other, I asked Old Mister Hermes with a whisper, hoping to understand more about the corruption that stems from the cosmos and underground.

Hermes told me that this isn't something I can come into contact with at my current level. Just learning about it alone will cause me to be corrupted!

"It's actually that scary? What could it be? I'm even more intrigued.

"That old mister later told me that the corruption that originates from underground can be ignored because it will fade with time. A long time ago, in the era when the ancient gods were active, powerful creatures had attempted to resolve this problem completely. In the end, it made things worse and caused tremendous losses. Later, they gave up on the idea of directly exerting influence, and they switched focus to sealing and guarding it.

"From that day forth, although accidents happened occasionally, it was stable overall. Today, even if there are no seals or guards, as long as no one comes close and tries to go deeper, there won't be any incidents of corruption.

"What a surprising situation. It appears it doesn't require the protagonist of this era to resolve this problem.

"Old Mister Hermes mentioned the cosmos again and said that the situation there is more complicated, interesting, and more dangerous than I imagined. 'He' said that even a Sequence 2 angel doesn't have much knowledge of the cosmos. 'They' only have a general understanding of it. 'They' aren't aware that, apart from the dangers, there are too many other things. If it wasn't for the fact that 'He' once knew an existence that was good at wandering the cosmos and learned plenty of matters from that person, he wouldn't be able to tell me all of that.

"I was very curious, but I didn't hold much hope when I asked about the existence who was adept at wandering the cosmos.

"Old Mister Hermes didn't hide the truth. He said that it was Mr. Door, Bethel Abraham.

"Mr. Door… I pretended not to know anything and asked about that person's level in a very casual tone.

"Hermes didn't answer directly. 'He' only said that in the Fourth Epoch, even angels and demigods would address 'Him' by 'His' name in private. 'Those' who could make everyone address 'Them' by their titles are in a small minority—of which, Mr. Door was one of 'Them'—aside from Evernight, Storm, Earth, and the other deities.

"Is that so… Mr. Door's level really isn't low."

The corruption that stems from underground will naturally fade with time? Arrodes, said that the gray fog gives it a feeling that resembles that of an

object from underground… It hopes that I can explore the underground world after I return to my throne of divinity. As for Lucca Brewster, he's certain that the higher the Sequence, the greater the danger the underground world will bring… Klein tapped the edge of the long, mottled table with his fingers. He was increasingly puzzled about what was happening underground.

Fortunately, Hermes's description, the state of the abandoned castle, and the attitude of the Evemight Goddess seemed to indicate that the corruption that stems from underground would naturally dissipate. Leaving it alone was the best solution.

Phew, then I shall temporarily put aside my worries regarding the underground world… Hermes's words and the bronze door deep in the City of Miracles corroborate with each other. The Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt had really tried to resolve the problem of the underground world, but ended up with fear and trauma… From the looks of it, the greatest possibility for the coming of the apocalypse is probably from the cosmos, and my current Sequence doesn't qualify me to know of it… Amidst his thoughts, Klein sighed as he continued flipping through the diary pages in his hand.

After reading a few pages, his eyes suddenly lit up and locked onto one of the pages.

"31st December. The end of a year is the most suitable time to make a resolution and start a new story.

"I've already thought of where the eight secret mausoleums should be built. I'm just clueless about the last one.

"This has to be more covert than the eight previous ones, or else it will be meaningless.

"After a long thought, I thought of a place: The nameless island where Grimm was buried.

"Of course, the Abyss is also an option. However, I can't find a living Devil in the area that I can enter, so I can't force them to become my citizens and help me build a mausoleum. Ordinary humans can't survive there, and even powerful Beyonders will find it difficult to resist the corrosive properties of the Abyss itself.

"Regardless, the environment on that nameless island seems like a pretty good choice.

"Heh, the Princes of Abolition in the Fourth Epoch's understanding of citizens is too limited. The rule of an Emperor is not only limited to humans and humanoid creatures; all living things should be my subjects!

"And there are many extraordinary creatures on that nameless island with no intelligence. They have long worshiped and followed me. I can totally drive them into building a secret mausoleum.

"When I wrote this, I suddenly recalled that experience. Because I dreamed of Grimm, I brought Edwards, Benjamin, and the others back to this nameless island and discovered that those extraordinary creatures lived together in harmony. They were gathered together and holding a ritual, and amongst them was the deceased Grimm.

"I was indeed shocked back then. I felt a fear that I hadn't felt in a long time, and everything appeared extremely bizarre.

That time, William and Poli died. Only Edwards and Benjamin survived. If I hadn't already become powerful and controlled a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, everyone would've perished along with them.

The power of those Beyonder creatures that affected that nameless island actually came from the cosmos, and those who were corrupted would return to the source after dying.

Thankfully, the power from the cosmos could only project a small portion of it into the real world. I finally solved the problem and made that

nameless island my secret base.

"Now, it's time to use it!"

After reading the diary, Klein didn't feel exhilarated that he had correctly guessed where Emperor Roselle's final mausoleum was. Instead, he frowned slightly.

This was, on the one hand, because the corruption caused by the cosmos had truly appeared "in front of him." On the other hand, the nameless island wasn't that secretive. Other than the emperor, there were also the two survivors, Edwards and Benjamin. It didn't meet Roselle's requirements of complete secrecy.

Before this, did Edwards and Benjamin pass away normally, resulting in them being unable to divulge any secrets, or was it that, after Roselle successfully built the mausoleum, he made these two subordinates stay on the island forever, resolving the problem of spirit channeling? Of course, if Roselle had the corresponding Sealed Artifacts or Beyonder powers, he could also make them completely lose the corresponding memories… After a moment of silence, Klein flipped through the diary pages again in search of the coordinates to the nameless island.

However, he didn't see the corresponding content when he reached the last page. Instead, there was a diary entry that vaguely revealed some of Roselle's thoughts in his later years.

"27th December. I've been feeling uneasy recently because I have no confidence in what will happen next.

"I no longer yearn for help. I'm very satisfied if they can remain neutral.

"I have put myself in the most dangerous situation. This is an act of me taking initiative, but it is also a choice due to a lack of options.

"Sometimes, I'm very confused. How did I end up like this?

"Was I too extreme, or was this the only thing I could do?

"No, at this point in time, I can't be confused anymore. Apart from affecting my mindset and making the already slim chances even slimmer, it's meaningless.

"Now that I've reached this point, I can only continue on. If I succeed, it will naturally be sunshine and rainbows.

"Heh heh, all my hopes are placed on one sentence:

"Life is possible by being in death's embrace!"

From the looks of it, the emperor really chose the method of making use of one's revival after death to escape the madness and corruption… This is simply crazy. It's like he's playing a game of Russian roulette with all six chambers filled, hoping that one of the rounds misfire… People who don't like going to the extremes, or those who are good at coming up with all kinds of strange ideas, wouldn't consider the viability of this method… Perhaps it's because the enemy can't guess it that this might give the emperor a sliver of a chance of living… Klein leaned back into his chair as he silently sat in the ancient palace for a while.

After he slowly recovered his scattered thoughts, he considered how to find the nameless island.

I remember that the person who visited the nameless island, Benjamin, seems to be from the Abraham family. This be asked via Miss Magician… Yes, I'll be meeting her soon. There's no need to specially get The Fool to pass the message…

I'll get Queen Mystic to ask the descendants of Edwards, William, and Poli. That will be more suitable…

With this in mind, he surveyed the area and sighed before disappearing above the gray fog.

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